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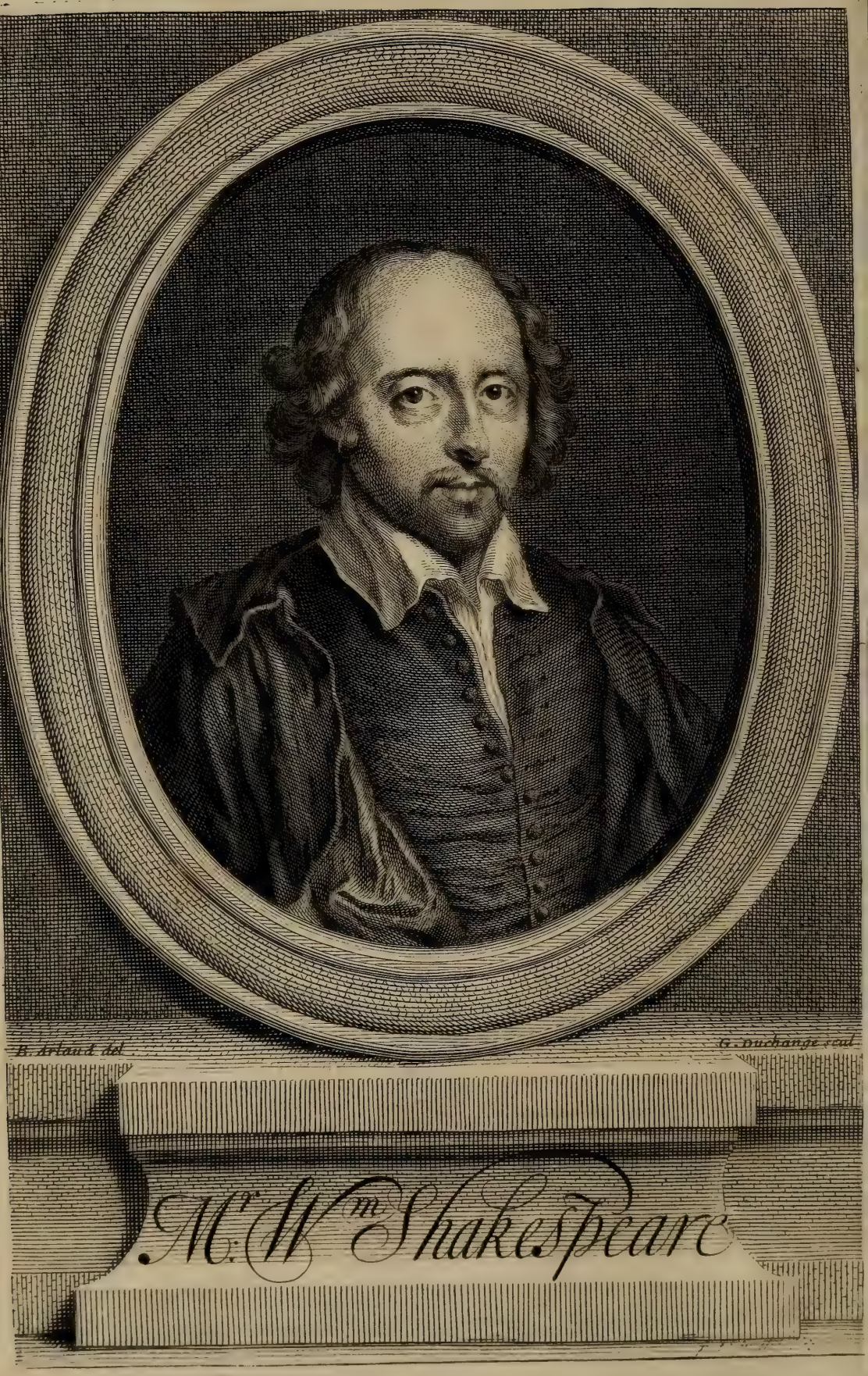
London, 1733.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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

IN

SEVEN VOLUMES.

Collated with the Oldeſt Copies, and Corrected;
With NOTES, Explanatory, and Critical:

By Mr. *THEOBALD.*

I, Decus, i, noſtrum: melioribus utere Fatis. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH,
J. TONSON, F. CLAY, W. FEALES,
and R. WELLINGTON.

MDCCXXXIII.

151,363
May, 1873
Boston

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.
The MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.
The TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.
MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.
MEASURE for MEASURE.
MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

LONDON:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH, J. TONSON, F. CLAY, W. FEALES, and R. WELLINGTON.

MDCCXXXIII.

Shakeſpeare: and my Duty could do no leſs than throw the Whole under Your Protection.

I ſhall be eaſily pardon'd, tho' I ſhould profeſs a Sorrow for being reduc'd to make You this unworthy Offering; becauſe, I know, Your Lordſhip is truly a Mourner for the Neceſſity. The good Lady *Orrery* (whoſe Memory I moſt ſincerely venerate) did me the Honour of making her early Claim: and it comes now to You by the melancholy Right of Executorſhip. Would it had Merit enough to plead its Intereſt duly, as an Orphan and Relict from ſo dear a Friend!

It is a Maxim, I think, My Lord, of Monſieur *Rochefoucault*, that all our Actions and Deſires flow from the Spring of Self-love. My ardent, but vain, Wiſhes that a long Life might crown the Counteſs of *Orrery*'s Virtues, I may ſay, ſprung from a more generous Motive. I had Your Lordſhip's Joy and Intereſt principally in View: and wiſh'd

She

She might ſurvive, both to have made happy Your Bed, and ſhared in the Education of thoſe dear Pledges, which She has left You, of your mutual Affection.

——— ——— *caſtum ut ſervare Cubile*
Conjugis, & poſſet parvos educere Natos.

I have Your Lordſhip's Word for it, that She was, while living, my very good Friend: an Honour, that I would wiſh to repay, now She is no more, by raiſing a Monument of Gratitude to her Name. Without aiming at her Praiſe, I can barely hope to do Juſtice to her Memory! Truth, in an Epitaph or Characteriſtic, may do the World ſome Service, while it exhibits a Pattern to be follow'd: but Flattery ſo exceeds all Proportion, that it leaves no Room for Imitation.

I never left your Lordſhip's Houſe, without the ſtrongeſt Impreſſions of thoſe Sweets, which endear *Connubial Society*. All the Qualities, that can make Woman *laſtingly* amiable, were

center'd in Lady *Orrery*. The Fondneſs of a Wife, and tender Mother, were eminently conſpicuous in all her Behaviour. It was a Pleaſure to her to adapt her ſelf to all Your Lordſhip's Sentiments: and You could honour None with any Degree of your Friendſhip, but That was a Merit to recommend them to her Smiles. In her Converſation, the Vivacity of Youth was happily temper'd with the Sageneſs of the Matron. She knew how to be pleaſant without Levity, and to diſplay Wiſdom diveſted of all its diſagreeable Severities. With what Sweetneſs of Deportment She behav'd to her Domeſticks, was viſible in that Love and Reverence with which they obey'd her. She maintain'd the Reſpect due to her Rank, without being either ſupercilious or affected: yet at the ſame time knew, that her great Birth and Station ought not to ſet her above being the Miſtreſs of her Family. Hence, in the Point of your Table, while She conſulted your Quality, She took

took Care of your Fortune. Elegance was ſo blended with Oeconomy in her Management, it ſhew'd Us the Difference betwixt Plenty and Oſtentation.

I have preſumed, Your Lordſhip will obſerve, to draw but the Outlines of the Picture; to sketch out that Symmetry, which diſtinguiſh'd her equally to every Beholder. To finiſh up the Colouring of the Whole, is above my Strength or Vanity. The peculiar Duties She paid either to Heaven, or your Lordſhip, are too ſacred to be touch'd here. They ſtand forbid to a vulgar Approach; and I chooſe, as in the *Jewiſh* Temples, to draw a Curtain acroſs that Altar. It might be a childiſh Superſtition, perhaps, to imagine her too good for this World; but we feel to our Concern, that what made her revered on Earth, qualified her too early for a Saint in Heaven.

Oſtendunt terris hanc *tantùm Fata, nec ultra Eſſe ſinunt.*

I ſhould fear, my Lord, to awake your Sorrows even with this faint Recapitulation of her Virtues, did I not know, the Image of them is engraven on your Heart; and I am paying but the Rites of a pious and ſympathetick Reſpect. As I am proud to be thought a Client and Servant of your Family, and claim Your Lordſhip's Patronage as it were by Deſcent from your Noble Father, I would profeſs a *becoming* Intereſt in whatever *affects* my Patron.

If my Duty, My Lord, be too bold, I have it to plead in Excuſe, that it is in ſome Meaſure warranted by your own Conduct and Behaviour. That Eaſineſs of Addreſs with which I have been receiv'd by You, and that Indulgence which you are pleas'd to ſhew me on every Occaſion, ground a ſort of habitual Freedom. In Converſations with Your Lordſhip, tho' we cannot but remember the Diſtance due to your *Quality*, yet we find ſomething ſo engaging on your part, that we imperceptibly ſlide

on

on the very Confines of *Friendſhip*. Your Sweetneſs and Affability always put me in mind of *Ovid*'s APOLLO; he reſtrain'd the Luſtre of his Godhead, when he was to converſe with a mortal Son;

——*circùm Caput omne micantes*
Depoſuit radios, propriúſque accedere juſſit.

So, You, my Lord, will not ſuffer your *Quality* to glare upon your Inferiors: You abate of the Splendour of a *Patrician*, and deſcend to Us in the Light of the eaſy agreeable *Gentleman*.

If You ever ſhew any Reſerve, it is with Regard to your own Modeſty. You *there* labour to retire within Your ſelf; and would fain ſhut Us out from the Diſcovery of Talents, which you cannot reſtrain from ſtarting to Obſervation. Your Behaviour reſembles That of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*'s Parents, in a Paſſage which has employ'd the Criticks;

Sed vetuêre *patres quod non potuere* vetare.

For I have always underſtood it thus, that *they endeavour'd to* forbid *what they could not* prevent. The Confeſſion I am going to make, my Lord, is in part an Evidence of this Truth. I had deſign'd to obtrude upon You what I had to ſay critically of *Shakeſpeare:* but your Modeſty abſolutely denied my Appeal. You would not look upon your ſelf converſant enough in my *Author* to be appointed Judge of the various parts of his Character; tho' I have borrow'd many Hints from hearing You converſe upon him. I have ſoften'd the *Theft*, Sir, in Expreſſion, you ſee, in Regard to my ſelf; and Your Lordſhip may reaſonably deny the Loſs of the Jewels, which I have diſparag'd in the unartful Setting. I may very truly apply to You the Character, which a much greater Dedicator apply'd to a Patron not ſo great: *Ingenium tale eſt, ut etiam ſine literis videatur cultum eſſe potuiſſe; tantum autem Literarum conſecutus es, ut vel ſatis ad ſummam gloriam eſſe poſſit.*

But

But I am aware, that in these Declarations I am trespassing on Your Lordship's Patience. That Light of Veneration, in which I view You, makes me think I could never say too much on the Subject: and that nice Distrust, with which You view Your self, makes You think that I cannot say too little. I can only know that I am forgiven, in being continued to share the Honour of Your Esteem; and indulg'd in the Opportunities of approving myself,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

most faithful and obedient

humble Servant,

10 *January*,
1733.

LEW. THEOBALD.

THE PREFACE.

THE Attempt to write upon SHAKESPEARE is like going into a large, a ſpacious, and a ſplendid Dome thro' the Conveyance of a narrow and obſcure Entry. A Glare of Light ſuddenly breaks upon you, beyond what the Avenue at firſt promis'd: and a thouſand Beauties of Genius and Character, like ſo many gaudy Apartments pouring at once upon the Eye, diffuſe and throw themſelves out to the Mind. The Proſpect is too wide to come within the Compaſs of a ſingle View: 'tis a gay Confuſion of pleaſing Objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general Admiration; and they muſt be ſeparated, and ey'd diſtinctly, in order to give the proper Entertainment.

And as in great Piles of Building, ſome Parts are often finiſh'd up to hit the Taſte of the *Connoiſſeur*; others more negligently put together, to ſtrike the Fancy of a common and

and unlearned Beholder: Some Parts are made ſtupendiouſly magnificent and grand, to ſurprize with the vaſt Deſign and Execution of the Architect; others are contracted, to amuſe you with his Neatneſs and Elegance in little. So, in *Shakeſpeare*, we may find *Traits* that will ſtand the Teſt of the ſevereſt Judgment; and Strokes as careleſly hit off, to the Level of the more ordinary Capacities: Some Deſcriptions rais'd to that Pitch of Grandeur, as to aſtoniſh you with the Compaſs and Elevation of his Thought: and others copying Nature within ſo narrow, ſo confined a Circle, as if the Author's Talent lay only at drawing in Miniature.

A Sketch of Shakeſpeare's *general Character.*

In how many Points of Light muſt we be oblig'd to gaze at this great Poet! In how many Branches of Excellence to conſider, and admire him! Whether we view him on the Side of Art or Nature, he ought equally to engage our Attention: Whether we reſpect the Force and Greatneſs of his Genius, the Extent of his Knowledge and Reading, the Power and Addreſs with which he throws out and applies either Nature, or Learning, there is ample Scope both for our Wonder and Pleaſure. If his Diction, and the cloathing of his Thoughts attract us, how much more muſt we be charm'd with the Richneſs, and Variety, of his Images and Ideas! If his Images and Ideas ſteal into our Souls, and ſtrike upon our Fancy, how much are they improv'd

in

in Price, when we come to reflect with what Propriety and Juſtneſs they are apply'd to Character! If we look into his Characters, and how they are furniſh'd and proportion'd to the Employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the Maſtery of his Portraits! What Draughts of Nature! What Variety of Originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dreſs'd from the Stores of his own luxurious Imagination; without being the Apes of Mode, or borrowing from any foreign Wardrobe! Each of Them are the Standards of Faſhion for themſelves: like Gentlemen that are above the Direction of their Tailors, and can adorn themſelves without the Aid of Imitation. If other Poets draw more than one Fool or Coxcomb, there is the ſame Reſemblance in them, as in that Painter's Draughts, who was happy only at forming a Roſe: you find them all younger Brothers of the ſame Family, and all of them have a Pretence to give the ſame Creſt: But *Shakeſpeare*'s Clowns and Fops come all of a different Houſe: they are no farther allied to one another than as Man to Man, Members of the ſame Species: but as different in Features and Lineaments of Character, as we are from one another in Face, or Complexion. But I am unawares launching into his Character as a Writer, before I have ſaid what I intended of him as a private Member of the Republick.

Mr.

Some Particulars of his private Life. Mr. *Rowe* has very juſtly obſerv'd, that People are fond of diſcovering any little perſonal Story of the Great Men of Antiquity: and that the common Accidents of their Lives naturally become the Subject of our critical Enquiries: That however trifling ſuch a Curioſity at the firſt View may appear, yet, as for what relates to Men of Letters, the Knowledge of an Author may, perhaps, ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his Works: And, indeed, this Author's Works, from the bad Treatment he has met with from his Editors, have ſo long wanted a Comment, that one would zealouſly embrace every Method of Information, that could contribute to recover them from the Injuries with which they have ſo long lain o'erwhelm'd.

'Tis certain, that if we have firſt admir'd the Man in his Writings, his Caſe is ſo circumſtanc'd, that we muſt naturally admire the Writings in the Man: That if we go back to take a View of his Education, and the Employment in Life which Fortune had cut out for him, we ſhall retain the ſtronger Ideas of his extenſive Genius.

His Father, we are told, was a conſiderable Dealer in Wool; but having no fewer than ten Children, of whom our *Shakeſpeare* was the eldeſt, the beſt Education he could afford him was no better than to qualify him for his own Buſineſs and Employment. I cannot affirm with any Certainty how long his Father

Father liv'd; but I take him to be the ſame Mr. *John Shakeſpeare* who was living in the Year 1599, and who then, in Honour of his Son, took out an Extract of his Family-Arms from the Herald's Office; by which it appears, that he had been Officer and Bailiff of *Stratford*, and that he enjoy'd ſome hereditary Lands and Tenements, the Reward of his Great Grandfather's faithful and approved Service to King *Henry* VII.

Be this as it will, our *Shakeſpeare*, it ſeems, was bred for ſome Time at a Free-School; the very Free-School, I preſume, founded at *Stratford*: where, we are told, he acquired what *Latin* he was Maſter of: but, that his Father being oblig'd, thro' Narrowneſs of Circumſtance, to withdraw him too ſoon from thence, he was ſo unhappily prevented from making any Proficiency in the Dead Languages: A Point, that will deſerve ſome little Diſcuſſion in the Sequel of this Diſſertation.

How long he continued in his Father's Way of Buſineſs, either as an Aſſiſtant to him, or on his own proper Account, no Notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn preciſely at what Period of Life he quitted his native *Stratford*, and began his Acquaintance with *London*, and the *Stage*.

In order to ſettle in the World after a Family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. *Rowe* acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did ſo: for by the Monu-

Monument, in *Stratford* Church, erected to the Memory of his Daughter *Suſanna*, the Wife of *John Hall*, Gentleman, it appears, that ſhe died on the 2d Day of *July* in the Year 1649, aged 66. So that She was born in 1583, when her Father could not be full 19 Years old; who was himſelf born in the Year 1564. Nor was She his eldeſt Child, for he had another Daughter, *Judith*, who was born before her, and who was married to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*. So that *Shakeſpeare* muſt have entred into Wedlock, by that Time he was turn'd of ſeventeen Years.

Whether the Force of Inclination merely, or ſome concurring Circumſtances of Convenience in the Match, prompted him to marry ſo early, is not eaſy to be determin'd at this Diſtance: but 'tis probable, a View of Intereſt might partly ſway his Conduct in this Point: for he married the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, a ſubſtantial Yeoman in his Neighbourhood, and She had the Start of him in Age no leſs than 8 Years. She ſurviv'd him, notwithſtanding, ſeven Seaſons, and dy'd that very Year in which the *Players* publiſh'd the firſt Edition of his Works in *Folio*, Anno Dom. 1623, at the Age of 67 Years, as we likewiſe learn from her Monument in *Stratford*-Church.

How long he continued in this kind of Settlement, upon his own Native Spot, is not more eaſily to be determin'd. But if the Tra-

Tradition be true, of that Extravagance which forc'd him both to quit his Country and way of Living; to wit, his being engag'd, with a Knot of young Deer-ſtealers, to rob the Park of Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot* near *Stratford:* the Enterprize ſavours ſo much of Youth and Levity, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe it was before he could write full Man. Beſides, conſidering he has left us ſix and thirty Plays, which are avow'd to be genuine; (to throw out of the Queſtion thoſe Seven, in which his Title is diſputed: tho' I can, beyond all Controverſy, prove ſome Touches in every one of them to come from his Pen:) and conſidering too, that he had retir'd from the Stage, to ſpend the latter Part of his Days at his own Native *Stratford*; the Interval of Time, neceſſarily required for the finiſhing ſo many Dramatic Pieces, obliges us to ſuppoſe he threw himſelf very early upon the Play-houſe. And as he could, probably, contract no Acquaintance with the Drama, while he was driving on the Affair of Wool at home; ſome Time muſt be loſt, even after he had commenc'd Player, before he could attain Knowledge enough in the Science to qualify himſelf for turning Author.

It has been obſerv'd by Mr. *Rowe*, that, amongſt other Extravagancies which our Author has given to his Sir *John Falſtaffe*, in the *Merry Wives* of *Windſor*, he has made him a Deer-ſtealer; and that he might at the ſame

time remember his *Warwickſhire* Proſecutor, under the Name of Juſtice *Shallow*, he has given him very near the ſame Coat of Arms, which *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of that County, deſcribes for a Family there. There are two Coats, I obſerve, in *Dugdale*, where three Silver Fiſhes are borne in the Name of *Lucy*; and another Coat, to the Monument of *Thomas Lucy*, Son of Sir *William Lucy*, in which are quarter'd in four ſeveral Diviſions, twelve little Fiſhes, three in each Diviſion, probably *Luces*. This very Coat, indeed, ſeems alluded to in *Shallow*'s giving the *dozen* White *Luces*, and in *Slender* ſaying, *he may quarter*. When I conſider the exceeding Candour and Good-nature of our Author, (which inclin'd all the gentler Part of the World to love him; as the Power of his Wit obliged the Men of the moſt delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him;) and that he ſhould throw this humorous Piece of Satire at his Proſecutor, at leaſt twenty Years after the Provocation given; I am confidently perſuaded it muſt be owing to an unforgiving Rancour on the Proſecutor's Side: and if This was the Caſe, it were Pity but the Diſgrace of ſuch an Inveteracy ſhould remain as a laſting Reproach, and *Shallow* ſtand as a Mark of Ridicule to ſtigmatize his Malice.

It is ſaid, our Author ſpent ſome Years before his Death, in Eaſe, Retirement, and the Converſation of his Friends, at his Native *Strat-*

Stratford. I could never pick up any certain Intelligence, when He relinquiſh'd the Stage. I know, it has been miſtakenly thought by ſome, that *Spenſer*'s *Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muſes*, where ſhe laments the Loſs of her *Willy* in the Comic Scene, has been apply'd to our Author's quitting the Stage. But *Spenſer* himſelf, 'tis well known, quitted the Stage of Life in the Year 1598; and, five Years after this, we find *Shakeſpeare*'s Name among the Actors in *Ben Jonſon*'s *Sejanus*, which firſt made its Appearance in the Year 1603. Nor, ſurely, could he then have any Thoughts of retiring, ſince, that very Year, a Licence under the Privy-Seal was granted by K. *James* I. to him and *Fletcher*, *Burbage*, *Phillippes*, *Hemings*, *Condel*, &c. authorizing them to exerciſe the Art of playing Comedies, Tragedies, *&c.* as well at their uſual Houſe call'd the *Globe* on the other Side of the Water, as in any other Parts of the Kingdom, during his Majeſty's Pleaſure: (A Copy of which Licence is preſerv'd in *Rymer*'s *Fœdera.*) Again, 'tis certain, that *Shakeſpeare* did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the *Union* was brought about, and till after K. *James* I. had begun to touch for the *Evil*: for 'tis plain, he has inſerted Compliments, on both thoſe Accounts, upon his Royal Maſter in that Tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the Number of the Dramatic Pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near ſo early as that Period. So

that what *Spenſer* there ſays, if it relate at all to *Shakeſpeare*, muſt hint at ſome occaſional Receſs he made for a time upon a Diſguſt taken: or the *Willy*, there mention'd, muſt relate to ſome other favourite Poet. I believe, we may ſafely determine that he had not quitted in the Year 1610. For in his *Tempeſt*, our Author makes mention of the *Bermuda* Iſlands, which were unknown to the *Engliſh*, till, in 1609, Sir *John Summers* made a Voyage to *North-America*, and diſcover'd them: and afterwards invited ſome of his Countrymen to ſettle a Plantation there. That he became the private Gentleman at leaſt three Years before his Deceaſe, is pretty obvious from another Circumſtance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known Story, which Mr. *Rowe* has given us of our Author's Intimacy with Mr. *John Combe*, an old Gentleman noted thereabouts for his Wealth and Uſury: and upon whom *Shakeſpeare* made the following facetious Epitaph.

Ten in the hundred lies here in-grav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his Soul is not ſav'd;
If any Man ask who lies in this Tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

This ſarcaſtical Piece of Wit was, at the Gentleman's own Requeſt, thrown out extemporally in his Company. And this Mr. *John Combe* I take to be the ſame, who, by *Dug-*

dale

dale in his Antiquities of *Warwickſhire*, is ſaid to have dy'd in the Year 1614, and for whom at the upper End of the Quire, of the Guild of the Holy Croſs at *Stratford*, a fair Monument is erected, having a Statue thereon cut in Alabaſter, and in a Gown with this Epitaph. "Here lyeth enterr'd the Body "of *John Combe* Eſq; who dy'd the 10th of "*July*, 1614, who bequeathed ſeveral An-"nual Charities to the Pariſh of *Stratford*, "and 100*l.* to be lent to fifteen poor Tradeſ-"men from three years to three years, chan-"ging the Parties every third Year, at the "Rate of fifty Shillings *per Annum*, the In-"creaſe to be diſtributed to the Almes-poor "there."—The Donation has all the Air of a rich and ſagacious Uſurer.

Shakeſpeare himſelf did not ſurvive Mr. *Combe* long, for he dy'd in the Year 1616, the 53d of his Age. He lies buried on the North Side of the Chancel in the great Church at *Stratford*; where a Monument, decent enough for the Time, is erected to him, and plac'd againſt the Wall. He is repreſented under an Arch in a ſitting Poſture, a Cuſhion ſpread before him, with a Pen in his Right Hand, and his Left reſted on a Scrowl of Paper. The *Latin* Diſtich, which is placed under the Cuſhion, has been given us by Mr. *Pope*, or his Graver, in this Manner.

INGENIO Pylium, *Genio* Socratem,
Arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, Populus mæret, Olympus habet.

I confeſs, I don't conceive the Difference betwixt *Ingeniô* and *Geniô* in the firſt Verſe. They ſeem to me intirely ſynonomous Terms; nor was the *Pylian* Sage *Neſtor* celebrated for his Ingenuity, but for an Experience and Judgment owing to his long Age. *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of *Warwickſhire*, has copied this Diſtich with a Diſtinction which Mr. *Rowe* has follow'd, and which certainly reſtores us the true meaning of the Epitaph.

JUDICIO Pylium, Genio *Socratem*, &c.

In 1614, the greater part of the Town of *Stratford* was conſumed by Fire; but our *Shakeſpeare*'s Houſe, among ſome others, eſcap'd the Flames. This Houſe was firſt built by Sir *Hugh Clopton*, a younger Brother of an ancient Family in that Neighbourhood, who took their Name from the Manor of *Clopton*. Sir *Hugh* was Sheriff of *London* in the Reign of *Richard* III, and Lord Mayor in the Reign of King *Henry* VII. To this Gentleman the Town of *Stratford* is indebted for the fine Stone-bridge, conſiſting of fourteen Arches, which at an extraordinary Expence he built over the *Avon*, together with a Cauſe-way running at the Weſt-end thereof;

as

as alſo for rebuilding the Chapel adjoining to his Houſe, and the Croſs-Iſle in the Church there. It is remarkable of him, that, tho' he liv'd and dy'd a Batchelor, among the other extenſive Charities which he left both to the City of *London* and Town of *Stratford*, he bequeath'd conſiderable Legacies for the Marriage of poor Maidens of good Name and Fame both in *London* and at *Stratford*. Notwithſtanding which large Donations in his Life, and Bequeſts at his Death, as he had purchaſed the Manor of *Clopton*, and all the Eſtate of the Family, ſo he left the ſame again to his Elder Brother's Son with a very great Addition: (a Proof, how well Beneficence and Oeconomy may walk hand in hand in wiſe Families:) Good part of which Eſtate is yet in the Poſſeſſion of *Edward Clopton*, Eſq; and Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. lineally deſcended from the Elder Brother of the firſt Sir *Hugh:* Who particularly bequeathed to his Nephew, by his Will, his Houſe, by the Name of his *Great-houſe* in *Stratford*.

The Eſtate had now been ſold out of the *Clopton* Family for above a Century, at the Time when *Shakeſpeare* became the Purchaſer: who, having repair'd and modell'd it to his own Mind, chang'd the Name to *New-place*; which the Manſion-houſe, ſince erected upon the ſame Spot, at this day retains. The Houſe and Lands, which attended it, continued in *Shakeſpeare*'s Deſcendants to the

Time of the *Reſtoration:* when they were repurchaſed by the *Clopton* Family, and the Manſion now belongs to Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. To the Favour of this worthy Gentleman I owe the Knowledge of one Particular, in Honour of our Poet's once Dwelling-houſe, of which, I preſume, Mr. ROWE never was appriz'd. When the Civil War raged in *England*, and K. *Charles* the *Firſt's* Queen was driven by the Neceſſity of Affairs to make a Receſs in *Warwickſhire*, She kept her Court for three Weeks in *New-place*. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe it then the beſt private Houſe in the Town; and her Majeſty preferr'd it to the *College*, which was in the Poſſeſſion of the *Combe*-Family, who did not ſo ſtrongly favour the King's Party.

How much our Author employ'd himſelf in Poetry, after his Retirement from the Stage, does not ſo evidently appear: Very few poſthumous Sketches of his Pen have been recover'd to aſcertain that Point. We have been told, indeed, in Print, but not till very lately, That two large Cheſts full of this Great Man's looſe Papers and Manuſcripts, in the Hands of an ignorant Baker of *Warwick*, (who married one of the Deſcendants from our *Shakeſpeare)* were careleſly ſcatter'd and thrown about, as Garret-Lumber, and Litter, to the particular Knowledge of the late Sir *William Biſhop*, till they were all conſumed in the general Fire and Deſtruction of that Town,

Town. I cannot help being a little apt to diſtruſt the Authority of this Tradition; becauſe as his Wife ſurviv'd him ſeven Years, and as his Favourite Daughter *Suſanna* ſurviv'd her twenty ſix Years, 'tis very improbable, they ſhould ſuffer ſuch a Treaſure to be remov'd, and tranſlated into a remoter Branch of the Family, without a Scrutiny firſt made into the Value of it. This, I ſay, inclines me to diſtruſt the Authority of the Relation: but, notwithſtanding ſuch an apparent Improbability, if we really loſt ſuch a Treaſure, by whatever Fatality or Caprice of Fortune they came into ſuch ignorant and neglectful Hands, I agree with the *Relater*, the Miſfortune is wholly irreparable.

To theſe Particulars, which regard his Perſon and private Life, ſome few more are to be glean'd from Mr. ROWE's Account of his *Life* and *Writings*: Let us now take a ſhort View of him in his publick Capacity, as a *Writer*: and, from thence, the Tranſition will be eaſy to the *State* in which his *Writings* have been handed down to us. *His Character as a Writer.*

No Age, perhaps, can produce an Author more various from himſelf, than *Shakeſpeare* has been univerſally acknowledg'd to be. The Diverſity in Stile, and other Parts of Compoſition, ſo obvious in him, is as variouſly to be accounted for. His Education, we find, was at beſt but begun: and he ſtarted early into a Science from the Force of Genius, unequally

equally assisted by acquir'd Improvements. His Fire, Spirit, and Exuberance of Imagination gave an Impetuosity to his Pen: His Ideas flow'd from him in a Stream rapid, but not turbulent; copious, but not ever overbearing its Shores. The Ease and Sweetness of his Temper might not a little contribute to his Facility in Writing: as his Employment, as a *Player*, gave him an Advantage and Habit of fancying himself the very Character he meant to delineate. He used the Helps of his Function in forming himself to create and express that *Sublime*, which other Actors can only copy, and throw out, in Action and graceful Attitude. But *Nullum sine Veniâ placuit Ingenium*, says *Seneca*. The Genius, that gives us the greatest Pleasure, sometimes stands in Need of our Indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to *Shakespeare*, I would willingly impute it to a Vice of *his Times*. We see Complaisance enough, in our own Days, paid to a *bad Taste*. His *Clinches*, *false Wit*, and descending beneath himself, seem to be a Deference paid to *reigning Barbarism*. He was a *Sampson* in Strength, but he suffer'd some such *Dalilah* to give him up to the *Philistines*.

As I have mention'd the Sweetness of his Disposition, I am tempted to make a Reflexion or two on a Sentiment of his, which, I am persuaded, came from the Heart.

The

The Man, that hath no Muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with Concord of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems, and Spoils:
The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch Man be truſted. ——

A Lover of Muſick.

Shakeſpeare was all Openneſs, Candour, and Complacence; and had ſuch a Share of Harmony in his Frame and Temperature, that we have no Reaſon to doubt, from a Number of fine Paſſages, Alluſions, Similies, *&c.* fetch'd from *Muſick*, but that He was a paſſionate Lover of it. And to this, perhaps, we may owe that great Number of *Sonnets*, which are ſprinkled thro' his *Plays*. I have found, that the Stanza's ſung by the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, are not of *Shakeſpeare*'s own Compoſition, but owe their Original to the old Earl of *Surrey*'s Poems. Many other of his Occaſional little Songs, I doubt not, but he purpoſely copied from his Contemporary Writers; ſometimes, out of Banter; ſometimes, to do them Honour. The Manner of their Introduction, and the Uſes to which he has aſſigned them, will eaſily determine for which of the Reaſons they are reſpectively employ'd. In *As you like it*, there are ſeveral little Copies of Verſes on *Roſalind*, which are ſaid to be the right *Butter-woman's Rank to Market*, and the very *falſe Gallop of Verſes*. Dr. *Thomas*

mas Lodge, a Phyſician who flouriſh'd early in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, and was a great Writer of the Paſtoral Songs and Madrigals, which were ſo much the Strain of thoſe Times, compoſed a whole Volume of Poems in Praiſe of his Miſtreſs, whom he calls *Roſalinde*. I never yet could meet with this Collection; but whenever I do, I am perſuaded, I ſhall find many of our Author's Canzonets on this Subject to be Scraps of the Doctor's amorous Muſe: as, perhaps, thoſe by *Biron* too, and the other Lovers in *Love's Labour's loſt*, may prove to be.

It has been remark'd in the Courſe of my Notes, that Muſick in our Author's time had a very different Uſe from what it has now. At this Time, it is only employ'd to raiſe and inflame the Paſſions; it, then, was apply'd to calm and allay all kinds of Perturbations. And, agreeable to this Obſervation, throughout all *Shakeſpeare*'s Plays, where Muſick is either actually uſed, or its Powers deſcrib'd, it is chiefly ſaid to be for theſe Ends. His *Twelfth-Night*, particularly, begins with a fine Reflexion that admirably marks its ſoothing Properties.

That Strain again;—It had a dying Fall.
Oh, it came o'er my Ear like the ſweet South,
That breathes upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving Odour!

This

This *Similitude* is remarkable not only for the Beauty of the Image that it preſents, but likewiſe for the Exactneſs to the Thing compared. This is a way of Teaching peculiar to the Poets; that, when they would deſcribe the Nature of any thing, they do it not by a direct Enumeration of its Attributes or Qualities, but by bringing ſomething into Compariſon, and deſcribing thoſe Qualities of it that are of the Kind with thoſe in the Thing compared. So, here for inſtance, the Poet willing to inſtruct in the Properties of Muſick, in which the ſame Strains have a Power to excite Pleaſure, or Pain, according to that State of Mind the Hearer is then in, does it by preſenting the Image of a ſweet South Wind blowing o'er a Violet-bank; which wafts away the Odour of the Violets, and at the ſame time communicates to it its own Sweetneſs: by This inſinuating, that affecting Muſick, tho' it takes away the natural ſweet Tranquillity of the Mind, yet, at the ſame time, communicates a Pleaſure the Mind felt not before. This Knowledge, of the ſame Objects being capable of raiſing two contrary Affections, is a Proof of no ordinary Progreſs in the Study of human Nature. The general Beauties of thoſe two Poems of MILTON, intitled, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penſoroſo*, are obvious to all Readers, becauſe the Deſcriptions are the moſt poetical in the World; yet there is a peculiar Beauty in thoſe two excellent Pieces,

Milton *an Imitator of him.*

Pieces, that will much enhance the Value of them to the more capable Readers; which has never, I think, been obſerv'd. The Images, in each Poem, which he raiſes to excite Mirth and Melancholy, are exactly the ſame, only ſhewn in different Attitudes. Had a Writer, leſs acquainted with Nature, given us two Poems on theſe Subjects, he would have been ſure to have ſought out the moſt contrary Images to raiſe theſe contrary Paſſions. And, particularly, as *Shakeſpeare*, in the Paſſage I am now commenting, ſpeaks of theſe different Effects in Muſick; ſo *Milton* has brought it into each Poem as the Exciter of each Affection: and leſt we ſhould miſtake him, as meaning that different Airs had this different Power, (which every Fidler is proud to have you underſtand,) He gives the Image of thoſe ſelf-ſame Strains that *Orpheus* uſed to regain *Eurydice*, as proper both to excite Mirth and Melancholy. But *Milton* moſt induſtriouſly copied the Conduct of our *Shakeſpeare*, in Paſſages that ſhew'd an intimate Acquaintance with Nature and Science.

Shakeſpeare's *Knowledge of Nature.*

I have not thought it out of my Province, whenever Occaſion offer'd, to take notice of ſome of our Poet's grand Touches of Nature: Some, that do not appear ſuperficially ſuch; but in which he ſeems the moſt deeply inſtructed; and to which, no doubt, he has ſo much ow'd that happy Preſervation of his

Charac-

Characters, for which he is juſtly celebrated. If he was not acquainted with the Rule as deliver'd by *Horace*, his own admirable Genius pierc'd into the Neceſſity of ſuch a Rule.

——— *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incœpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

For what can be more ridiculous, than, in our modern Writers, to make a debauch'd young Man, immers'd in all the Vices of his Age and Time, in a few hours take up, confine himſelf in the way of Honour to one Woman, and moralize in good earneſt on the Follies of his paſt Behaviour? Nor can, that great Examplar of *Comic* Writing, *Terence* be altogether excuſed in this Regard; who, in his *Adelphi*, has left *Demea* in the laſt Scenes ſo unlike himſelf: whom, as *Shakeſpeare* expreſſes it, *he has turn'd with the ſeamy Side of his Wit outward.* This Conduct, as Errors are more readily imitated than Perfections, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* ſeem to have follow'd in a Character in their *Scornful Lady*. It may be objected, perhaps, by ſome who do not go to the Bottom of our Poet's Conduct, that he has likewiſe tranſgreſs'd againſt the Rule himſelf, by making Prince *Harry* at once, upon coming to the Crown, throw off his former Diſſoluteneſs, and take up the Practice of a ſober Morality and all the kingly Virtues. But this would be a miſtaken Objection. The Prince's Reformation is not

ſo

ſo ſudden, as not to be prepar'd and expected by the Audience. He gives, indeed, a Looſe to Vanity, and a light unweigh'd Behaviour, when he is trifling among his diſſolute Companions; but the Sparks of innate Honour and true Nobleneſs break from him upon every proper Occaſion, where we would hope to ſee him awake to Sentiments ſuiting his Birth and Dignity. And our Poet has ſo well, and artfully, guarded his Character from the Suſpicions of habitual and unreformable Profligateneſs; that even from the firſt ſhewing him upon the Stage, in the firſt Part of *Henry* IV, when he made him conſent to join with *Falſtaffe* in a Robbery on the Highway, he has taken care not to carry him off the Scene, without an Intimation that he knows them all, and their unyok'd Humour; and that, like the Sun, he will permit them only for a while to obſcure and cloud his Brightneſs; then break thro' the Miſt, when he pleaſes to be himſelf again; that his Luſtre, when wanted, may be the more wonder'd at.

Another of *Shakeſpeare*'s grand Touches of Nature, and which lies ſtill deeper from the Ken of common Obſervation, has been taken notice of in a Note upon *The Tempeſt*; where *Proſpero* at once interrupts the Maſque of *Spirits*, and ſtarts into a ſudden Paſſion and Diſorder of Mind. As the latent Cauſe of his Emotion is there fully inquir'd into, I ſhall no farther dwell upon it here.

Su ch

Such a Conduct in a Poet (as *Shakeſpeare* has manifeſted on many like Occaſions;) where the Turn of *Action* ariſes from Reflexions of his *Characters*, where the Reaſon of it is not expreſs'd in Words, but drawn from the inmoſt Reſources of Nature, ſhews him truly capable of that Art, which is more in Rule than Practice: *Ars eſt celare Artem.* 'Tis the Foible of your worſer Poets to make a Parade and Oſtentation of that little Science they have; and to throw it out in the moſt ambitious Colours. And whenever a Writer of this Claſs ſhall attempt to copy theſe artful Concealments of our Author, and ſhall either think them eaſy, or practiſed by a Writer for his Eaſe, he will ſoon be convinced of his Miſtake by the Difficulty of reaching the Imitation of them.

Speret idem, ſudet multùm, fruſtráq; laboret,
Auſus idem: ——

Another grand Touch of Nature in our Author, (not leſs difficult to imitate, tho' more obvious to the Remark of a common Reader) is, when he brings down at once any *Character* from the Ferment and Height of Paſſion, makes him correct himſelf for the unruly Diſpoſition, and fall into Reflexions of a ſober and moral Tenour. An exquiſite fine Inſtance of this Kind occurs in *Lear*, where that old King, haſty and intemperate in his Paſſions, coming to his Son and Daugh-

ter *Cornwall*, is told by the Earl of *Glouceſter* that they are not to be ſpoken with: and thereupon throws himſelf into a Rage, ſuppoſing the Excuſe of Sickneſs and Wearineſs in them to be a purpos'd Contempt: *Glouceſter* begs him to think of the fiery and unremoveable Quality of the Duke: and This, which was deſign'd to qualify his Paſſion, ſerves to exaggerate the Tranſports of it.

As the Conduct of Prince *Henry* in the firſt Inſtance, the ſecret and mental Reflexions in the Caſe of *Proſpero*, and the inſtant Detour of *Lear* from the Violence of Rage to a Temper of Reaſoning, do ſo much Honour to that ſurpizing Knowledge of human Nature, which is certainly our Author's Maſterpiece, I thought, they could not be ſet in too good a Light. Indeed, to point out, and exclaim upon, all the Beauties of *Shakeſpeare*, as they come ſingly in Review, would be as inſipid, as endleſs; as tedious, as unneceſſary: But the Explanation of thoſe Beauties, that are leſs obvious to common Readers, and whoſe Illuſtration depends on the Rules of juſt Criticiſm, and an exact Knowledge of human Life, ſhould deſervedly have a Share in a general Critic upon the Author.

I ſhall diſmiſs the Examination into theſe his latent Beauties, when I have made a ſhort Comment upon a remarkable Paſſage from *Julius Cæſar*, which is inexpreſſibly fine in its ſelf,

its ſelf, and greatly diſcovers our Author's Knowledge and Reſearches into Nature.

Mr. Addiſon *and* He *compared, on a ſimilar Topick.*

Between the acting of a dreadful Thing,
And the firſt Motion, all the Interim *is*
Like a Phantaſma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius, and the mortal Inſtruments
Are then in Council; and the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then
The Nature of an Inſurrection.

That nice Critick *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* confeſſes, that he could not find thoſe great Strokes, which he calls the *terrible Graces*, in any of the Hiſtorians, which he frequently met with in *Homer*. I believe, the Succeſs would be the ſame likewiſe, if we ſought for them in any other of *our* Authors beſides our *Britiſh* HOMER, *Shakeſpeare*. This Deſcription of the Condition of Conſpirators has a Pomp and Terror in it, that perfectly aſtoniſhes. Our excellent Mr. *Addiſon*, whoſe Modeſty made him ſometimes diffident in his own Genius, but whoſe exquiſite Judgment always led him to the ſafeſt Guides, as we may ſee by thoſe many fine Strokes in his *Cato* borrow'd from the *Philippics* of *Cicero*, has paraphraſed this fine Deſcription; but we are no longer to expect thoſe *terrible Graces*, which he could not hinder from evaporating in the Transfuſion.

O think, what anxious Moments paſs between
The Birth of Plots, and their laſt fatal Periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death.

I ſhall obſerve two Things on this fine Imitation: firſt, that the Subjects of theſe two Conſpiracies being ſo very different, (the Fortunes of *Cæſar* and the *Roman* Empire being concern'd in the Firſt; and That of only a few Auxiliary Troops, in the other;) Mr. *Addiſon* could not with Propriety bring in that magnificent Circumſtance, which gives the terrible Grace to *Shakeſpeare*'s Deſcription.

The Genius and the mortal Inſtruments
Are then in Council.——

For Kingdoms, in the poetical Theology, beſides their good, have their evil *Genius*'s likewiſe: repreſented here with the moſt daring Stretch of Fancy, as ſitting in Council with the Conſpirators, whom he calls the *mortal Inſtruments*. But this would have been too great an Apparatus to the Rape, and Deſertion, of *Syphax*, and *Sempronius*. Secondly, The other Thing very obſervable is, that Mr. *Addiſon* was ſo warm'd and affected with the Fire of *Shakeſpeare*'s Deſcription; that, inſtead of copying his Author's Sentiments, he has, before he was aware, given us only the Image of his own Impreſſions on the reading his great Original. For,

Oh,

Oh, 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death;

are but the Affections raiſed by ſuch forcible Images as theſe;

——— *All the* Int'rim *is*
Like a Phantaſma, or a hideous Dream.
——— *the State of Man,*
Like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then
The Nature of an Inſurrection.

Comparing the Mind of a Conſpirator to an Anarchy, is juſt and beautiful; but the *Interim* to a *hideous Dream* has ſomething in it ſo wonderfully natural, and lays the human Soul ſo open, that one cannot but be ſurpriz'd, that any Poet, who had not himſelf been, ſome time or other, engaged in a Conſpiracy, could ever have given ſuch Force of Colouring to Truth and Nature.

The Queſtion on Shakeſpeare's *Learning handled.*

It has been allow'd on all hands, how far our Author was indebted to *Nature*; it is not ſo well agreed, how much he ow'd to *Languages* and acquir'd *Learning*. The Deciſions on this Subject were certainly ſet on Foot by the Hint from *Ben Jonſon*, that he had ſmall *Latin* and leſs *Greek:* And from this Tradition, as it were, Mr. *Rowe* has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, "It "is without Controverſy, he had no Know-"ledge of the Writings of the ancient Poets, "for that in his Works we find no Traces of

" any thing which looks like an Imitation of " the Ancients. For the Delicacy of his " Taſte (*continues He,*) and the natural Bent " of his own great Genius (equal, if not ſu- " perior, to ſome of the Beſt of theirs;) " would certainly have led him to read and " ſtudy them with ſo much Pleaſure, that " ſome of their fine Images would naturally " have inſinuated themſelves into, and been " mix'd with, his own Writings: ſo that his " not copying, at leaſt, ſomething from " them, may be an Argument of his never " having read them." I ſhall leave it to the Determination of my Learned Readers, from the numerous Paſſages, which I have occaſionally quoted in my Notes, in which our Poet ſeems cloſely to have imitated the Claſſics, whether Mr. *Rowe*'s Aſſertion be ſo abſolutely to be depended on. The Reſult of the Controverſy muſt certainly, either way, terminate to our Author's Honour: how happily he could imitate them, if that Point be allow'd; or how glorioufly he could think like them, without owing any thing to Imitation.

Tho' I ſhould be very unwilling to allow *Shakeſpeare* ſo poor a Scholar, as Many have labour'd to repreſent him, yet I ſhall be very cautious of declaring too poſitively on the other ſide of the Queſtion: that is, with regard to my Opinion of his Knowledge in the dead Languages. And therefore the Paſſages, that

I occaſionally quote from the *Claſſics*, ſhall not be urged as Proofs that he knowingly imitated thoſe Originals; but brought to ſhew how happily he has expreſs'd himſelf upon the ſame Topicks. A very learned Critick of our own Nation has declar'd, that a Sameneſs of Thought and Sameneſs of Expreſſion too, in Two Writers of a different Age, can hardly happen, without a violent Suſpicion of the Latter copying from his Predeceſſor. I ſhall not therefore run any great Riſque of a Cenſure, tho' I ſhould venture to hint, that the Reſemblance, in Thought and Expreſſion, of our Author and an Antient (which we ſhould allow to be Imitation in One, whoſe Learning was not queſtion'd) may ſometimes take its Riſe from Strength of Memory, and thoſe Impreſſions which he ow'd to the School. And if we may allow a Poſſibility of This, conſidering that, when he quitted the School, he gave into his Father's Profeſſion and way of Living, and had, 'tis likely, but a ſlender Library of Claſſical Learning; and conſidering what a Number of Tranſlations, Romances, and Legends, ſtarted about his Time, and a little before; (moſt of which, 'tis very evident, he read;) I think, it may eaſily be reconcil'd, why he rather ſchemed his *Plots* and *Characters* from theſe more latter Informations, than went back to thoſe Fountains, for which he might

entertain a ſincere Veneration, but to which he could not have ſo ready a Recourſe.

In touching on another Part of his Learning, as it related to the Knowledge of *Hiſtory* and *Books*, I ſhall advance ſomething, that, at firſt ſight, will very much wear the Appearance of a Paradox. For I ſhall find it no hard Matter to prove, that from the groſſeſt Blunders in Hiſtory, we are not to infer his real Ignorance of it: Nor from a greater Uſe of *Latin* Words, than ever any other *Engliſh* Author uſed, muſt we infer his Knowledge of that Language.

A Reader of Taſte may eaſily obſerve, that tho' *Shakeſpeare*, almoſt in every Scene of his hiſtorical Plays, commits the groſſeſt Offences againſt Chronology, Hiſtory, and Antient Politicks; yet This was not thro' Ignorance, as is generally ſuppoſed, but thro' the too powerful Blaze of his Imagination; which, when once raiſed, made all acquired Knowledge vaniſh and diſappear before it. For Inſtance, in his *Timon*, he turns *Athens*, which was a perfect Democraſy, into an Ariſtocraſy; while he ridiculouſly gives a Senator the Power of baniſhing *Alcibiades*. On the contrary, in *Coriolanus*, he makes *Rome*, which at that time was a perfect Ariſtocraſy, a Democraſy full as ridiculouſly, by making the People chooſe *Coriolanus* Conſul: Whereas, in Fact, it was not till the Time of *Manlius Torquatus*,

Torquatus, that the People had a Right of chooſing one Conſul. But this Licence in him, as I have ſaid, muſt not be imputed to Ignorance: ſince as often we may find him, when Occaſion ſerves, reaſoning up to the Truth of Hiſtory; and throwing out Sentiments as juſtly adapted to the Circumſtances of his Subject, as to the Dignity of his Characters, or Dictates of Nature in general.

Then, to come to his Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue, 'tis certain, there is a ſurpriſing Effuſion of *Latin* Words made *Engliſh*, far more than in any one *Engliſh* Author I have ſeen; but we muſt be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the *Engliſh* Tongue, in his Age, began extremely to ſuffer by an Inundation of *Latin*; and to be overlaid, as it were, by its Nurſe, when it had juſt began to ſpeak by her before-prudent Care and Aſſiſtance. And this, to be ſure, was occaſion'd by the Pedantry of thoſe two Monarchs, *Elizabeth* and *James*, Both great *Latiniſts*. For it is not to be wonder'd at, if both the Court and Schools, equal Flatterers of Power, ſhould adapt themſelves to the Royal Taſte. This, then, was the Condition of the *Engliſh* Tongue when *Shakeſpeare* took it up: like a Beggar in a rich Wardrobe. He found the pure native *Engliſh* too cold and poor to ſecond the Heat and Abundance of his Imagination: and therefore was forc'd

to

to dreſs it up in the Robes, he ſaw provided for it: rich in themſelves, but ill-ſhaped; cut out to an air of Magnificence, but diſproportion'd and cumberſome. To the Coſtlineſs of Ornament, he added all the Graces and Decorum of it. It may be ſaid, this did not require, or diſcover a Knowledge of the *Latin*. To the firſt, I think, it did not; to the ſecond, it is ſo far from diſcovering it, that, I think, it diſcovers the contrary. To make This more obvious by a modern Inſtance: The great MILTON likewiſe labour'd under the like Inconvenience; when he firſt ſet upon adorning his own Tongue, he likewiſe animated and enrich'd it with the *Latin*, but from his own Stock: and ſo, rather by bringing in the Phraſes, than the Words: And This was natural; and will, I believe, always be the Caſe in the ſame Circumſtances. His Language, eſpecially his Proſe, is full of *Latin* Words indeed, but much fuller of *Latin* Phraſes: and his Maſtery in the Tongue made this unavoidable. On the contrary, *Shakeſpeare*, who, perhaps, was not ſo intimately vers'd in the *Language*, abounds in the Words of it, but has few or none of its Phraſes: Nor, indeed, if what I affirm be true, could He. This I take to be the trueſt *Criterion* to determine this long agitated Queſtion.

It may be mention'd, tho' no certain Concluſion can be drawn from it, as a probable Argument

Argument of his having read the Antients; that He perpetually expreſſes the Genius of *Homer*, and other great Poets of the Old World, in animating all the Parts of his Deſcriptions; and, by bold and breathing Metaphors and Images, giving the Properties of Life and Action to inanimate Things. He is a Copy too of thoſe *Greek* Maſters in the infinite uſe of *compound* and *de-compound Epithets*. I will not, indeed, aver, but that One with *Shakeſpeare*'s exquiſite Genius and Obſervation might have traced theſe glaring Characteriſtics of Antiquity by reading *Homer* in *Chapman*'s Verſion.

B. Jonſon *and* Shakeſpeare *compar'd.*

An additional Word or two naturally falls in here upon the Genius of our Author, as compared with that of *Jonſon* his Contemporary. They are confeſſedly the greateſt Writers our Nation could ever boaſt of in the *Drama*. The firſt, we ſay, owed all to his prodigious natural Genius; and the other a great deal to his Art and Learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very remarkable Appearance in their Writings. Beſides thoſe wonderful Maſterpieces of Art and Genius, which each has given Us; They are the Authors of other Works very unworthy of them: But with this Difference; that in *Jonſon*'s bad Pieces we don't diſcover one ſingle Trace of the Author of the *Fox* and *Alchemiſt*: but in the wild extravagant Notes of *Shakeſpeare*, you every now and then encounter Strains

that

that recognize the divine Compoſer. This Difference may be thus accounted for. *Jonſon*, as we ſaid before, owing all his Excellence to his Art, by which he ſometimes ſtrain'd himſelf to an uncommon Pitch, when at other times he unbent and play'd with his Subject, having nothing then to ſupport him, it is no wonder he wrote ſo far beneath himſelf. But *Shakeſpeare*, indebted more largely to Nature, than the Other to acquired Talents, in his moſt negligent Hours could never ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his Genius, but that it would frequently break out with aſtoniſhing Force and Splendor.

His Reputation under Diſadvantages.

As I have never propos'd to dilate farther on the Character of my Author, than was neceſſary to explain the Nature and Uſe of this Edition, I ſhall proceed to conſider him as a Genius in Poſſeſſion of an Everlaſting Name. And how great that Merit muſt be, which could gain it againſt all the Diſadvantages of the horrid Condition in which he has hitherto appear'd! Had *Homer*, or any other admir'd Author, firſt ſtarted into Publick ſo maim'd and deform'd, we cannot determine whether they had not ſunk for ever under the Ignominy of ſuch an ill Appearance. The mangled Condition of *Shakeſpeare* has been acknowledg'd by Mr. *Rowe*, who publiſh'd him indeed, but neither corrected his Text, nor collated the old Copies. This Gentleman had Abilities, and a ſufficient Knowledge of his

his Author, had but his Induſtry been equal to his Talents. The ſame mangled Condition has been acknowledg'd too by Mr. *Pope*, who publiſh'd him likewiſe, pretended to have collated the old Copies, and yet ſeldom has corrected the Text but to its Injury. I congratulate with the *Manes* of our Poet, that this Gentleman has been ſparing in *indulging his private Senſe*; for He, who tampers with an Author whom he does not underſtand, muſt do it at the Expence of his Subject. I have made it evident throughout my Remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a Wound where he intended a Cure. He has acted with regard to our Author, as an Editor, whom LIPSIUS mentions, did with regard to MARTIAL; *Inventus eſt neſcio quis* Popa, *qui non* vitia *ejus*, *ſed* ipſum, *excîdit*. He has attack'd him like an unhandy *Slaughterman*; and not lopp'd off the *Errors*, but the *Poet*.

Praiſe ſometimes an Injury.

When this is found to be the Fact, how abſurd muſt appear the Praiſes of ſuch an Editor? It ſeems a moot Point, whether Mr. *Pope* has done moſt Injury to *Shakeſpeare* as his Editor and Encomiaſt; or Mr. *Rymer* done him Service as his Rival and Cenſurer. Were it every where the true Text, which That Editor in his late pompous Edition gave us, the Poet deſerv'd not the large Encomiums beſtow'd by him: nor, in that Caſe, is *Rymer*'s Cenſure of the Barbarity of his Thoughts, and

and the Impropriety of his Expreſſions, groundleſs. They have Both ſhewn themſelves in an equal *Impuiſſance* of ſuſpecting or amending the corrupted Paſſages: and tho' it be neither Prudence to cenſure, or commend, what one does not underſtand; yet if a Man muſt do one when he plays the Critick, the latter is the more ridiculous Office. And by That *Shakeſpeare* ſuffers moſt. For the natural Veneration, which we have for him, makes us apt to ſwallow whatever is given us as *his*, and ſet off with Encomiums; and hence we quit all Suſpicions of Depravity: On the contrary, the Cenſure of ſo divine an Author ſets us upon his Defence; and this produces an exact Scrutiny and Examination, which ends in finding out and diſcriminating the true from the ſpurious.

It is not with any ſecret Pleaſure, that I ſo frequently animadvert on Mr. *Pope* as a Critick; but there are Provocations, which a Man can never quite forget. His Libels have been thrown out with ſo much Inveteracy, that, not to diſpute whether they *ſhould* come from a *Chriſtian*, they leave it a Queſtion whether they *could* come from a *Man*. I ſhould be loth to doubt, as *Quintus Serenus* did in a like Caſe,

Sive homo, ſeu ſimilis turpiſſima beſtia nobis,
Vulnera dente dedit.

The Indignation, perhaps, for being repreſented a *Blockhead*, may be as ſtrong in Us as it

it is in the Ladies for a Reflexion on their *Beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to Him for ſome *flagrant Civilities*; and I ſhall willingly devote a part of my Life to the honeſt Endeavour of quitting Scores: with this Exception however, that I will not return thoſe Civilities in his *peculiar* Strain, but confine myſelf, at leaſt, to the Limits of *common Decency*. I ſhall ever think it better to want *Wit*, than to want *Humanity*: and impartial Poſterity may, perhaps, be of my Opinion.

The old Editions faulty, whence.

But, to return to my Subject; which now calls upon me to inquire into thoſe Cauſes, to which the Depravations of my Author originally may be aſſign'd. We are to conſider him as a Writer, of whom no authentic Manuſcript was extant; as a Writer, whoſe Pieces were diſperſedly perform'd on the ſeveral *Stages* then in Being. And it was the Cuſtom of thoſe Days for the Poets to take a Price of the *Players* for the Pieces They from time to time furniſh'd; and thereupon it was ſuppos'd, they had no farther Right to print them without the Conſent of the *Players*. As it was the Intereſt of the *Companies* to keep their Plays unpubliſh'd, when any one ſucceeded, there was a Conteſt betwixt the Curioſity of the Town, who demanded to ſee it in Print, and the Policy of the *Stagers*, who wiſh'd to ſecrete it within their own Walls. Hence, many Pieces were taken down in Short-hand, and imperfectly copied by

by Ear, from a *Repreſentation*: Others were printed from piece-meal Parts ſurreptitiouſly obtain'd from the Theatres, uncorrect, and without the Poet's Knowledge. To ſome of theſe Cauſes we owe the train of Blemiſhes, that deform thoſe Pieces which ſtole ſingly into the World in our Author's Life-time.

There are ſtill other Reaſons, which may be ſuppos'd to have affected the whole Set. When the *Players* took upon them to publiſh his Works intire, every Theatre was ranſack'd to ſupply the Copy; and *Parts* collected which had gone thro' as many Changes as Performers, either from Mutilations or Additions made to them. Hence we derive many Chaſms and Incoherences in the Senſe and Matter. Scenes were frequently tranſpoſed, and ſhuffled out of their true Place, to humour the Caprice or ſuppos'd Convenience of ſome particular Actor. Hence much Confuſion and Impropriety has attended, and embarras'd, the Buſineſs and Fable. For there ever have been, and ever will be in Playhouſes, a Set of aſſuming Directors, who know better than the Poet himſelf the Connexion and Dependance of his Scenes; where Matter is defective, or Superfluities to be retrench'd; Perſons, that have the Fountain of *Inſpiration* as peremptorily in them, as Kings have That of *Honour*. To theſe obvious Cauſes of Corruption it muſt be added, that our Author has lain under the Diſadvantage

tage of having his Errors propagated and multiplied by Time: becauſe, for near a Century, his Works were republiſh'd from the faulty Copies without the aſſiſtance of any intelligent Editor: which has been the Caſe likewiſe of many a *Claſſic* Writer.

The Editor's Drift and Method.

The Nature of any Diſtemper once found has generally been the immediate Step to a Cure. *Shakeſpeare*'s Caſe has in a great Meaſure reſembled That of a corrupt *Claſſic*; and, conſequently, the Method of Cure was likewiſe to bear a Reſemblance. By what Means, and with what Succeſs, this Cure has been effected on ancient Writers, is too well known, and needs no formal Illuſtration. The Reputation conſequent on Tasks of that Nature invited me to attempt the Method here; with this View, the Hopes of reſtoring to the Publick their greateſt Poet in his Original Purity: after having ſo long lain in a Condition that was a Diſgrace to common Senſe. To this End I have ventur'd on a Labour, that is the firſt Aſſay of the kind on any modern Author whatſoever. For the late Edition of *Milton* by the Learned Dr. *Bentley* is, in the main, a Performance of another Species. It is plain, it was the Intention of that Great Man rather to correct and pare off the Excreſcencies of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, in the manner that *Tucca* and *Varius* were employ'd to criticize the *Æneis* of *Virgil*, than to reſtore corrupted Paſſages. Hence, therefore,

Difference betwixt this Edition and Dr. Bentley's Milton.

may be ſeen either the Iniquity or Ignorance of his Cenſurers, who, from ſome Expreſſions, would make us believe, the *Doctor* every where gives us his Corrections as the Original Text of the Author; whereas the chief Turn of his Criticiſm is plainly to ſhew the World, that if *Milton* did not write as He would have him, he ought to have wrote ſo.

I thought proper to premiſe this Obſervation to the Readers, as it will ſhew that the Critic on *Shakeſpeare* is of a quite different Kind. His genuine Text is religiouſly adher'd to, and the numerous Faults and Blemiſhes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is alter'd, but what by the cleareſt Reaſoning can be proved a Corruption of the true Text; and the Alteration, a real Reſtoration of the genuine Reading. Nay, ſo ſtrictly have I ſtrove to give the true Reading, tho' ſometimes not to the Advantage of my Author, that I have been ridiculouſly ridicul'd for it by Thoſe, who either were iniquitouſly for turning every thing to my Diſadvantage; or elſe were totally ignorant of the true Duty of an Editor.

The Science of Criticiſm, as far as it affects an Editor, ſeems to be reduced to theſe three Claſſes; the Emendation of corrupt Paſſages; the Explanation of obſcure and difficult ones; and an Inquiry into the Beauties and Defects of Compoſition. This Work

is principally confin'd to the two former Parts: tho' there are ſome Specimens interſpers'd of the latter Kind, as ſeveral of the Emendations were beſt ſupported, and ſeveral of the Difficulties beſt explain'd, by taking notice of the Beauties and Defects of the Compoſition peculiar to this Immortal Poet. But This was but occaſional, and for the ſake only of perfecting the two other Parts, which were the proper Objects of the Editor's Labour. The third lies open for every willing Undertaker: and I ſhall be pleas'd to ſee it the Employment of a maſterly Pen.

It muſt neceſſarily happen, as I have formerly obſerv'd, that where the Aſſiſtance of Manuſcripts is wanting to ſet an Author's Meaning right, and reſcue him from thoſe Errors which have been tranſmitted down thro' a Series of incorrect Editions, and a long Intervention of Time, many Paſſages muſt be deſperate, and paſt a Cure; and their true Senſe irretrievable either to Care or the Sagacity of Conjecture. But is there any Reaſon therefore to ſay, That becauſe All cannot be retriev'd, All ought to be left deſperate? We ſhould ſhew very little Honeſty, or Wiſdom, to play the Tyrants with an Author's Text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all Adventures, and to the utter Detriment of his Senſe and Meaning: But to be ſo very reſerved and cautious, as to interpoſe no Re-

lief or Conjecture, where it manifeſtly labours and cries out for Aſſiſtance, ſeems, on the other hand, an indolent Abſurdity.

But becauſe the Art of Criticiſm, both by Thoſe who cannot form a true Judgment of its Effects, nor can penetrate into its Cauſes, which takes in a great Number beſides the Ladies;) is eſteem'd only an arbitrary capricious Tyranny exercis'd on Books; I think proper to ſubjoin a Word or two about thoſe Rules on which I have proceeded, and by which I have regulated myſelf in this Edition. By This, I flatter myſelf, it will appear, my Emendations are ſo far from being arbitrary or capricious, that They are eſtabliſh'd with a very high Degree of moral Certainty.

As there are very few Pages in *Shakeſpeare*, upon which ſome Suſpicions of Depravity do not reaſonably ariſe; I have thought it my Duty, in the firſt place, by a diligent and laborious Collation to take in the Aſſiſtances of all the older Copies.

In his *Hiſtorical Plays*, whenever our *Engliſh* Chronicles, and in his Tragedies when *Greek* or *Roman* Story, could give any Light; no Pains have been omitted to ſet Paſſages right by comparing my Author with his Originals: for, as I have frequently obſerved, he was a cloſe and accurate Copier where-ever his *Fable* was founded on *Hiſtory*.

Where-

Where-ever the Author's Senſe is clear and diſcoverable, (tho', perchance, low and trivial;) I have not by any Innovation tamper'd with his Text; out of an Oſtentation of endeavouring to make him ſpeak better than the old Copies have done.

Where, thro' all the former Editions, a Paſſage has labour'd under flat Nonſenſe and invincible Darkneſs, if, by the Addition or Alteration of a Letter or two, I have reſtored to Him both Senſe and Sentiment, ſuch Corrections, I am perſuaded, will need no Indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater Latitude and Liberty in amending, I have conſtantly endeavoured to ſupport my Corrections and Conjectures by parallel Paſſages and Authorities from himſelf, the ſureſt Means of expounding any Author whatſoever. *Cette voïe d'interpreter un Autheur par lui-même eſt plus ſure que tous les Commentaires*, ſays a very learned *French* Critick.

As to my *Notes*, (from which the common and learned Readers of our Author, I hope, will derive ſome Pleaſure;) I have endeavour'd to give them a Variety in ſome Proportion to their Number. Where-ever I have ventur'd at an Emendation, a *Note* is conſtantly ſubjoin'd to juſtify and aſſert the Reaſon of it. Where I only offer a Conjecture, and do not diſturb the Text, I fairly ſet forth my Grounds for ſuch Conjecture, and ſubmit it

to Judgment. Some Remarks are ſpent in explaining Paſſages, where the Wit or Satire depends on an obſcure Point of Hiſtory: Others, where Alluſions are to Divinity, Philoſophy, or other Branches of Science. Some are added to ſhew, where there is a Suſpicion of our Author having borrow'd from the Antients: Others, to ſhew where he is rallying his Contemporaries; or where He himſelf is rallied by them. And ſome are neceſſarily thrown in, to explain an obſcure and obſolete *Term*, *Phraſe*, or *Idea*. I once intended to have added a complete and copious *Gloſſary*; but as I have been importun'd, and am prepar'd, to give a correct Edition of our Author's POEMS, (in which many Terms occur that are not to be met with in his *Plays*,) I thought a *Gloſſary* to all *Shakeſpeare*'s Works more proper to attend that Volume.

In reforming an infinite Number of Paſſages in the *Pointing*, where the Senſe was before quite loſt, I have frequently ſubjoin'd Notes to ſhew the *deprav'd*, and to prove the *reform'd*, Pointing: a Part of Labour in this Work which I could very willingly have ſpared myſelf. May it not be objected, why then have you burthen'd us with theſe Notes? The Anſwer is obvious, and, if I miſtake not, very material. Without ſuch Notes, theſe Paſſages in ſubſequent Editions would be liable, thro' the Ignorance of Printers and Correctors, to fall into the old Confuſion: Where-

as

as, a Note on every one hinders all poſſible Return to Depravity; and for ever ſecures them in a State of Purity and Integrity not to be loſt or forfeited.

Again, as ſome Notes have been neceſſary to point out the Detection of the corrupted Text, and eſtabliſh the Reſtoration of the genuine Readings; ſome others have been as neceſſary for the Explanation of Paſſages obſcure and difficult. To underſtand the Neceſſity and Uſe of this Part of my Task, ſome Particulars of my Author's Character are previouſly to be explain'd. There are *Obſcurities* in him, which are common to him with all Poets of the ſame Species; there are Others, the Iſſue of the Times he liv'd in; and there are Others, again, peculiar to himſelf. The Nature of Comic Poetry being entirely ſatyrical, it buſies itſelf more in expoſing what we call Caprice and Humour, than Vices cognizable to the Laws. The *Engliſh*, from the Happineſs of a free Conſtitution, and a Turn of Mind peculiarly ſpeculative and inquiſitive, are obſerv'd to produce more *Humouriſts* and a greater Variety of Original *Characters*, than any other People whatſoever: And Theſe owing their immediate Birth to the peculiar Genius of each Age, an infinite Number of Things alluded to, glanced at, and expos'd, muſt needs become obſcure, as the *Characters* themſelves are antiquated, and diſuſed. An Editor therefore ſhould be well vers'd in the

Cauſes of Obſcurities in Shakeſpeare.

Hiſtory and Manners of his Author's Age, if he aims at doing him a Service in this Reſpect.

Beſides, *Wit* lying moſtly in the Aſſemblage of *Ideas*, and in the putting Thoſe together with Quickneſs and Variety, wherein can be found any Reſemblance, or Congruity, to make up pleaſant Pictures, and agreeable Viſions in the Fancy; the Writer, who aims at Wit, muſt of courſe range far and wide for Materials. Now, the Age, in which *Shakeſpeare* liv'd, having, above all others, a wonderful Affection to appear Learned, They declined vulgar Images, ſuch as are immediately fetch'd from Nature, and rang'd thro' the Circle of the Sciences to fetch their Ideas from thence. But as the Reſemblances of ſuch Ideas to the Subject muſt neceſſarily lie very much out of the common Way, and every piece of Wit appear a Riddle to the Vulgar; This, that ſhould have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural Tract they were in, (and induce them to follow a more natural One,) was the very Thing that kept them attach'd to it. The oſtentatious Affectation of abſtruſe Learning, peculiar to that Time, the Love that Men naturally have to every Thing that looks like Myſtery, fixed them down to this Habit of Obſcurity. Thus became the Poetry of DONNE (tho' the wittieſt Man of that Age,) nothing but a continued Heap of Riddles. And our *Shakeſpeare*, with all his eaſy

eaſy Nature about him, for want of the Knowledge of the true Rules of Art, falls frequently into this vicious Manner.

The third Species of *Obſcurities*, which deform our Author, as the Effects of his own Genius and Character, are Thoſe that proceed from his peculiar Manner of *Thinking*, and as peculiar a Manner of *cloathing* thoſe *Thoughts*. With regard to his *Thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general Knowledge of all the Sciences: But his Acquaintance was rather That of a Traveller, than a Native. Nothing in Philoſophy was unknown to him; but every Thing in it had the Grace and Force of Novelty. And as Novelty is one main Source of Admiration, we are not to wonder that He has perpetual Alluſions to the moſt recondite Parts of the Sciences: and This was done not ſo much out of Affectation, as the Effect of Admiration begot by Novelty. Then, as to his *Style* and *Diction*, we may much more juſtly apply to SHAKESPEARE, what a celebrated Writer has ſaid of MILTON; *Our Language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatneſs of Soul which furniſh'd him with ſuch glorious Conceptions.* He therefore frequently uſes old Words, to give his Diction an Air of Solemnity; as he coins others, to expreſs the Novelty and Variety of his Ideas.

Upon every diſtinct Species of theſe *Obſcurities* I have thought it my Province to employ a Note, for the Service of my Author,

and

and the Entertainment of my Readers. A few tranſient Remarks too I have not ſcrupled to intermix, upon the Poet's *Negligences* and *Omiſſions* in point of Art; but I have done it always in ſuch a Manner, as will teſtify my Deference and Veneration for the Immortal Author. Some Cenſurers of *Shakeſpeare*, and particularly Mr. *Rymer*, have taught me to diſtinguiſh betwixt the *Railer* and *Critick*. The Outrage of his Quotations is ſo remarkably violent, ſo puſh'd beyond all Bounds of Decency and ſober Reaſoning, that it quite carries over the Mark at which it was levell'd. Extravagant Abuſe throws off the Edge of the intended Diſparagement, and turns the Madman's Weapon into his own Boſom. In ſhort, as to *Rymer*, This is my Opinion of him from his *Criticiſms* on the *Tragedies* of the Laſt Age. He writes with great Vivacity, and appears to have been a Scholar: but, as for his Knowledge of the Art of Poetry, I can't perceive it was any deeper than his Acquaintance with *Boſſu* and *Dacier*, from whom he has tranſcribed many of his beſt Reflexions. The late Mr. *Gildon* was One attached to *Rymer* by a ſimilar Way of Thinking and Studies. They were Both of that Species of Criticks, who are deſirous of diſplaying their Powers rather in finding Faults, than in conſulting the Improvement of the World: the *hypercritical* Part of the Science of *Criticiſm*.

I had

I had not mentioned the modeſt Liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my Author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the ſplenetick Exaggerations of my Adverſaries on this Head. From paſt Experiments I have Reaſon to be conſcious, in what Light this Attempt may be placed: and that what I call a *modeſt Liberty*, will, by a little of their Dexterity, be inverted into downright *Impudence*. From a hundred mean and diſhoneſt Artifices employ'd to diſcredit this Edition, and to cry down its Editor, I have all the Grounds in Nature to be aware of Attacks. But tho' the Malice of Wit join'd to the Smoothneſs of Verſification may furniſh ſome Ridicule; Fact, I hope, will be able to ſtand its Ground againſt Banter and Gaiety.

Shakeſpeare's *Anachroniſms defended.*

It has been my Fate, it ſeems, as I thought it my Duty, to diſcover ſome *Anachroniſms* in our Author; which might have ſlept in Obſcurity but for *this Reſtorer*, as Mr. *Pope* is pleas'd affectionately to ſtyle me; as, for Inſtance, where *Ariſtotle* is mentioned by *Hector* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*: and *Galen*, *Cato*, and *Alexander* the Great, in *Coriolanus*. Theſe, in Mr. *Pope*'s Opinion, are Blunders, which the Illiteracy of the firſt Publiſhers of his Works has father'd upon the Poet's Memory: *it not being at all credible, that Theſe could be the Errors of any Man who had the leaſt Tincture of a School, or the leaſt Converſation with*

Such

Such as had. But I have ſufficiently proved, in the Courſe of my *Notes*, that ſuch Anachroniſms were the Effect of poetic Licence, rather than of Ignorance in our Poet. And if I may be permitted to ask a modeſt Queſtion by the way, Why may not I reſtore an Anachroniſm really made by our Author, as well as Mr. *Pope* take the Privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his Head to make; as I may venture to affirm He had not, in the Inſtance of Sir *Francis Drake*, to which I have ſpoke in the proper Place?

Mr. Pope's *Anachroniſms examin'd.*

But who ſhall dare make any Words about this Freedom of Mr. *Pope*'s towards *Shakeſpeare*, if it can be prov'd, that, in his Fits of Criticiſm, he makes no more Ceremony with good *Homer* himſelf? To try, then, a Criticiſm of his own advancing; In the 8th Book of the *Odyſſey*, where *Demodocus* ſings the Epiſode of the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus*; and that, upon their being taken in the Net by *Vulcan*,

——— " *the God of Arms*
" *Muſt pay the Penalty for lawleſs Charms*;

Mr. *Pope* is ſo kind gravely to inform us, " That *Homer* in This, as in many other Pla-
" ces, ſeems to allude to the Laws of *Athens*,
" where Death was the Puniſhment of Adul-
" tery." But how is this ſignificant Obſervation made out? Why, who can poſſibly object any Thing to the Contrary?—— *Does not* Pauſa-

Pauſanias *relate, that* Draco *the Lawgiver to the* Athenians *granted Impunity to any Perſon that took Revenge upon an Adulterer? And was it not alſo the Inſtitution of* Solon, *that if Any One took an Adulterer in the Fact, he might uſe him as he pleas'd?* Theſe Things are very true: and to ſee What a good Memory, and ſound Judgment in Conjunction can atchieve! Tho' *Homer*'s Date is not determin'd down to a ſingle Year, yet 'tis pretty generally agreed that he liv'd above 300 Years before *Draco* and *Solon:* And That, it ſeems, has made him *ſeem* to allude to the very Laws, which theſe Two Legiſlators propounded above 300 Years after. If this Inference be not ſomething like an *Anachroniſm* or *Prolepſis*, I'll look once more into my Lexicons for the true Meaning of the Words. It appears to me, that ſomebody beſides *Mars* and *Venus* has been caught in a Net by this Epiſode: and I could call in other Inſtances to confirm what treacherous Tackle this Network is, if not cautiouſly handled.

How juſt, notwithſtanding, I have been in detecting the Anachroniſms of my Author, and in defending him for the Uſe of them, Our late Editor ſeems to think, They ſhould rather have ſlept in Obſcurity: and the having diſcovered them is ſneer'd at, as a ſort of wrong-headed Sagacity.

The numerous Corrections, which I made of the Poet's Text in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd,*

Reſtor'd, and which the Publick have been ſo kind to think well of, are, in the Appendix of Mr. *Pope*'s laſt Edition, ſlightingly call'd *Various Readings*, *Gueſſes*, &c. He confeſſes to have inſerted as many of them as he judg'd of any the leaſt Advantage to the Poet; but ſays, that the Whole amounted to about 25 Words: and pretends to have annexed a compleat Liſt of the Reſt, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my Book will at one glance ſee, how in both theſe Points Veracity is ſtrain'd, ſo an Injury might but be done. *Malus etſi obeſſe non pote, tamen cogitat.*

Literal Criticiſm *defended.*

Another Expedient, to make my Work appear of a trifling Nature, has been an Attempt to depreciate *Literal Criticiſm.* To this End, and to pay a ſervile Compliment to Mr. *Pope*, an *Anonymous* Writer has, like a *Scotch* Pedlar in Wit, unbraced his Pack on the Subject. But, that his Virulence might not ſeem to be levelled ſingly at Me, he has done Me the Honour to join Dr. *Bentley* in the Libel. I was in hopes, We ſhould have been Both abuſed with Smartneſs of Satire, at leaſt; tho' not with Solidity of Argument: that it might have been worth ſome Reply in Defence of the Science attacked. But I may fairly ſay of this Author, as *Falſtaffe* does of *Poins*; —— *Hang him, Baboon! his Wit is as thick as* Tewksbury *Muſtard*; *there is no more Conceit in him, than is in a* MALLET.

LET. If it be not Prophanation to ſet the Opinion of the divine *Longinus* againſt ſuch a Scribler, he tells us expreſly, "That to "make a Judgment upon *Words* (and *Writ-* "*ings*) is the moſt conſummate Fruit of "much Experience." ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἔστι πείρας τελεύταιον ἐπιγέννημα. Whenever Words are depraved, the Senſe of courſe muſt be corrupted; and thence the Readers betray'd into a falſe Meaning. Tho' I ſhould be convicted of Pedantry by ſome, I'll venture to ſubjoin a few flagrant Inſtances, in which I have obſerved moſt Learned Men have ſuffer'd themſelves to be deceived, and conſequently led their Readers into Error: and This for want of the Help of *Literal Criticiſm*: in ſome, thro' Indolence and Inadvertence: in others, perhaps, thro' an abſolute Contempt of It. If the *Subject* may ſeem to invite this Digreſſion, I hope, the *Uſe* and *Application* will ſerve to excuſe it.

I. In that golden Fragment, which we have left of *Platonius*, upon the three Kinds of *Greek* Comedy, after he has told us, that when the State of *Athens* was alter'd from a Democraſy to an Oligarchy, and that the Poets grew cautious whom they libell'd in their Comedies; when the People had no longer any Deſire to chooſe the accuſtom'd Officers for furniſhing *Choric* Singers, and defraying the Expence of them, *Ariſtophanes* brought on a Play in which there was no *Chorus*: For, ſubjoins Platonius *corrected.*

ſubjoins He, τῶν γὰρ ΧΟΡΕΥΤΩΝ μὴ χειροτονουμένων, καὶ τῶν ΧΟΡΗΓΩΝ οὐκ ἐχόντων τὰς τροφὰς, ὑπεξῃρέθη τῆς Κωμῳδίας τὰ χορικὰ μέλη, καὶ τῶν ὑποθέσεων ὁ τρόπος μετεβλήθη. "*The* Chorus-Singers *being no longer choſen by* "*Suffrage, and the* Furniſhers *of the* Chorus "*no longer having their Maintenance, the* Cho- "ric *Songs were taken out of Comedies, and the* "*Nature of the Argument and Fable chang'd.*" But there happen to be two ſignal Miſtakes in this ſhort Sentence. For the *Chorus-Singers* were never elected by Suffrage at all, but hir'd by the proper Officer who was at the Expence of the *Chorus*: and the *Furniſhers* of the *Chorus* had never either Table, or Stipend, allowed them, towards their Charge. To what Purpoſe then is this Sentence, which ſhould be a Deduction from the Premiſes, and yet is none, brought in? Or how comes the Reaſoning to be founded upon what was not the Fact? The Miſtake manifeſtly ariſes from a careleſs Tranſpoſition made in the Text: Let the two *Greek* Words, which I have diſtinguiſhed by *Capitals*, only change Places, and we recover what *Platonius* meant to infer: "That the * *Furniſhers* of *Chorus*'s being no "longer elected by Suffrage, and the † *Cho-* "*rus-Singers* having no Proviſion made for "them, *Chorus*'s were aboliſhed, and the Sub- "jects of Comedies alter'd.

*Χορηγῶν.

† Χορευτῶν.

II. There is another more egregious Error ſtill ſubſiſting in this inſtructive Fragment, which

which has likewiſe eſcaped the Notice of the Learned. The Author is ſaying, that, in the *old Comedy*, the *Masks* were made ſo nearly to reſemble the Perſons to be ſatirized, that before the Actor ſpoke a Word, it was known whom he was to perſonate. But, in the *New Comedy*, when *Athens* was conquered by the *Macedonians*, and the Poets were fearful leſt their Masks ſhould be conſtrued to reſemble any of their New Governors, they formed them ſo prepoſterouſly as only to move Laughter; ὁρῶμεν γοῦν (ſays He) τὰς ὀφρῦς ἐν τοῖς προσώποις τῆ Μενάνδρου κωμῳδίας ὁποίας ἔχει, καὶ ὅπως διεστραμμένον τὸ ΣΩΜΑ, καὶ οὐδὲ κατ' ἀνθρώπων φύσιν. "*We ſee therefore what ſtrange* "*Eyebrows there are to the Masks uſed in* Me- "nander's *Comedies*; *and how the* Body *is diſ-* "*torted, and unlike any human Creature alive.*" But the Author, 'tis evident, is ſpeaking abſtractedly of *Masks*; and what Reference has the *Diſtortion* of the *Body* to the Look of a *Viſor*? I am ſatisfied, *Platonius* wrote; καὶ ὅπως διεστραμμένον τὸ ΟΜΜΑ, *i. e.* "and how "the *Eyes* were *goggled* and *diſtorted*." This is to the Purpoſe of his Subject: and *Jul. Pollux*, in deſcribing the Comic Maſques, ſpeaks of ſome that had ΣΤΡΕΒΛΟΝ τὸ ΟΜΜΑ: Others, that were ΔΙΑΣΤΡΟΦΟΙ ΤΗΝ ΟΨΙΝ. PERVERSIS *oculis*, as *Cicero* calls them, ſpeaking of *Roſcius*.

III. *Suidas*, in the ſhort Account that he has given us of *Sophocles*, tells us, that, beſides

Camerarius *and* Keuſter, *miſtaken.*

sides Dramatic Pieces, he wrote Hymns and Elegies; καὶ λόγον καταλογάδην περὶ τοῦ Χοροῦ πρὸς Θέσπιν καὶ Χοίριλον ἀγωνιζόμενον. This the Learned *Camerarius* has thus translated: *Scripsit Oratione solutâ de* Choro *contra* Thespin *&* Chœrilum *quempiam.* And *Keuster* likewise understood, and render'd, the Passage to the same Effect. He owns, the Place is obscure, and suspected by him. "*For how could* So-"phocles *contend with* Thespis *and* Chœrilus, "*who liv'd long before his Time?*" The Scholiast upon * *Aristophanes*, however, expressly says, as *Keuster* might have remember'd, that *Sophocles* actually did contend with *Chœrilus.* But that is a Point nothing to the Passage in Question; which means, as I have shewn in another Place, *That* Sophocles *declaim'd in Prose, contending to obtain a* Chorus *for reviving some Pieces of* Thespis *and* Chœrilus. Is This contending against Them, as rival Poets?

* In Ranis, v. 73.

Meursius, *and* Camerarius *mistaken.*

IV. Some other Learned Men have likewise been mistaken in Particulars with regard to *Sophocles.* In the Synopsis of his Life, we find these Words; Τελευτᾷ δὲ μετ' Εὐριπίδην ἔτων ϛ'. *Meursius*, as well as *Camerarius*, have expounded This, as if *Sophocles* surviv'd *Euripides* six Years. But the best Accounts agree that they died both in the same Year, a little before the *Frogs* of *Aristophanes* was play'd; *scil.* Olymp. 93, 3. The Meaning, therefore, of the Passage is, as some of the Com-

Commentators have rightly obſerv'd; *That* Sophocles *died after* Euripides, *at* 90 *Years of Age*. The Miſtake aroſe from hence, that, in Numerals, ϙ ſignifies as well 6 as 90.

V. The Learned Father *Brumoy* too, who has lately given us three Volumes upon the *Theatre* of the *Greeks*, has ſlipt into an Error about *Sophocles*; for, ſpeaking of his *Antigone*, he tells us, it was in ſuch Requeſt as to be perform'd Two and Thirty times; *Elle fût repreſentée trente deux fois.* The Account, on which This is grounded, we have from the Argument prefix'd to *Antigone* by *Ariſtophanes* the Grammarian: and the *Latin* Tranſlator of this Argument, probably, led Father *Brumoy* into his Miſtake, and he ſhould have referr'd to the Original. The *Greek* Words are; λέλεκται δὲ τὸ δρᾶμα τοῦτο τριακοστὸν δεύτερον. i. e. "*This* Play *is ſaid to have been the* Thir- " ty Second, *in Order of Time, produced by* " Sophocles. *Father* Brumoy *miſtaken.*

The Miſtakes, that I have mention'd, (tho' they neceſſarily lead into Error, from the Authority with which they come into the World;) yet are ſuch, 'tis obvious, as have been the Effects of Inadvertence; and therefore I do not quote them to the Diſhonour of their Learned Authors. I ſhall point out Two or Three, which ſeem to have ſprung from another Source: either a due Want of Sagacity, or an abſolute Neglect of *literal Criticiſm.*

Sir George Wheler *corrected.*

VI. Sir *George Wheler*, who, in his JOURNEY into GREECE, has traded much with *Greek* Antiquities and Inſcriptions, and who certainly was no mean Scholar, has ſhewn himſelf very careleſs in this Reſpect. When he was at *Sardis*, he met with a Medal of the Emperor *Commodus* ſeated in the Midſt of the Zodiack with Celeſtial Signs engraven on it; and, on the other Side, a Figure with a Crown-Mure with theſe Letters about it, Σάρδις Ἀσίας, ΑΥΔΙΑΣ, Ἑλλαδ., ā μητρόπολις: Sardis, *the firſt Metropolis of* Aſia, Greece, *and* Audia. —— But where and what *Audia* was, (*ſays He*) I find not. Now is it not very ſtrange, that this Gentleman ſhould not remember, that *Sardis* was the Capital City of *Lydia*; and, conſequently, that for ΑΥΔΙΑΣ we ſhould read ΛΥΔΙΑΣ? Tho' my Correction is too obvious to want any Juſtification, yet, I find, it has One from the Learned Father † *Harduin*; who produces another Coin of *Sardis* (in the *French* King's Cabinet) which bears the very ſame Inſcription, only exhibited as it ought to be.

† In his *Nummi Antiqui illuſtrati.*

Nor was This a ſingle Inaccuracy in Sir *George*. I'll inſtance in Two pretty Inſcriptions, the One an *Epitaph*, the other a *Votive Table*, which He has given Us, but in a very corrupt Condition. Tho' I have never been in *Greece*, nor ſeen the Inſcriptions any where but in *his* Book, I think, I can reſtore them to their true Senſe and Numbers: And, as they

they are particularly elegant, ſome Readers will not be diſpleas'd to ſee them in a State of Purity.

VII. *Of the Antiquities of* Philadelphia (ſays he) *I had but a ſlender Account; only I have the Copy of one Inſcription, being the Monument of a* Virgin, *in theſe three Couplets of Verſes.* But ſhe was ſo far from being a *Virgin*, that the Epitaph ſhews her to have been a *Wife*; that it was put up in Memory of Her by her *Husband*; and that ſhe dy'd in the Flower of her Youth at the Age of twenty three.

An Epitaph *corrected and explain'd.*

Ξαντίππην Ἀκύλα μνήμην [1] βίου παρέδωκην
Βωμῷ [2] τειμήσας σεμνω ταυτην ἄλοχον·
Παρθένον ἧς ἀπέλυσε μίτρην ΗΣΔΡΙΟΝ ἄνθος
Ἔσκεν ἐν ἡμιτελεῖ παυσαμενον θαλάμῳ.
Τρεῖς γὰρ ἐπ' εἰκοσίους τελεῶσε [3] βιον ἐνιαυτοὺς,
Καὶ μετὰ τούσδε θάνεν [4] τουτου λιπουσαφαος.

[1] βιότου παρέδωκεν.
[2] τιμήσας σεμνοτάτην.
[3] βιοῦσ'.
[4] τοῦτο λιποῦσα φάος.

I have, for Brevity's ſake, mark'd the general Corrections, which I have made, at the Side. The third Verſe is neither true in Quantity, nor Language: ΗΣΔΡΙΟΝ is a Monſter of a Word, which never could be the Reading of any Marble. As I correct it, we recover a moſt beautiful Couplet.

Παρθένον, ἧς ἀπέλυσε μίτρην· ἦΣ ἘΡΙΝΟΝ ἄνθος
Ἔσκεν ἐν ἡμιτελεῖ παυσάμενον θαλάμῳ.

Puellam, cujus Zonam ſolvit; cujus VERNUS *Flos*
Præproperô tabuit in Thalamô.

A Votive Table *corrected.*

VIII. I come now to the *Votive Table*, which is rich in poetick Graces, however overwhelm'd with Depravation: and Sir *George* ſeems as much to have miſtaken the Purport, as the Words, of the Inſcription. *At* Chalcedon, ſays he, *I found an Inſcription in the Wall of a private Houſe near the Church; which ſignifieth, that* Evante, *the Son of* Antipater, *having made a proſperous Voyage, and deſiring to return by the* Ægean *Sea, offer'd Cakes at a Statue, which he had erected to* Jupiter, *which had ſent him ſuch good Weather, as a Token of his good Voyage.*

1 Ὄυρον. 2 πρύμνης.

[1] ΟΥΡΙΟΝ ἐπὶ [2] ΠΡΙΜΝΗΣ τις ὁδηγητῆρα καλείτω,

3 πρώτων, ἱςίον.

Ζῆνα κατὰ [3] πρωτΟΝ ΩΝιςιον ἐκπετάσας

4 Κυανεαῖς δίνησιν ἐπίδρομον.

[4] ΕΠΙ ΚΥΑΝΕΑΣ ΔΙΝΑΣ ΔΡΟΜΟΥΣ ἔνθα Ποσειδῶν
Καμπύλον εἰλίσσει κῦμα παρὰ ψαμαθοῖς.

5 Νόςον.

Εἶτα κατ' Αἰγαῖαν πόντου πλάκα [5] ΝΑΣ ἐρεύνων,

6 βαλών.

Νείσθω· τῷ δὲ [6] ΒΑΛΛΩΝ ψαιςὰ παρὰ

7 ξοάνῳ.

[7] ΤΩ̃ ΖΩΑΝΩ.

8 Ἐσδὲ. 9 εὐανθῆ.

[8] ΟΔΕ τὴν [9] ΕΥΑΝΤΗ τὴν ἀεὶ θεὸν Ἀντιπάτρου παῖς

10 φίλων.

Στησε [10] φιλων ἀγαθῆς σύμβολον εὐπλοΐης.

I have mark'd, as before, my Corrections at the Side; and I may venture to ſay, I have ſupported the faltring Verſes both with *Numbers* and *Senſe*. But who ever heard of *Evante*, as the Name of a Man, in *Greece?* Neither is this Inſcription a Piece of Ethnic Devotion, as Sir *George* has ſuppos'd it, to a Statue erected to *Jupiter:* On the contrary, it deſpiſes thoſe fruitleſs Superſtitions. *Philo* (a *Chriſtian*, as it ſeems to me;) ſets it up, in Thanks for a ſafe Voyage, to the *true God.* That all my Readers may equally ſhare in this little Poem, I have attempted to put it into an *Engliſh* Dreſs.

Invoke who Will the proſp'rous Gale behind,
Jove *at the* Prow, *while to the guiding Wind*
O'er the blue Billows he the Sail expands,
Where Neptune *with each Wave heaps Hills of Sands:*
Then let him, when the Surge he backward plows,
Pour to his Statue-God unaiding Vows:
But to the God of Gods, for Deaths o'erpaſt,
For Safety lent him on the watry Waſte,
To native Shores return'd, thus Philo *pays*
His Monument of Thanks, of grateful Praiſe.

I ſhall have no Occaſion, I believe, to ask the Pardon of *ſome* Readers for theſe *Nine* laſt Pages; and Others may be ſo kind to paſs them over at their Pleaſure. (Thoſe Diſcoveries, which give Light and Satisfaction to

the truly Learned, I muſt confeſs, are Darkneſs and Myſtery to the leſs capable: Φέγγος μὲν ξυνετοῖς, ἀξυνετοῖς δ' Ἔρεβος.) Nor will they be abſolutely foreign, I hope, to a Preface in ſome Meaſure critical; eſpecially, as it could not be amiſs to ſhew, that I have read other Books with the ſame Accuracy, with which I profeſs to have read *Shakeſpeare*. Beſides, I deſign'd this Inference from the Defence of Literal Criticiſm. If the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages have receiv'd the greateſt Advantages imaginable from the Labours of the Editors and Criticks of the two laſt Ages; by whoſe Aid and Aſſiſtance the Grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that Art than even the preceding Grammarians, who wrote when thoſe Tongues flouriſh'd as living Languages: I ſhould account it a peculiar Happineſs, that, by the faint Aſſay I have made in this Work, a Path might be chalk'd out, for abler Hands, by which to derive the ſame Advantages to our own Tongue: a Tongue, which, tho' it wants none of the fundamental Qualities of an univerſal Language, yet as a *noble Writer* ſays, liſps and ſtammers as in its Cradle; and has produced little more towards its poliſhing than Complaints of its Barbarity.

The Delay of this Edition excuſed.

Having now run thro' all thoſe Points, which I intended ſhould make any Part of this Diſſertation, it only remains, that I ſhould account to the Publick, but more particularly to my

my Subſcribers, why they have waited ſo long for this Work; that I ſhould make my Acknowledgments to thoſe Friends, who have been generous Aſſiſtants to me in the conducting it: and, laſtly, that I ſhould acquaint my Readers what Pains I have myſelf taken to make the Work as complete, as faithful Induſtry, and my beſt Abilities, could render it.

In the middle of the Year 1728, I firſt put out my *Propoſals* for publiſhing only *Emendations* and *Remarks* on our Poet: and I had not gone on many Months in this Scheme, before I found it to be the unanimous Wiſh of thoſe who did me the Honour of their Subſcriptions, that I would give them the Poet's Text corrected; and that I would ſubjoin thoſe Explanatory Remarks, which I had purpos'd to publiſh upon the Foot of my firſt Propoſals. Earneſt Sollicitations were made to me, that I would think of ſuch an Edition; which I had as ſtrong Deſires to liſten to: and ſome *noble* Perſons then, whom I have no Privilege to name, were pleaſed to intereſt themſelves ſo far in the Affair, as to propoſe to Mr. *Tonſon* his undertaking an Impreſſion of *Shakeſpeare* with my Corrections. The throwing my whole Work into a different Form, to comply with this Propoſal, was not the ſlighteſt Labour: and ſo no little Time was unavoidably loſt. While the Publication of my Remarks was thus reſpited, my Enemies

Enemies took an unfair Occaſion to ſuggeſt, that I was extorting Money from my Subſcribers, without ever deſigning to give them any Thing for it: an Inſinuation levell'd at once to wound me in Reputation and Intereſt. Conſcious, however, of my own juſt Intentions, and labouring all the while to bring my wiſh'd Purpoſe to bear, I thought theſe anonymous Slanderers worthy of no Notice. A Juſtification of myſelf would have been giving them Argument for freſh Abuſe; and I was willing to believe that any unkind Opinions, entertain'd to my Prejudice, would naturally drop and loſe their Force, when the Publick ſhould once be convinc'd that I was in Earneſt, and ready to do them Juſtice. I left no Means untry'd to put it in my Power to do this: and I hope, without Breach of Modeſty, I may venture to appeal to all candid Judges, whether I have not employ'd all my Power to be juſt to them in the Execution of my Task. I muſt needs have been in the moſt Pain, who ſaw myſelf daily ſo barbarouſly outraged. I might have taken advantage of the favourable Impreſſions entertain'd of my Work, and hurried it crudely into the World: But I have ſuffer'd, for my Author's ſake, thoſe Impreſſions to cool, and perhaps, be loſt; and can now appeal only to the *Judgment* of the Publick. If I ſucceed in this Point, the Reputation gain'd will be the more ſolid and laſting.

I come now to ſpeak of thoſe kind Aſſiſtances which I have met with from particular Friends, towards forwarding and compleating this Work. Soon after my Deſign was known, I had the Honour of an Invitation to *Cambridge*; and a generous Promiſe from the Learned and ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* of *Jeſus*-College, there, who had taken great Pains with my Author, that I ſhould have the Liberty of collating his Copy of *Shakeſpeare*, mark'd thro' in the Margin with his own Manuſcript References and accurate Obſervations. He not only made good this Promiſe, but favour'd me with a Set of Emendations, interſpers'd and diſtinguiſh'd in his Name thro' the Edition, and which can need no Recommendation here to the judicious Reader. *Acknowledgment of Aſſiſtance.*

The next Aſſiſtance I receiv'd was from my ingenious Friend *Hawley Biſhop* Eſq; whoſe great Powers and extenſive Learning are as well known, as his uncommon Modeſty, to all who have the Happineſs of his Acquaintance. This Gentleman was ſo generous, at the Expence both of his Pocket and Time, to run thro' all *Shakeſpeare* with me. We join'd Buſineſs and Entertainment together; and at every of our Meetings, which were conſtantly once a Week, we read over a *Play*, and came mutually prepar'd to communicate our Conjectures upon it to each other. The Pleaſure of theſe Appointments, I think,

think, I may ſay, richly compenſated for the Labour in our own Thoughts: and I may venture to affirm, in the Behalf of my Aſſiſtant, that our Author has deriv'd no little Improvement from them.

To theſe, I muſt add the indefatigable Zeal and Induſtry of my moſt ingenious and ever-reſpected Friend, the Reverend Mr. *William Warburton* of *Newark* upon *Trent*. This Gentleman, from the Motives of his frank and communicative Diſpoſition, voluntarily took a conſiderable Part of my Trouble off my Hands; not only read over the whole Author for me, with the exacteſt Care; but enter'd into a long and laborious Epiſtolary Correſpondence; to which I owe no ſmall Part of my beſt Criticiſms upon my Author.

The Number of Paſſages amended, and admirably Explained, which I have taken care to diſtinguiſh with his Name, will ſhew a Fineneſs of Spirit and Extent of Reading, beyond all the Commendations I can give them: Nor, indeed, would I any farther be thought to commend a Friend, than, in ſo doing, to give a Teſtimony of my own Gratitude. How great a ſhare ſoever of Praiſe I muſt loſe from my ſelf, in confeſſing theſe Aſſiſtances; and however my own poor Conjectures may be weaken'd by the Compariſon with theirs; I am very well content to ſacrifice my Vanity to the Pride of being ſo aſſiſted, and the Pleaſure of being juſt to their

their Merits. I beg leave to obſerve to my Readers, in one Word, here, that from the Confeſſion of theſe ſucceſſive Aids, and the Manner in which I deriv'd them, it appears, I have pretty well fill'd up the *Interval*, betwixt my firſt *Propoſals* and my *Publication*, with having my Author always in View, and at Heart.

Some Hints I have the Honour to owe to the Informations of Dr. *Mead*, and the late Dr. *Friend*: Others to the Kindneſs of the ingenious *Martin Folkes*, Eſq; who likewiſe furniſh'd me with the firſt *folio* Edition of *Shakeſpeare*, at a Time when I could not meet with it among the Bookſellers; as my obliging Friend *Thomas Coxeter*, Eſq; did with ſeveral of the old 4to ſingle Plays, which I then had not in my own Collection. Some few Obſervations I likewiſe owe to *F. Plumptree*, Eſq; Others to the Favour of anonymous Perſons: for all which I moſt gladly render my Acknowledgments.

The Editor's particular Pains taken.

As to what regards my ſelf ſingly, if the Edition do not ſpeak for the Pains I have taken about it, it will be very vain to plead my own Labour and Diligence. Beſides a faithful Collation of all the printed Copies, which I have exhibited in my *Catalogue* of *Editions* at the End of this Work; let it ſuffice to ſay, that, to clear up ſeveral Errors in the Hiſtorical Plays, I purpoſely read over *Hall* and *Holingſhead*'s Chronicles in the Reigns concern'd; all the Novels in *Italian*, from

from which our Author had borrow'd any of his Plots; ſuch Parts of *Plutarch*, from which he had deriv'd any Parts of his *Greek* or *Roman* Story: *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*'s Works; all the Plays of *B. Jonſon*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and above 800 old *Engliſh* Plays, to aſcertain the obſolete and uncommon Phraſes in him: Not to mention ſome Labour and Pains unpleaſantly ſpent in the dry Task of conſulting Etymological *Gloſſaries*.

But as no Labour of Mine can be equivalent to the dear and ardent Love I bear for *Shakeſpeare*, ſo, if the Publick ſhall be pleas'd to allow that He owes any Thing to my Willingneſs and Endeavours of reſtoring Him; I ſhall reckon the Part of my Life ſo engag'd, to have been very happily employ'd: and put Myſelf, with great Submiſſion, to be try'd by my Country in the Affair.

† An EPITAPH on the admirable Dramatick Poet, W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT neede my Shakeſpeare *for his honour'd Bones*
The Labour of an Age, in piled Stones?
Or that his hallow'd Reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtarr-y-pointing Pyramid?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What needſt thou ſuch dull Witneſſe of thy Name?
Thou in our Wonder and Aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thy ſelfe a live-long Monument:
For whil'ſt to th' Shame of ſlow-endevouring Art
Thy eaſie Numbers flow, and that each Heart
Hath from the Leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Thoſe Delphicke Lines, ſuch deep Impreſſion tooke:
Then thou, our Fancy of her ſelfe bereaving,
Doſt make us Marble with too much conceiving:
And, ſo ſepulcher'd, in ſuch Pompe doſt lie,
That Kings for ſuch a Tombe would wiſh to die.

J. MILTON.

† This Epitaph was written in 1630, when *Milton* was in his Two and Twentieth Year; for he was born in 1608.

In Remembrance of Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

O D E.

BEware (delighted Poets!) when you ſing
To welcome Nature in the early Spring,
Your num'rous Feet not tread

The

The Banks of Avon; *for each Flower*
(As it ne'er knew a Sun, or Shower,)
Hangs, there, the penſive Head.

II.

Each Tree, whoſe thick and ſpreading Growth hath made
Rather a Night beneath the Boughs, than Shade,
(Unwilling now to grow,)
Looks like the Plume a Captain weares,
Whoſe rifled Falls are ſteept i'th' Teares
Which from his laſt Rage flow.

III.

The piteous River wept it ſelf away,
Long ſince (alas!) to ſuch a ſwift decay,
That reach the Map, and look
If you a River there can ſpie:
And, for a River, your mock'd Eye
Will find a ſhallow Brooke.

W. DAVENANT.

On the Effigies of SHAKESPEARE, prefix'd to his printed Works.

THIS Figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare *cut;*
Wherein the Graver had a Strife
With Nature, to out-doo the Life:
O, could he but have drawne his Wit
As well in Braſſe, as he hath hit
His Face; the Print would then ſurpaſſe
All, that was ever writ in Braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. J.

To

To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE;

And What he hath left us.

TO *draw no Envy* (Shakeſpeare) *on thy* Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, *and* Fame:
While I confeſs thy Writings *to be ſuch,*
As neither Man, *nor* Muſe, *can praiſe too much.*
'Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy Praiſe:
For ſeelieſt Ignorance *on theſe may light,*
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but echoes *right;*
Or blind Affection, *which doth ne'er advance*
The Truth, *but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;*
Or crafty Malice *might pretend this Praiſe,*
And think to ruine, where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praiſe a Matron. *What could hurt her more?*
But thou art proof againſt them, and, indeed,
Above th' ill Fortune *of them, or the* Need.
I therefore will begin. — Soul *of the* Age!
Th' applauſe! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakeſpeare, *riſe! I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spenſer, *or bid* Beaumont *lie*
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument *without a* Tomb.
And art alive ſtill, while thy Book *doth live,*
And we have Wits to read, and Praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean with great, but diſproportion'd Muſes:

For if I thought my Judgment were of Years,
I ſhould commit thee, ſurely, with thy Peers:
And tell how far thou didſt our Lilly *out-ſhine,*
Or ſporting Kid, *or* Marlow's *mighty Line.*
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin *and leſs* Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For Names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchylus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles *to us,*
Pacuvius, Accius, *him of* Cordova *dead,*
To live again, to hear thy Buskin *tread,*
And ſhake a Stage: *Or, when thy* Socks *were on,*
Leave thee alone for the Compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, *or haughty* Rome
Sent forth, or ſince did from their Aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain! *thou haſt one to ſhow,*
To whom all Scenes *of* Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an Age, but for all time!
And all the Muſes *ſtill were in their prime,*
When, like Apollo, *he came forth to warm*
Our Ears, or like a Mercury *to charm.*
Nature *her ſelf was proud of his* deſignes,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his Lines:
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and wove ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other Wit.
The merry Greek, *tart* Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not pleaſe;*
But antiquated, and deſerted lie,
As they were not of Nature's *family.*
Yet muſt I not give Nature *all: Thy* Art,
My gentle Shakeſpeare, *muſt enjoy a part.*
For though the Poet's *matter* Nature *be,*
His Art *doth give the* Faſhion: *And, that he,*

Who

Who caſts to write a living Line, *muſt ſweat,*
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike the ſecond Heat
Upon the Muſes *Anvile; turn the ſame,*
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or for the Laurel he may gain a Scorn;
For a good Poet's made, *as well as* born.
And ſuch wert thou. Look how the Father's Face
Lives in his Iſſue, even ſo the Race
Of Shakeſpeare's *Mind and Manners brightly ſhines*
In his well-torned, and true-filed Lines:
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a Lance,
As brandiſh'd at the Eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan *of* Avon! *what a ſight it were*
To ſee thee in our water yet appear,
And make thoſe flights upon the Banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza *and our* James!
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the Hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a Conſtellation *there!*
Shine forth, thou Starre *of* Poets! *and with Rage,*
Or Influence, chide, or chear, the drooping Stage:
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but for thy Volume's *light.*

BEN. JONSON.

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THE

THE

TEMPEST.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his Brother.*
Proſpero, *the right Duke of* Milan.
Anthonio, *his Brother, the uſurping Duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old Counſellor of* Naples.
Adrian, Franciſco, } *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Maſter of a Ship, Boatſwain, and Mariners.
Miranda, *Daughter to* Proſpero.
Ariel, *an aiery Spirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs, Reapers,* } *Spirits, employ'd in the* Maſque.

Other Spirits, attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, *an uninhabited Iſland.*

THE

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE, *On a Ship at Sea.*

A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boatſwain.

MASTER.

BOatſwain, ——

Boatſ. Here, Maſter: what cheer?

Maſt. Good, ſpeak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run our ſelves a-ground; beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-ſail; tend to th' maſter's whiſtle; blow, 'till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boatſwain, have care: where's the maſter? play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence — what care theſe Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None, that I more love than my ſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace o'the (1) preſent, we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make your ſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. A plague upon this howling! ——

A cry within. Re-enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio, *and* Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? ſhall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to ſink?

Sebaſ. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreſon, inſolent, noiſemaker; we are leſs afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

(1) *i. e.* on the preſent, at this Inſtant.

Gonz.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boatſ. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ſet her two courſes off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt! [*Exe.*

Boatſ. What, muſt our Mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us aſſiſt 'em.
For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chopt raſcal —— would, thou might'ſt lye drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.
A confuſed noiſe within.] Mercy on us!
We ſplit, we ſplit! Farewel, my Wife and Children!
Brother, farewel! we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!

Ant. Let's all ſink with the King. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing; —— the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Part of the Inchanted Iſland, near the Cell of* Proſpero.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Mira. IF by your art (my deareſt father) you have
Put the wild Waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O! I have ſuffer'd

With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: a brave veſſel
(Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart: poor ſouls, they periſh'd!
Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth; or ere
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraighting ſouls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better (2)
Than *Proſpero*, maſter of a full-poor cell, (3)
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me: ſo!
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art [4]

So

(2) *I am more better.*] This is the genuine Reading, which the laſt Editor has ſophiſticated; not obſerving, I ſuppoſe, how frequent it is with *Shakeſpeare*, and the other Writers of that Age, to add the *Termination* to Adjectives of the *comparative* and *ſuperlative* Degrees, and at the ſame time prefix the *Signs* ſhowing the Degrees.

(3) full poor *Cell*,] Theſe two Adjectives without a *Hyphen*, and taking the firſt adverbially, make ſtark Nonſenſe; but *full-poor* is what the *Latines* uſed to expreſs by *perpauper*, *perexiguus*. The *French* likewiſe have a ſimilar Form of Expreſſion; *fort-pauvre*, *fort-debile*, *fort-malade*, &c.

(4) Proviſion *in mine Art.*] This is the Reading of the 1ſt *fol.* Edition, which I have therefore reſtored. The word *Compaſſion* took place after-

So ſafely order'd, that there is no foyle, (5)
No not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink: ſit down.
For thou muſt now know farther.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay; not yet.* ——
Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old. (6)
Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?

afterwards, I preſume, from the miſtake of the Printers, who threw their Eyes twice inadvertently on the preceding Line, where this Word is, and ſo happen'd to ſubſtitute it.

(5) *is no* Foyle,] *i. e.* no Damage, Loſs, Detriment. The two old *Folio's* read, —— *is no Soul:* which will not agree in Grammar with the following Part of the Sentence. Mr. *Rowe* firſt ſubſtituted — *no Soul loſt*, which does not much mend the Matter, taking the Context together. *Foyle* is a Word familiar with our Poet, and in ſome Degree ſynonomous to *Perdition* in the next Line. So in the Beginning of the third Act of this Play,

——— *but ſome Defect in her*
Did quarrel with the nobleſt Grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil.

i. e. abated, undid it.

(6) out *three years old.*] This is the old Reading: 'tis true, the Expreſſion is obſolete, but it ſupply'd the Senſe of, *full out, out-right*, or *right-out*, as in the fourth Act of this Play;

Swears, he will ſhoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark back-ward and abyſme of time?
If thou remember'ſt ought, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years ſince, *Miranda*; twelve years ſince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid, thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou ſay'ſt) were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly help'd hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Pleaſe you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio* —
I pray thee, mark me; — (that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!) he whom next thy ſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; (as, at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt;
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy:)
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger; being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle ——
(Doſt thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom

To

To traſh for over-topping; new created
The creatures, that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i'th' ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'ſt not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being ſo retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſhood in its contrary, as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence *ſans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact; like one,
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the Duke; from ſubſtitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing —
Doſt thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Milan.* Me, poor man! — my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan!*)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,
If this might be a Brother?
Mira. I ſhould ſin, (7)
To think but nobly of my grand-mother;
Good wombs have bore bad ſons. (8)
Pro. Now the condition:
This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearks my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for th' purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
Mira. Alack, for pity!

(7) ——— *I ſhould ſin,*
To think not *nobly of my Grandmother*;] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading; from no Authority, I preſume: All the Copies that I have ſeen, have it; *To think* but *nobly* —— i. e. otherwiſe than nobly; according to our Author's Uſage. So, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*;

I know not; if they ſpeak but *Truth of her,*
Theſe hands ſhall tear her.

And ſo in *Timon*;

I to bear this,
That never knew but *better, is ſome Burthen.*
&c. &c.

(8) *Good Wombs have bore bad Sons.*
Pro. *Now, the Condition:*] Thus have all the Editions divided theſe Speeches; But, tho' I have not attempted to regulate them otherwiſe, I have great Suſpicion, that our Author plac'd them thus;
Pro. *Good Wombs have bore bad Sons. — Now, the Condition:*
How could *Miranda*, that came into this *Deſart Iſland* an Infant, that had never ſeen any other Creatures of the World, but her Father and *Caliban*, with any Propriety be furniſh'd to make ſuch an Obſervation from Life, that the Iſſue has often degenerated from the Parent? But it comes very properly from *Proſpero*, as a ſhort Document, by the By, to his Daughter; implying, " that ſhe did very well to think with Ho-
" nour of her Anceſtor; for that it was common in Life, for good Peo-
" ple to have bad Children."

Mira.

I, not remembring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs,
Which now's upon's, without the which this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.
Mira. Why did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not
(So dear the love my people bore me;) ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to th' ſea, that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To th' winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me: Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the ſea with drops full-ſalt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mira. How came we a-ſhore?
Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteeded much. So of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me

From

From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!
Pro. Now, I ariſe: ——
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.
Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now, I pray you, Sir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?
Pro. Know thus far forth;
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and, by my preſcience
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe Influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep. 'Tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way; I know, thou canſt not chuſe. ——
[Miranda *ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my *Ariel.* Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave Sir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure: Be't to fly;
To ſwim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.
Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bad thee?
Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the King's ſhip: now on the beak,
Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt,

The

The yards, and bolt-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly;
Then meet and join. *Jove*'s lightnings, the precurſers
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.
Pro. My brave, brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coyl
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a feaver of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's ſon *Ferdinand*
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man, that leap'd; cry'd, "hell is empty;
"And all the devils are here.
Pro. Why, that's my Spirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?
Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.
Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, ſafe?
Ari. Not a hair periſh'd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before. And as thou badſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:
The King's ſon have I landed by himſelf,
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the King's ſhip,
The mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o'th' fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext *Bermudas*, there ſhe's hid: (9)

The

(9) *From the ſtill-vext* Bermoothes] So this Word has hitherto been miſtakenly written in all the Books. There are about 400 Iſlands in North *America*, the principal of which was call'd *Bermuda* from a *Spaniard* of

The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their ſuffered labour,
I've left aſleep; and for the reſt o'th' fleet
(Which I diſpers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*;
Suppoſing, that they ſaw the King's ſhip wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?
Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes; the time 'twixt ſix and now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ari. Is there more toil? ſince thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.

of that Name who firſt diſcover'd them. They are likewiſe call'd *Summer* Iſlands, from Sir *George Summers*, who in 1609 made that Voyage; and viewing them, probably, firſt brought the *Engliſh* acquainted with them, and invited them afterwards to ſettle a Plantation there. —— But why, *ſtill-vext* Bermudas? The Soil is celebrated for its Beauty and Fruitfulneſs; and the Air is ſo very temperate and ſerene, that People live there to a great Age, and are ſeldom troubled with Sickneſs. But then, on the other hand, theſe Iſlands are ſo ſurrounded with Rocks on all ſides, that without a perfect Knowledge of the Paſſage, a ſmall Veſſel cannot be brought to Haven. Again, we are told, that they are ſubject to violent Storms, ſometimes with terrible clattering of Thunder, and diſmal flaſhing of Lightning. And beſides, Sir *George Summers*, when he made the Diſcovery, was actually ſhipwreck'd on the Coaſt. This, I take it, might be a ſufficient Foundation for our Author's uſing the Epithet *ſtill-vext*.

Pro.

Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt it much to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp Wind of the North;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o'th' earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, Sir.
Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing: haſt thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt
Once in a month recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For miſchiefs manifold and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, Sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' ſailors; thou my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her ſervant.
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years, within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike. Then was this Iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.

Ari.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her ſon.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſp'riting gently.

Pro. Do ſo: and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble maſter:
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?

Pro. Go make thy ſelf like to a nymph o'th' ſea.
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine: inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go take this ſhape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.
[*Exit* Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake.——

Mira. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll viſit *Caliban* my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on———

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What hoa! ſlave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.

Cal.

Cal. (*within*) There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee.
Come, thou Tortoiſe! when?——

Enter Ariel *like a Water-Nymph.*

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*
Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er!
Pro. For this, be ſure, to night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhall be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt,
Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine-pits; barren place, and fertile.
Curs'd be I, that I did ſo! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Who firſt was mine own King: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of th' Iſland.
Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs; I have us'd thee

(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, 'till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho! —— I wou'd, it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred ſlave; (10)
Which any print of goodneſs wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon. ——

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wer't beſt)
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey; his art is of ſuch pow'r,

(10) Mira. *Abhorred Slave*;] In all the printed Editions this Speech is given to *Miranda:* but I am perſuaded, the Author never deſign'd it for her. In the firſt Place, 'tis probable, *Proſpero* taught *Caliban* to ſpeak, rather than left that Office to his Daughter: in the next Place, as *Proſpero* was here rating *Caliban*, it would be a great Impropriety for her to take the Diſcipline out of his hands; and, indeed, in ſome ſort, an Indecency in her to reply to what *Caliban* laſt was ſpeaking of. Mr. *Dryden*, I obſerve, in his Alteration of this Play, has judiciouſly placed this Speech to *Proſpero*. I can eaſily gueſs, that the Change was firſt deriv'd from the Players, who not loving that any Character ſhould ſtand too long ſilent on the Stage, to obviate that Inconvenience with Regard to *Miranda*, clap'd this Speech to her Part.

It

It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſal of him.

Pro. So, ſlave, hence! *Exit* Caliban.

Enter Ferdinand; *and* Ariel *inviſible, playing and ſinging.*

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Curt'ſied when you have, and kiſt
The wild waves whiſt;
Foot it featly here and there,
And, ſweet ſprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen, diſperſedly.
Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-wawgh.
Ari. *Hark, hark, I hear*
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

Fer. Where ſhould this muſick be, in air, or earth? —
It ſounds no more: and, ſure, it waits upon
Some God o' th' Iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the King my father's wreck,
This muſick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather —— but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Thoſe are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
[Burthen: ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond.
Mira. What is't, a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No, wench, it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch. This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon. He hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. It goes on, I ſee, [*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it. Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure, the Goddeſs
On whom theſe ayres attend! vouchſafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?
Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: my ſelf am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er ſince at ebb) beheld
The King my father wrackt.

Mira.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the Duke of *Milan*,
And his brave ſon, being twain. (11)
Pro. The Duke of *Milan*,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—— At the firſt ſight,
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
I fear, you've done your ſelf ſome wrong: a word.——
Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er ſaw; the firſt,
That e'er I ſigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more.——
They're both in either's power: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me:—— thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelf
Upon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I'm a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple.
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.——
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink; thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſſels, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

(11) —— —— —— *the Duke of* Milan,
And his brave Son, being twain.] Here ſeems a ſlight Forgetfulneſs in our Poet: No Body was loſt in this Wreck, as is manifeſt from ſeveral Paſſages: and yet we have no ſuch Character introduc'd in the Fable, as the Duke of *Milan*'s Son.

Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor? put thy ſword up, traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike; thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you, father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*; fooliſh wench!
To th' moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me;
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o'th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.

Pro.

Pro. It works: come on.
(Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel:*) follow me.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me. [*To* Ariel.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To th' ſyllable.
Pro. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *and others.*

GONZALO.

BESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy! for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs; our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theam of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. (12)

Seb.

(12) Alon. *Pr'ythee peace.*] All that follows from hence to this Speech of the King's.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The viſitor will not give o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir, ——

Seb. One: —— Tell, ——

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd; comes to the entertainer ——

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare. ——

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet ——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

You cram theſe Words into my Ears againſt
The Stomach of my Senſe.

ſeems to Mr. *Pope* to have been an Interpolation by the Players. For my part, tho' I allow the Matter of the Dialogue to be very poor and trivial, (of which, I am ſorry to ſay, we don't want other Inſtances in our Poet;) I cannot be of this Gentleman's Opinion, that it is interpolated. For ſhould we take out this intermediate Part, what would become of theſe Words of the King?

—— —— *Would I had never*
Married my Daughter there!

What Daughter? and, *where* married? For it is from this intermediate part of the Scene only, that we are told, the King had a Daughter nam'd *Claribel*, whom he had married into *Tunis*. 'Tis true, in a ſubſequent Scene, betwixt *Antonio* and *Sebaſtian*, we again hear her and *Tunis* mention'd: but in ſuch a manner, that it would be quite obſcure and unintelligible without this previous Information. Mr. *Pope*'s Criticiſm therefore is injudicious and unweigh'd. Beſides, poor and jejune as the Matter of the Dialogue is, it was certainly deſign'd to be of a ridiculous Stamp; to divert and unſettle the King's Thoughts from reflecting too deeply on his Son's ſuppos'd Drowning.

Ant.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſart ———

Seb. Ha, ha, ha. ——— So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible ———

Seb. Yet, ———

Adr. Yet ———

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No: he does but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit ———

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair Daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower *Æneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: ſhe was *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage?*

Gon. I aſſure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more Iſlands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, widow *Dido!* ay, widow *Dido!*

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too;
Who is ſo far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heir

Of

Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live.
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trode the water;
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank your ſelf for this great loſs,
That would not bleſs our *Europe* with your Daughter,
But rather loſe her to an *African*;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul her ſelf
Weigh'd between loathneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We've loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
Alon. So is the deareſt o' th' loſs.
Gon. My lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth, you ſpeak, doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I the plantation of this iſle, my lord —
Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle ſeed.

Seb.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I'th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; wealth, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce,
Without ſweat or endeavour. Treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
T'excell the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majeſty!

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo!*

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five Weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, *playing ſolemn Muſick.* (13)

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, ſleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all ſo ſoon aſleep? I wiſh, mine eyes
Would with themſelves ſhut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to ſo do.

Seb. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy.——

All ſleep but Seb. *and* Ant.

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
My ſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by conſent,
They dropt as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebaſtian*—— O, what might ——no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th'occaſion ſpeaks thee, and

(13) *Enter* Ariel, *playing*] This Marginal Direction I have reſtor'd from the Old *Folio's*; and, ſurely, 'tis very neceſſary, it ſhould be inſerted; as it contains a Strain of Inchantment, which accounts for *Gonzalo, Alonzo,* &c. ſo ſuddenly dropping aſleep.

My

My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
Seb. I do; and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: what is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving;
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep: die rather: wink'ſt,
Whilſt thou art waking.
Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom. You
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er. (14)
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebb
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whilſt thus you mock it; how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it: ebbing men, indeed,

(14) Trebles *thee o'er.*] i. e. makes thee *thrice* what thou now art. Thus the two firſt *Folio's*, and all the other Impreſſions of any Authority, that I have ſeen, exhibit the Text: and the Phraſe is familiar both to our Poet, & other Stage-Writers of his Time. *Merchant of* Venice. Act. 3. Sc. 2. ——— *yet for You*
I would be trebled *twenty times my ſelf,*
K. *Richard* III. Act 5. Sc. 3.
Why, our Battalion trebles *that account.*
So, *Pericles*, Prince of *Tyre*;
The Boat-ſwain whiſtles, and the Maſter calls,
And trebles *their Confuſion.*
And ſo, *Marſton* in his *Sophonisba*;
Think, ev'ry Honour, that doth grace thy Sword,
Trebles *my Love.*
Troubles *thee o'er* —— is a fooliſh Reading, which, I believe, firſt got Birth in Mr. *Pope*'s 2 Editions of our Poet; and, I dare ſay, will lie buried there in a proper Obſcurity.

Moſt

Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear or ſloth.
Seb. Pry'thee, ſay on;
The ſetting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd;) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the King, his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.
Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples?*
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no Note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i'th' moon's too ſlow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe, from whom (15)
We were ſea-ſwallow'd; tho' ſome, caſt again,
May by that deſtiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's paſt is prologue; what to come,

(15) ——— ——— *She,* for *whom*
We were ſea-ſwallow'd,] Thus Mr. *Pope*, with as little Reaſon, as Authority. All the Copies, that I have ſeen, read, ——— from *whom*, &c. And why not *from?* Were they not ſhipwreck'd, as is evident above, in their Return from her?

——— *Would I had never*
Married my Daughter there! for coming thence, *&c.*

Is

Is yours and my diſcharge ——
Seb. What ſtuff is this? how ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribel*
Meaſure us back to *Naples?* Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that ſleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I my ſelf could make
A Chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother *Proſpe'ro.*
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conſcience, ——
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my ſlipper:
But I feel not this deity in my boſom.
Ten conſciences, that ſtand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they moleſt!
Here lyes your brother ——
No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient Morſel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,

They'll

They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs, that,
We ſay, befits the hour.

Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'ſt *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy ſword; one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the King ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word. ——

Enter Ariel, *with Muſick and Song.*

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) to keep them living.

[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *Ear.*

While you here do ſnoaring lye,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preſerve the King! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake: ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me.
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verity. 'Tis beſt we ſtand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.
Gon. Heav'ns keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i'th' iſland.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. *Proſpero* my lord ſhall know what I have done.
So, King, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the Iſland.*

Enter Caliban *with a burden of wood; a noiſe of thunder heard.*

Cal. ALL the infections, that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! his ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſpi'rit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in ſlowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i'th' wind: yond ſame black cloud, yond huge one, (16) looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pailfuls — What have we here, a man or a fiſh? dead or alive? a fiſh; he ſmells like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell. A kind of, not of the neweſt, *Poor John*: a ſtrange fiſh! Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fiſh painted, not an holyday-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver. There would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again. My beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout; miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bed-fellows: I will here ſhrowd, 'till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter Stephano, *ſinging.*

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I die a-ſhore.*

(16) *Looks like a foul* Bumbard] This Term again occurs in the 1ſt Part of *Henr.* IV. —— *that ſwoln Parcell of Dropſies, that huge* Bumbard *of Sack* —— and again in *Henr.* VIII. *And here you lie baiting of* Bumbards, *when Ye ſhould do Service.* By theſe ſeveral Paſſages, 'tis plain, the Word meant in thoſe days a large Veſſel for holding Drink, as well as the piece of Ordnance ſo call'd. And, I think, at *Oxford* they now make Uſe of a Vehicle, which is term'd a *Gun* of *Ale*. *Ben. Jonſon*, our Author's Contemporary, likewiſe employs this Word *Bumbard* in this Senſe. *The poor Cattle yonder are paſſing away the time with a cheat Loaf, and a* Bumbard *of broken Beer*, &c. See his *Maſque of Augures*. And, in his Tranſlation of *Horace*'s Art of Poetry, he renders

Projicit Ampullas, *& ſeſquipedalia verba,*

in this manner; ——— *muſt throw by*
Their bumbard *Phraſe, and foot-and-half-foot Words.*

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. *The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might ſcratch her, where-e'er ſhe did itch.
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with ſalvages, and men of *Inde?* ha? I have not ſcap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, As proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breathes at his noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me; oh!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the Iſle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a preſent for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: he ſhall taſte of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he ſhall pay for him, that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now *Proſper* works upon thee.

Ste.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: it ſhould be——— but he is drown'd; and theſe are devils; O! defend me,———

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! (17) his forward voice now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come! *Amen!* I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano, ———

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beeſt *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, theſe are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's!*

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano?* I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm: and art thou living, *Stephano?* O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* ſcap'd!

(17) *His* forward Voice *now is to ſpeak* well *of his Friend.* The facetious Author of *Hudibras* ſeems to have had this Paſſage in Eye, in one Part of his Deſcription of *Fame.*

Two Trumpets She doth ſound at once,
But Both of clean *contrary* Tones,
But whether both with the ſame Wind,
Or one *before*, and one *behind*,
We know not; only This can tell;
The One ſounds *vilely*, th' other *well.*

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights: that's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didſt thou ſcape? how cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear, by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: ſwear then, how eſcap'dſt thou?

Trin. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book. Though thou canſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin O *Stephano*, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter: (18) I afraid of him? a very ſhallow monſter: the

(18) *I* afraid of him? *a very ſhallow monſter.* ——] It is to be obſerv'd, *Trinculo* is not charg'd with any Fear of *Caliban*; and therefore This ſeems to come in abruptly; but in This conſiſts the true Humour. His own Conſciouſneſs, that he had been terribly afraid of him, after the Fright was over, drew out this Bragg. This ſeems to be one of *Shakeſpeare*'s fine Touches of Nature: for that *Trinculo* had been horribly frighten'd at the Monſter, and ſhook with Fear of him, while he lay under his Gaberdine, is plain, from What *Caliban* ſays, while he is lying there? *Thou doſt me yet but little Harm; thou wilt anon, I know by thy* trembling.

man

man i' th' moon? — a moſt poor credulous monſter: well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' th' Iſle, and I will kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot. I'll ſwear my ſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh my ſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: a moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him ———

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. — But that the poor monſter's in drink: an abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries,
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pry'thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
(19) Young Shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more

(19) *Young* Scamels *from the Rock.*] I can no where elſe meet with ſuch a Word as *Scamel*, which has poſſeſs'd all the Editions. *Shakeſpeare* muſt certainly either have wrote *Shamois* (as Mr. *Warburton* and I have both conjectur'd) i. e. young Kids: or *Sea-malls*. The *Sea-mall*, or *Sea-mell*, or *Sea-mew* (according to *Willoughby*,) is that Bird, which is call'd *Larus cinereus minor*; it feeds upon Fiſh, and frequents the Banks of Lakes. It is not impoſſible, but our Poet might here intend this Bird. Or, again, (and which comes near to *Scamel*, in the Traces of the Letters.) *Ray* tells us of another Bird, call'd the *Stannel*, (the ſame with the *Tinnunculus* among the *Latins*, and κεγγρὶς amongſt the *Greeks*;) of the *Hawk* Species. It is no Matter which of the three Readings we embrace, ſo we take a Word ſignifying the Name of ſomething in Nature.

talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new maſter, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *before* Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

FERDINAND.

THERE be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt move
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps, when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executer; I forget;

But

But theſe ſweet thoughts do ev'n refreſh my labour,
Moſt buſie-leſs, when I do it. (20)

Enter Miranda; *and* Proſpero, *at a diſtance unſeen.*

Mira. Alas, now pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would the lightning had
Burn't up thoſe logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, ſet it down and reſt you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt your ſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet, before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

Mira. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'ad rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?

(20) Leaſt buſie *when I do it.*] This Reading, I preſume, to be Mr. *Pope*'s; for I do not find it authoriz'd by the Copies: The two firſt *Folio*'s read;

Moſt buſy leaſt, *when I do it.*

'Tis true, this Reading is corrupt; but the Corruption is ſo very little remov'd from the Truth of the Text, that I can't afford to think well of my own Sagacity for having diſcover'd it.

Mira.

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heſt to ſay ſo.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſev'ral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.

Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glaſs mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I'm skilleſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides your ſelf, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth. Hear my ſoul ſpeak;
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,

If

If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boaded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! heav'ns rain grace,
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer,
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide it ſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper-time muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another part of the Iſland.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano *and* Trinculo.

Ste. TELL not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em, ſervant-monſter (21); drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monſter! the folly of this Iſland! they ſay, there's but five upon this Iſle; we are three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

(21) *Servant-Monſter.*] The Part of *Caliban* has been eſteem'd a ſignal Inſtance of the Copiouſneſs of *Shakeſpeare*'s Invention; and that he had ſhewn an Extent of Genius, in creating a Perſon which was not in Nature. And for this, as well as his other *magical* and *ideal* Characters, a juſt Admiration has been paid him. I can't help taking notice, on this Occaſion, of the Virulence of *Ben. Jonſon*, who, in the Induction to his *Bartlemew Fair*, has endeavour'd to throw Dirt, not only at this ſingle Character, but at this whole Play. " If there be never a *Servant Monſter* in the " *Fair*, who can help it, (he ſays,) nor a Neſt of *Anticks?* He is loth to " make Nature afraid in his Plays, like Thoſe that beget *Tales*, *Tempeſts*, " and ſuch like *Drolleries*, to mix his Head with other Mens Heels." *Shakeſpeare*, as the Tradition runs, was the Perſon who firſt brought *Jonſon* upon the Stage; and this is the Stab we find given in Requital for ſuch a Service, when his Benefactor was retreated from the Scene. A Circumſtance, that ſtrangely aggravates the Ingratitude. But this ſurly Saucineſs was familiar with *Ben*; when the Publick were ever out of Humour at his Performances, he would revenge it on them, by being out of Humour with thoſe Pieces which had beſt pleas'd them.——I'll only add, that his *Conduct* in This was very contradictory to his cooler *Profeſſions*, " that " if Men would impartially look towards the Offices and Functions of a " Poet, they would eaſily conclude to themſelves the *Impoſſibility* of any " Man's being the *good Poet*, without firſt being a *good Man*.

Ste.

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy ſhoe; I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable; why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree —— the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel *inviſible*.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant, a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Iſland.

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee;
I do not lie.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'ſt,
But this thing dare not. ——)

Ste.

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt? canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou ſcurvy patch!
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine, for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take you that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o'your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack and drinking do. A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I'th' afternoon to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command. They all do hate him,

As

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them,)
Which, when he has an houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his Daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and ſhe:
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes *Sycorax*,
As greateſt does the leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, ſave our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelf ſhall be Vice-Roys. Doſt thou like the plot, *Trinculo?*

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry, I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry; I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: come on, *Trinculo*, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout em; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thy ſelf in thy likeneſs; if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defie thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal.

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears, and ſometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow. I would I could ſee this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *&c.*

Gon. BY'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my ſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To th' dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down and reſt.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t'effect. *Seb.*

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they're freſh.
Seb. I ſay, to night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and Proſpero *on the top, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the King,* &c. *to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven; what were theſe?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders:
(For, certes, theſe are people of the iſland)
Who tho' they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many; nay, almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent
Are worſe than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe, in departing. ——
Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

Seb. No matter, ſince
They've left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh, or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now we find,
Each putter out on five for one will bring us (22)
Good warrant of.

Alon.

(22) *Each Putter out* of *Five for One*——] By the Variation of a ſingle Letter, I think, I have ſet the Text right; and will therefore now proceed to explain it. I freely confeſs, that I once underſtood this Paſſage thus; that every *five* Travellers (or *Putters out*) did bring authentick Confirmation of theſe Stories, for *one* that pretended to diſpute the Truth of them: But communicating my Senſe of the Place to Two ingenious Friends, I found, I was not at the Bottom of the Meaning. Mr. *Warburton* obſerv'd to me, that this was a fine Piece of conceal'd Satire on the Voyagers of that Time, who had juſt diſcover'd a new World; and, as was very natural, grew moſt extravagant in diſplaying the Wonders of it. That, particularly, by *Each Putter out of Five for One*, was meant the Adventurers in the Diſcovery of the *Weſt Indies*, who had for the Money they advanc'd and contributed, 20 *per Cent.*—— Dr. *Thirlby* did not a little aſſiſt this Explanation by his Concurrence, and by inſtructing me, that it was uſual in thoſe Times for Travellers to put out Money, to receive a greater Sum if they liv'd to return; and, for Proof, he referr'd me to *Moriſon*'s Itinerary, Part I. *p.* 198, *&c.* I cannot return my Friends better Thanks for the Light they have given me upon this Paſſage, than by ſubjoining a Teſtimony from a contemporary Poet, that will put both their Explanation, and my Correction of the Text, paſt diſpute.

B. Jonſon's *Every Man* out of his *Humour*, in the Character of *Puntarvolo*.

I do intend, this Year of Jubilee *coming on, to travel: And (becauſe I will not altogether go upon Expence,) I am determin'd to put forth ſome* five *thouſand pound, to be paid me* five *for* one, *upon the Return of my ſelf, my Wife, and my Dog, from the* Turk's *Court in* Conſtantinople. *If All, or Either of Us miſcarry in the Journey, 'tis gone; if We be ſucceſsful, why, there will be* five *and* twenty *thouſand Pounds to entertain Time withal.*

If this was to be the Return of the *Knight*'s Venture; 'tis obvious, he put out his Money *on five for one*. *Ben.* to heighten the Ridicule of theſe projecting Voyagers, makes *Puntarvolo*'s Wife averſe to accompany him; and ſo he is forc'd to put out his Venture on the Return of himſelf, his Dog, and his Cat. —— Let me conclude with obſerving on the different Conduct of the Two Poets. *Shakeſpeare* (perhaps, out of a particular Deference for Sir *W. Raleigh*) only ſneers theſe adventurous Voyagers obliquely,

and,

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel *like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a queint device the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this Iſland (23)
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements,
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-miniſters
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From *Milan* did ſupplant good *Proſpero:*
Expos'd unto the ſea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon, *Alonſo*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worſe than any death

and, as it were, *en paſſant:* The ſurly *Ben*, who would be tyed up by no ſuch ſcrupulous Regards, dreſſes up the Faſhion in the moſt glaring Colours of *Comic Humour*; or, rather, brings down his Satire to the Level of *Farcical Ridicule*.

(23) *Hath caus'd to belch* you *up*;] Thus, the whole Set of Editions; but 'tis obvious to every Reader, that the Grammar's faulty; and therefore I have cur'd it by throwing out *you*.

Can be at once, ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your ways; whoſe wrath to guard you from,
(Which here in this moſt deſolate Iſle elſe falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſick, Enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mopps and mowes, and carrying out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done; my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling. [*Exit* Proſpero *from above.*

Gon. I' th' name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methoughts, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The Name of *Proſper:* it did baſe my treſpaſs.
Therefore, my ſon i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits. I do beſeech you,
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſie
May now provoke them too.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

PROSPERO.

IF I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life; (24)
Or that, for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

(24) ——— ——— ——— *for I*
Have giv'n you here a third *of my own life,*] Thus all the Impreſſions in general; but why is She only a *Third* of his own Life? He had no Wife living, nor any other Child, to rob her of a Share in his Affection: So that We may reckon her at leaſt *half* of himſelf. Nor could he intend, that he lov'd himſelf twice as much as he did her; for he immediately ſubjoins, that it was *She for whom he liv'd.* In *Othello*, when *Iago* alarms the Senator with the loſs of his Daughter, he tells him,
Your Heart is burſt, you have loſt half *your Soul.*
And *Dimidium animæ meæ* is the current Language on ſuch Occaſions. There is no Room for doubt, but I have reſtor'd to the Poet his true Reading; and the *Thread of Life* is a Phraſe moſt frequent with him. So in K. *Henry* V.
And let not Bardolfe's *vital* Thread *be cut*
With Edge of Penny Cord.
1. Henr. VI. ——— ——— *had not Churchmen pray'd,*
His Thread of Life *had not ſo ſoon decay'd.*
2. Henr. VI. Argo, *their* Thread of Life *is ſpun.*
Othello. ——— *I'm glad, thy Father's dead;*
Thy Match was mortal to him, and pure Grief
Shore his old Thread *in twain.*

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
If thou doſt break her virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy Rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen*'s lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think or *Phœbus*' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my induſtrious ſervant, *Ariel*——

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, maſter? no?

Pro.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach,
'Till thou doſt hear me call.
Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*
Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good-night, your vow! ——
Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pro. Well.
Now come, my *Ariel*; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly. ——
No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*To* Ferdinand.
[*Soft Muſick.*

A MASQUE. *Enter* Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,
Which ſpungy *April* at thy heſt betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy ſea-marge ſteril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thy ſelf do'ſt air; the Queen o'th' sky,
Whoſe wat'ry arch and meſſenger am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her Sov'raign Grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Jupiter*:
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey drops, refreſhing ſhowers;

And with each end of thy blue bow do'ſt crown
My bosky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her ſon, as thou do'ſt know,
Do now attend the Queen: ſince they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got;
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
'Till *Hymen*'s torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of ſtate,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gate.

[Juno *deſcends, and enters.*

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? go with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſp'rous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage bleſſing,*
Long continuance and encreaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you;
Juno *ſings her bleſſings on you:*
Cer. *Earth's increaſe, and foyſon-plenty,* (25)
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines,

(25) *Earth's Increaſe.*] All the Editions, that I have ever ſeen, concur in placing this whole Sonnet to *Juno:* but very abſurdly, in my Opinion. I believe, every accurate Reader, who is acquainted with poetical

Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt:
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres's *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtick viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact (26)
My preſent fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.
Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:

poetical Hiſtory, and the diſtinct Offices of theſe two Goddeſſes, and who then ſeriouſly reads over our Author's Lines, will agree with Me, that *Ceres*'s Name ought to have been placed where I have now prefix'd it.

(26) *I have from* All *their Confines.*] This *All* is obtruded upon Us by the nice Ears of our modern Editors, who were for helping the Verſe, upon a Suppoſition that the Accent in *Confines* muſt needs be upon the firſt Syllable. But the Practice of our Poet is againſt them; and therefore I have reſtor'd him to his own Reading.

See As you like it. *Act.* 2. *Sc.* 1.
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled Fools;
Being native Burghers of this deſart City,
Should, in their own Confines,
K. John. *Act.* 4.
This Kingdom, this Confine *of Blood and Breath,*
And Hamlet. *Act.* 1. *Sc.* 1.
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hyes
To his Confine.
And in his Poem intitled, *In* Praiſe *of his* Love.
In whoſe Confine *immured is the Store,*
Which ſhould example where your Equal grew.
And, again, in his Poem call'd, *A* Lover's Complaint.
O moſt potential Love! Vow, Bond, nor Space,
In thee hath neither Sting, Knot, nor Confine:
And in his *Amorous Epiſtle of* Paris *to* Helen.
Shipping myſelf from the Sigæan *Shore,*
Whence unto theſe Confines *my Courſe I bore.*
And, I believe, in every other Paſſage throughout his Works, where he has uſed this Word, the Accent is conſtantly on the laſt Syllable.

Juno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do; huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on imployment.*

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels, and on this greenland
Anſwer your ſummons, *Juno* does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of *Auguſt* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow and confuſed noiſe, they vaniſh heavily.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is ſtrange; your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

Mir. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe it ſelf,
Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;

And,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.——Sir, I am vext; (27)
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exe.* Fer. *and* Mir.

Pro. Come with a thought;—I thank you:——
Ariel, come.

Prospero *comes forward from the Cell; enter* Ariel *to him.*

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with *Caliban.*

(27) ——— *Sir, I am vext;*
Bear with my Weakness, my old Brain is troubled:] There is the Appearance of something very extraordinary, in this great Emotion of Anger so discoverable in the Behaviour of *Prospero*, on the suddain Recollection of *Caliban*'s Plot: And the admirable Reflection, which he makes, upon the Insignificancy of human Things, fully shews it: For thinking Men are never under greater Oppression of Mind, than when they make such kind of Reflections. And yet, if we turn to the Cause of this Disturbance, there is Nothing that one could imagine, at first View, could occasion it: The Plot of a contemptible *Savage*, and two drunken Sailors, whom he had absolutely in his Power! It could be no Apprehension of Danger then, that could cause it. But, reflecting more attentively, we shall find, (agreeably to our Poet's wonderful knowledge of Nature,) there was something in the Case, with which great Minds are most deeply affected; and that is, the Resentment of Ingratitude. He recall'd to his Mind the Obligations this *Caliban* lay under for the Instructions he had receiv'd from him, and the Conveniences of Life he had taught him to use. But these Reflections of *Caliban*'s Ingratitude would naturally recall to mind his Brother's: and then these two, working together, were very capable of producing all the Disorder of Passion here represented. That these Two, who had receiv'd at his hands the two best Gifts that Mortals are capable of, when rightly apply'd, *Regal Power* and the *Use of Reason*; that These, in return, should conspire against the Life of the Donor, would certainly afflict a generous Mind to its utmost Bearing. As these Reflections do so much Honour to that surprizing Knowledge of human Nature, which is so apparently our Author's Masterpiece, it cannot, sure, be thought unnecessary to set them in a proper Light. Mr. *Warburton.*

Ari.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I preſented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill;
The trumpery in my houſe, go bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[Proſpero *remains inviſible.*

Enter Ariel *loaden with gliſtering apparel*, &c. *Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your *Fairy*, which you ſay is a harmleſs *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs, at which my noſe is in great indignation. *Ste.*

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monſter? if I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you ———

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this miſchance; therefore, ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs *Fairy*, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: ſeeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noiſe, and enter;
Do that good miſchief, which may make this Iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Stephano!* Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, oh, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery; —— O, King *Stephano!*

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſie drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? let's along,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter. Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we ſteal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt, here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am King of this country: ſteal by line and level, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't; we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of hunters heard. Enter divers ſpirits in ſhape of hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero *and* Ariel *ſetting them on.* Calib. Steph. *and* Trinc. *driven out, roaring.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, *Silver*.

Pro. Fury, *Fury*; there, *Tyrant*, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this hour
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *before the Cell.*

Enter Proſpero *in his magick robes, and* Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the Day?
Ari. On the ſixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You ſaid, our work ſhould ceaſe.
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt; ſay, my ſpirit,
How fares the King and's followers?
Ari. Confin'd
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them, all your priſoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, 'till your releaſe. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo.*
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?
Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,

Paſſion

Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art? (28)
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further; go, releaſe them, *Ariel*;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes and groves,
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms, that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up

(28) Paſſion'd *as they*,] Thus Mr. *Pope* in both his Editions. But all the authentick Copies read;

Paſſion as they ———

i. e. feel the Force of Paſſion; am mov'd with it. So again *Julia*, in the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona;

Madam, *'twas* Ariadne paſſioning
For Theſeus' *Perjury, and unjuſt Flight.*

So, in *Titus Andronicus*, he makes a Verb of *paſſionate*, ſignifying, to expreſs the Paſſion, the Diſtreſs of, &c.

Thy Neice and I, poor Creatures, want our hands,
And cannot paſſionate *our tenfold Grief*
With folded Arms.

And in his Poem, call'd, *Venus* and *Adonis*, our Author uſes *Paſſion* as a Verb, meaning, to grieve:

Dumbly ſhe paſſions, *frantickly ſhe doateth.*

The

The pine and cedar: graves at my command (29)
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my ſo potent art. But this rough magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly muſick, which ev'n now I do,
(To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for;) I'll break my ſtaff;
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth;
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

Here enters Ariel *before; then* Alonſo *with a frantick Geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco. *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd; which* Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy skull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt.——
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n ſociable to th' ſhew of thine,
Fall fellow-drops.—— The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs; ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon. O my good *Gonzalo*,
My true preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces

(29) —— Graves at my Command
Have wak'd their Sleepers;] As odd, as this Expreſſion is, of *Graves waking their Dead*, inſtead of, the Dead waking in their Graves, I believe, it may be juſtified by the Uſage of Poets. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Bonduca*, ſpeaking of the Power of Fame, make it wake Graves,

Wakens the ruin'd Monuments, *and there,*
Where Nothing but eternal Death and Sleep is,
Informs again the dead Bones.

And *Virgil*, ſpeaking of *Rome* as a City, ſays, it ſurrounded its ſeven Hills with a Wall.

Scilicet & rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una ſibi muro circumdedit *arces.*

Home both in word and deed. —— Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, *Alonſo*, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian*, fleſh and blood. (30)
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe and nature; who with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me.——*Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will diſ-caſe me, and my ſelf preſent,
[*Exit* Ariel, *and returns immediately.*
As I was ſometime *Milan:* quickly, Spirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariel *ſings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I; (31)
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After Sunſet, merrily. (32)

Merrily

(30) *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now,* Sebaſtian. *Fleſh and Blood,*] I by no means think, this was our Author's Pointing; or that it gives us his Meaning. He would ſay, that *Sebaſtian* now was pinch'd thro' and thro' for his Treſpaſs; felt the Puniſhment of it all over his Body; a like manner of Expreſſion we meet with in King *Lear*;

—— —— —— *wipe thine eye;*
The good-jers ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
E'er they ſhall make us weep.

And ſo our CHAUCER, in the firſt Book of his *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

—— *that he and all his kinne at ones*
Were worthy to be brent, both fell and bones.

(31) *Where the Bee ſucks, there* ſuck *I;*] I have ventur'd to vary from the printed Copies here. Could *Ariel*, a Spirit of a refin'd ætherial Eſſence, be intended to want Food? Beſides the ſequent Lines rather countenance *lurk*.

(32) *After* Summer *merrily*] Why, *after* Summer? Unleſs We muſt ſuppoſe, our Author alluded to that miſtaken Notion of *Bats, Swallows, &c.* croſſing the Seas in purſuit of hot Weather. I conjectured, in my

SHAKE-

Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom, that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom. So, ſo, ſo.
To the King's ſhip, inviſible as thou art;
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*

SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, that Sunſet was our Author's Word: And this Conjecture Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt Edition, thinks probably ſhould be eſpouſed. My Reaſons for the Change were from the known Nature of the *Bat*. The *Houp* ſleeps during the Winter, ſay the Naturaliſts; and ſo does the Bat too. (*Upupa dormit hyeme, ſicut* & Veſpertilio. Albert. Mag.) Again, Flies and Gnats are the favourite Food of the Bat, which he procures by flying about in the Night. (*Cibus ejus ſunt* Muſcæ & Culices: *quem nocte volans inquirit*. Idem, è Plinio.) But this is a Diet, which, I preſume, he can only come at in the Summer Seaſon. Another Obſervation has been made, that when Bats fly either earlier, or in greater Number than uſual, it is a Sign the next day will be *hot* and *ſerene*. (Veſpertiliones, *ſi veſperi citiùs & plures ſolito volârint, Signum eſt Calorem & Serenitatem poſtridiè fore.* Gratarolus *apud* Geſner. *de Avibus*.) This Prognoſtick likewiſe only ſuits with Summer. Again, the *Bat* was call'd *Veſpertilio* by the *Latins*, as it was Νυκτερὶς by the *Greeks*, becauſe this Bird is not viſible by Day; but appears firſt about the Twilight of the Evening, and ſo continues to fly during the dark Hours. And the Poets, whenever they mention this Bird, do it without any Alluſion to the Seaſon of the Year; but conſtantly have an Eye to the accuſtom'd Hour of its Flight. In the Second Act of this Play, where *Gonzalo* tells *Antonio* and *Sebaſtian*, that they would lift the Moon out of her Sphere, *Sebaſtian* replies;

We would ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

So, in *Macbeth*, when the Approach of the Night is deſcrib'd, in which *Banquo* was to be murther'd,

——— *Ere the* Bat *hath flown*
His cloiſter'd Flight; ere to black Hecat's *Summons*
The ſhard-born Beetle with his drowſy Hums
Hath rung Night's *yawning Peal.*

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Paſſionate Madman*;

Fountain-heads, and pathleſs Groves,
Places, which pale Paſſion loves;
Moonlight *Walks, when all the Fowls*
Are warmly hous'd, ſave Bats *and Owls.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Proſpero:*
For more aſſurance that a living Prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'ſt thou he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a Madneſs held me; this muſt crave
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory:
Thy Dukedom I reſign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' th' Iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
I here could pluck his Highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtifie you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him.

Pro. No:——
For you, moſt wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alon. If thou be'ſt *Proſpero*,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation,

How

How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wrackt upon this ſhore; where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon *Ferdinand*.
Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loſs, and Patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſov'reign aid,
And reſt my ſelf content.
Alon. You the like loſs?
Pro. As great to me, as late; and, ſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wiſh,
My ſelf were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?
Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am *Proſp'ro*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Milan*; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wrackt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom ſince you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE *opens to the Entrance of the Cell.*

Here Proſpero *diſcovers* Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at Cheſs.*

Mira. SWEET lord, you play me falſe,
Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the Iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle!
Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cauſe.
Alon. Now all the bleſſings [Ferd. *kneels.*
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine.
I choſe her, when I could not ask my father
For his Advice: nor thought, I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Milan*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt ask my child forgiveneſs!

Pro.

Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I've inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown:
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I ſay, *Amen*, *Gonzalo!*
Gon. Was *Milan* thruſt from *Milan*, that his iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples!* O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it down
In gold on laſting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; *Proſpero* his Dukedom,
In a poor Iſle; and all of us, our ſelves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!
Gon. Be't ſo, *Amen!*

Enter Ariel, *with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.*

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? what is the news?
Boatſ. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our King and company; the next, our ſhip,
Which but three glaſſes ſince we gave out ſplit,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.
Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey ſpirit!
Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatſ. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead a-ſleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with ſtrange and ſev'ral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld (33)
Our royal, good and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence; thou ſhalt be free.

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of; ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly) ſingle I'll reſolve you,
Which to you ſhall ſeem probable, of every
Theſe happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

(33) *Where we, in all* our *Trim, freſhly beheld*
Our royal, good and gallant Ship; ——] What was *their* Trim, would the Editors have us conceive? The Fright that they had been put into, by the Diverſity of Noiſes? But, as Dr. *Thirlby* rightly obſerv'd to Me, the Trim is to be underſtood of the Ship, and not of the Crew. And this very Expreſſion occurs again in the *Comedy* of *Errors*;

The Ship is in her Trim; *the merry Wind*
Blows fair from Land, &c.

And MILTON has likewiſe copied the Expreſſion;

——————*Behold a ſtately Ship,*
Proud of her *gawdy Trim, comes this way ſailing,*
With all her Brav'ry on.

Enter

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their ſtolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*, bully-monſter, *Coragio!*

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies, which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid,
He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are theſe, my lord *Anthonio*!
Will mony buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be true: this miſ-ſhap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where ſhould they
Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em? (34)

How

(34) *Find this grand Liquor.*] I certainly think, *Shakeſpeare* wrote *'Lixir* here; alluding to the grand *Elixir* of which the Chymiſts of that Age told ſuch Wonders, that it would renew Youth, purchaſe Immortality, *&c.* and it being, as they pretended, a Preparation of *Gold*, they call'd it alſo, *Aurum potabile:* hence, 'tis probable, *Shakeſpeare* ſays, *gilded*; and to This, without doubt, he again alludes in his *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*;

How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine *hath*
With his Tinct gilded *thee.*

But

How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'th' iſle, Sirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my Pardon, trim it handſomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away; the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this Iſle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.

But, in the Paſſage before us, it ſeems his Deſign to joke upon the Rodomontado Boaſts of their *Elixir*; and to inſinuate, that *Sack* was the only Reſtorer of Youth, and Beſtower of Immortality.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Pro.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Pleaſe you, draw near.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Proſpero.*

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: and now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples. *Let me not,*
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland by your ſpell:
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe. For now I want
Spirits t' enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is deſpair, (35)
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free.

(35) *And my ending is* Deſpair,] The Alluſion is very well kept up in this *Epilogue*. And the Actor here is not only applying to the Audience for Favour, in behalf of the Author; but *Proſpero* ſpeaks in the Character of a *Magician*; and ſo (as Mr. *Warburton* hinted to me) alludes to the old Stories told of the *Necromancers'* Deſpair in their laſt Moments, and the Prayers of their Friends for them.

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *an* Athenian *Lord.*
Lyſander, *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *in love with* Hermia.
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Sports to the Duke.*
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princeſs of the* Amazons, *betroth'd to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaſebloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeed, } *Fairies.*

Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonſhine, Lyon. } *Characters in the* Interlude *perform'd by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens; *and a Wood not far from it.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Duke's Palace in* Athens.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Philoſtrate, *with attendants.*

THESEUS.

NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, *Philoſtrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit* Phi.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,

And

And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke!
The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I with Complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth, Demetrius. — My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lyſander. — And, my gracious Duke,
This man hath witch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, *Lyſander*, thou haſt giv'n her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtoll'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs: And, my gracious Duke,
Be't ſo, ſhe will not here before your Grace
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*;
I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you, *Hermia?* be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father ſhould be as a God,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander*.
The. In himſelf he is;

But

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.
Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:
I know not, by what pow'r I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But, I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt, that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius.*
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitleſs, moon?
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.
Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoak
My ſoul conſents not to give Sov'reignty.
The. Take time to pauſe; and by the next new moon,
(The ſealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;
Or on *Diana*'s altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent, ſweet *Hermia*; and, *Lyſander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyſ. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful *Lyſander!* true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my love is more than his:
My fortune's ev'ry way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter, *Helena*;
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t' have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it. But, *Demetrius*, come;
And come, *Egeus*; you ſhall go with me;
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look, you arm your ſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come, my *Hippolita*; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptials, and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns your ſelves.
Ege. With duty and deſire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. How now, my love? why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance, the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Hermia, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth;
But, either, it was different in blood ———
Her. O croſs! -- too high, to be enthrall'd to low! -- (1)
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years ——
Her. O ſpight! too old, to be engag'd to young!
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends ——
Her. O hell! to chuſe love by another's eye!
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confuſion. ———
Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſt,

(1) *Too high, to be enthrall'd to* Love.] This Reading poſſeſſes all the Editions, but carries no juſt meaning in it. Nor was *Hermia* diſpleas'd at being in Love; but regretts the Inconveniences, that generally attend the Paſſion: Either, the Parties are diſproportion'd, in degree of Blood and Quality; or unequal, in reſpect of Years; or brought together by the Appointment of Friends, and not by their own Choice. Theſe are the Complaints repreſented by *Lyſander*; and *Hermia*, to anſwer to the firſt, as ſhe has done to the other two, muſt neceſſarily ſay;

O Croſs! —— too high, to be enthrall'd to low!

So the *Antitheſis* is kept up in the Terms; and ſo ſhe is made to condole the Diſproportion of Blood and Quality in Lovers. And This is one of the Curſes, that *Venus*, on ſeeing *Adonis* dead, propheſies ſhall always attend Love, in our Author's Poem, call'd, *VENUS* and *ADONIS*-Stanz. 190.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I propheſie,
Sorrow on Love hereafter ſhall attend;
It ſhall be waited on with Jealouſie;
Find ſweet Beginning, but unſav'ry End:
Ne'er ſettled equally, *to* high, *or* low;
That all Love's Pleaſures ſhall not match his Woe.

And ſo the Young Prince complains, in the *Winter's Tale:*

Leon. ——— *You are married?*
Flo. *We are not, Sir, nor are We like to be:*
The Stars, I ſee, will kiſs the Vallies firſt:
The Odds for high *and* low's *alike.*

It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then, let us teach our tryal patience:
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*.
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child;
From *Athens* is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp *Athenian* law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
To do obſervance to the morn of *May*,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſwear to thee by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus*' doves,
By that, which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeed, fair *Helena!* whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay;
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching: oh, were favour ſo!
Your words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;

My

My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me, how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.
Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch skill!
Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.
Hel. Oh, that my pray'rs could ſuch affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His Folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and my ſelf will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradiſe to me.
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?
Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs;
(A time, that lovers flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens'* gate have we devis'd to ſteal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſweet; (2)
There

(2) *Emptying our Boſoms of their Counſels* ſwell'd;
There my Lyſander *and myſelf ſhall meet,*
And thence from Athens *turn away our Eyes,*
To ſeek new Friends, and ſtrange Companions.]

This whole Scene is ſtrictly in Rhyme; and that it deviates in theſe two Couplets, I am perſuaded, is owing to the Ignorance of the firſt, and the Inaccuracy of the later, Editors: I have therefore ventur'd to reſtore the Rhymes, as I make no Doubt but the Poet firſt gave them. *Sweet* was eaſily corrupted into *ſwell'd*, becauſe That made an *Anti-*

There, my *Lyſander* and my ſelf ſhall meet;
And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger Companies.
Farewel, ſweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius!*
Keep word, *Lyſander*; we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From Lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* Hermia.

Lyſ. I will, my *Hermia.* —— *Helena*, adieu;
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [*Exit* Lyſand.

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er otherſome, can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo:
He will not know; what all, but he, do know.
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia*'s eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haſte.
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.

theſis to *Emptying:* and *ſtrange Companions* our Editors thought was plain *Engliſh*; but *ſtranger Companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. It may be neceſſary, in Proof of my Emendation, to ſhew, that our Auther elſewhere uſes the *Subſtantive* Stranger *adjectively*; and *Companies*, to ſignify *Companions.*

King *John.* Act. 5.
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger *March*
Upon her gentle Boſom.

Rich. 2. Act. 1.
But tread the ſtranger *Paths of Baniſhment.*

Beaumont and *Fletcher* have uſed it in the like manner; *Spaniſh Curate*, Act. 3.
To bring into my Family, to ſucceed me,
The ſtranger *Iſſue of another's Bed.*

2 *Hen.* V. Act. 1.
Since his Addiction was to Courſes vain,
His Companies *unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow.*

And ſo, in a parallel Word, *Merry Wives of Windſor, Act.* 3.
My Riots paſt, my wild Societies.

As

As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia*'s eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia*'s flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Cottage.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Dutcheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl. Maſters, ſpread your ſelves.

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask ſome tears in the true perform-

ing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt; —— yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in: To make all ſplit —— (3) "the raging "rocks, and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of "priſon-gates — and *Phibbus* carr ſhall ſhine from far, "and make and mar the fooliſh fates" —— This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the players. This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady, that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſque; and you may ſpeak as ſmall, as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice, *Thiſne*, *Thiſne*; ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you, *Thisby.*

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play *Thisby*'s mother. (4)

(3) *The raging Rocks*
And ſhivering Shocks, &c.] I preſume This to be either a Quotation from ſome fuſtian old Play, which I have not been able to trace; or if not a direct Quotation, a Ridicule on ſome bombaſt Rants, very near reſembling it.

(4) —— *you muſt play* Thisby's *Mother.*] There ſeems a double Forgetfulneſs of our Poet, in relation to the Characters of this Interlude. The Father and Mother of *Thisbe*, and the Father of *Pyramus*, are here mention'd, who do not appear at all in the Interlude: but *Wall* and *Moonſhine* are Both employ'd in it, of whom there is not the leaſt Notice taken here.

Tom

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snowt. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus*'s father; my ſelf, *Thisby*'s father; *Snug*, the joiner; you, the lion's part; I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a ſweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange-tawny-beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French* crown-colour'd beard; your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, maſters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearſe; for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company,

and

and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-ſtrings. — [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Wood.*

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck *(or* Robin-good-fellow*) at another.*

PUCK.

HOW now, ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through buſh, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be,
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be rubies, Fairy-favours:
In thoſe freckles live their favours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to night,
Take heed, the Queen come not within his ſight.

For

For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an *Indian* King:
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild;
But ſhe per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,
But they do ſquare, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd, and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villageree,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife chern;
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Miſ-lead night-wand'rers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly-foal;
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab,
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.

But

But make room, fairy, here comes *Oberon*.
Fai. And here my miſtreſs: would, that he were gone!

Enter Oberon *King of* Fairies *at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania*.
Queen. What, jealous *Oberon?* fairies, skip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.
Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton; am not I thy lord?
Queen. Then I muſt be thy lady; but I know,
When thou ha'ſt ſtoll'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin* ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To am'rous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of *India?*
But that, forſooth, the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd miſtreſs and your warrior Love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.
Ob. How can'ſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita*;
Knowing, I know thy love to *Theſeus?*
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Perigune*, whom he raviſhed; (5)
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa?*
Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſie:
And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring

(5) *From* Perigenia, *whom he raviſh'd:*] Thus all the Editors, either not knowing, or not attending to, the Hiſtory of this Lady, have falſely call'd her: but our Author, who diligently perus'd *Plutarch*, and glean'd from him, where his Subject would admit, knew, from the Life of *Theſeus*, that her Name was *Perigyné*; (or *Periguné*) by whom *Theſeus* had his Son *Melanippus*. She was the Daughter of *Sinnis* a cruel Robber, and Tormenter of Paſſengers in the Iſthmus. *Plutarch* and *Athenæus* are both expreſs in the Circumſtance of *Theſeus* raviſhing her: and the Former of them adds (as *Diod. Siculus*, *Apollodorus* and *Pauſanias*, likewiſe tell us;) that he killed her Father into the Bargain. I corrected this Miſtake of the Name in my *SHAKESPEARE reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſafed to correct from Me in his laſt Edition.

Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud,
That they have over-born their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoak in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter here, (6)

No

(6) —— *want their Winter* here.] The concluding Word is, certainly, a very dragging *Expletive:* and tho' I have not ventur'd to diſplace it, I ſcarce believe it genuine. I once ſuſpected it ſhould be

—— *want their winter* Chear;

i. e. their Jollity, uſual Merry-makings at that Seaſon. Mr. *Warburton* has ingeniouſly advanced a more refin'd Emendation; which I'll ſubjoin with his own Reaſoning, in Confirmation.

" Is it an aggravating Circumſtance of the Miſeries here recapitula-
" ted, that the wretched Sufferers want their Winter? On the contra-
" ry, in the Deſcriptions of the Happineſs of the Golden Age, it was
" always counted an Addition to it, that they wanted Winter. It ſeems
" as plain to Me as day, that we ought to read:

—— *want their Winters* heried;

" i. e. prais'd, celebrated; an Old Word: and the Line, that follows,
" ſhews the propriety of it here. The Thing is this; The Winter is the
" Seaſon for rural Rejoycings on ſeveral Accounts; becauſe they have
" got their Fruits in, and have wherewithal to make merry. (And there-
" fore, well might ſhe ſay,

The human Mortals want their Winters hereid,

" when ſhe had deſcribed the Dearths of the Seaſons, and the fruitleſs
" Toil of the Husbandman.) Then, the Gloomineſs of the Seaſon, and the
" Vacancy of it, encourage them to it; and laſtly, which is principally in-
" timated here, (notwithſtanding the Impropriety of the Sentiment, as it is
" circumſtanc'd) ſince *Chriſtianity*, this Seaſon, on Account of the Birth of

" the

No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatick diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer-buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our diſſenſion;
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon?*
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman,

Queen. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order,
And, in the ſpiced *Indian* air by night,
Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide;
And ſat with me on *Neptune*'s yellow ſands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laught to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:

" the Author of our Faith, is particularly devoted to Feſtivity: and to this " Cuſtom, be aſſur'd, *Hymn or Carol bleſt* alludes.

I ſhould undoubtedly have advanc'd this Conjecture into the Text, could I have ever trac'd the Word in any of *Shakeſpeare*'s Writings; but I think, he rather ſeems fond of *hallow'd*. *CHAUCER* and *SPENCER*, I know, Both uſe *herie*, very frequently: from the Latter I'll produce a Paſſage, where in one Couplet it is join'd with *Hymn* and *Carol*, as here in our Author;

Tho' wouldeſt thou learn to carol *of Love,*
And hery *with* hymns *thy Laſſes Glove.*

Vid. Shepherd's Kalendar, *for the Month of* February.

Which

Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gate, (7)
Following (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen. Perchance, 'till after *Theſeus'* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away:
We ſhall chide downright, if I longer ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and her Train.*

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou ſhalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury. ——
My gentle *Puck*, come hither; thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mermaid, on a Dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw, but thou could'ſt not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

(7) *Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,*
Following (*her Womb then rich with my young Squire*)
Would imitate;] Following *What?* She did not follow the Ship whoſe Motion ſhe imitated; for That ſail'd on the Water, She on the Land. And if by *following*, we are to underſtand, *copying*; it is a mere *Pleonaſm*, that Meaning being included in the Word *imitate*. From Circumſtances in the Context, there is great Reaſon to think our Author wrote, *follying*. i. e. wantoning, in Sport and Gaiety; ſo the old Writers uſed Follity for Fooliſhneſs; and Both Words are from, and in the Senſe of *folâtrer*, to play the Wanton. And this admirably agrees with the Action, for which ſhe is here commended, and with the Context; —— *full often has ſhe* goſſip'd *by my ſide*, and, *When we have* laugh'd *to ſee*, &c. Mr. *Warburton.*

Cupid

Cupid alarm'd: a certain aim he took (8)
At a fair Veſtal, throned by the weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts;
But I might ſee young *Cupid*'s fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the Imperial Votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little weſtern flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it Love in idleneſs.
Fetch me that flow'r; (the herb I ſhew'd thee once;)
The juice of it on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the *Leviathan* can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lyon, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On medling monkey, or on buſie ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her ſight,

(8) *Cupid* all arm'd;] Surely, this preſents us with a very unclaſſical Image. Where do we read or ſee, in ancient Books, or Monuments, *Cupid* arm'd more than with his Bows and Arrows? and with theſe we for ever ſee him arm'd. And theſe are all the Arms he had Occaſion for in this preſent Action; a more illuſtrious One, than any, his Friends, the Claſſicks, ever brought him upon. ——— The Change I make is ſo ſmall, but the Beauty of the Thought ſo great, which this Alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to heſitate upon it. For what an Addition is this to the Compliment made upon this Virgin *Queen's* Celibacy, that it *alarm'd* the Power of Love? as if his Empire was in Danger, when this *Imperial Votreſs* had declar'd herſelf for a ſingle Life: ſo powerful would her great Example be in the World. — Queen *Elizabeth* could not but be pleaſed with our Author's Addreſs upon this Head. Mr. *Warburton.*

(As

(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me,
But who comes here? I am inviſible, (9)
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and fair *Hermia?*
The one I'll ſlay; the other ſlayeth me. (10)
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood;
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as ſteel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I ſhall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your ſpaniel; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed, as you uſe your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.

(9) ——— *I am* inviſible,] I thought proper here to obſerve, that, as *Oberon*, and *Puck* his Attendant, may be frequently obſerv'd to ſpeak, when there is no mention of their Entering; they are deſign'd by the Poet to be ſuppos'd on the Stage during the greateſt Part of the Remainder of the Play; and to mix, as they pleaſe, as Spirits, with the other Actors; and embroil the Plot, by their Interpoſition, without being ſeen, or heard, but when to their own Purpoſe.

(10) *The one I'll* ſtay, *the other* ſtayeth *me.*] Thus it has been in all the Editions hitherto: but Dr. *Thirlby* ingeniouſly ſaw, it muſt be, as I have corrected in the Text.

Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit your ſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſart place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tyger. Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.
Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;
To die upon the hand, I love ſo well. [*Exeunt.*
Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.
Haſt thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee, give it me;

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet musk-roſes, and with eglantine.
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs, with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enammel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than ſhe upon her love;
And, look, you meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen of fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* ſong:
Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence; (11)
Some to kill cankers in the musk-roſe buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint ſpirits. Sing me now aſleep:
Then to your Offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not ſeen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy Queen.

(11) *Then* for *the third part of a Minute hence,*] But the Queen ſets them Work, that is to keep them employ'd for the Remainder of the Night: The Poet, undoubtedly, intended her to ſay, Dance your Round, and ſing your Song, and then inſtantly (*before* the third part of a Minute) begone to your reſpective Duties.

Philomel, *with melody,*
Sing in your ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night, with lullaby.

2 Fairy.

Weaving ſpiders come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.
Philomel *with melody,* &c.

1 Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand Centinel.
[*Exeunt* Fairies. *The* Queen *ſleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit* Oberon.

Enter Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandring in the wood;
And, to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, *Hermia,* if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be't ſo, *Lyſander;* find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.

Her.

Her. Nay, good *Lyſander*; for my ſake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye ſo near.
Lyſ. O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my conference; (12)
Love takes the meaning, in love's innocence;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two boſoms, interchained with an oath;
So then two boſoms, and a ſingle troth:
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.
Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and curteſie
Lye further off; in human modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid;
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, 'till thy ſweet life end!
Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; ſleep give thee all his reſt!
Her. With half that wiſh, the wiſher's eyes be preſt!
[*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* found I none,

(12) *O take the Senſe, Sweet, of my* Innocence;
Love takes the Meaning in Love's conference.] 'Tis plain here, that the Players, for the ſake of the jingle between *Senſe* and *Innocence*, tranſpos'd the two laſt Words in the two Lines, and ſo made unintelligible Nonſenſe of them. Let us adjuſt them, and This will be the Meaning. When ſhe interpreted his Words to an evil Meaning, he ſays, *O, take the Senſe of my Conference*; i. e. judge of my Meaning by the Drift of the other part of my Diſcourſe; and let That interpret This. A very proper Rule to be always obſerv'd, when we would judge of any one's Meaning: The Want of which is the moſt common Cauſe of Miſinterpretation. He goes on and ſays, *Love takes the Meaning, in Love's Innocence.* i. e. The Innocence of your Love may teach you to diſcover mine. Another very fine Sentiment. So that theſe two moſt beautiful Lines were perfectly diſfigur'd in the aukward Tranſpoſition.
Mr. *Warburton.*

On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love:
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maid.
And here the maiden ſleeping ſound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lye
Near to this kill-curteſie. (13)
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid;
So awake, when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius!*
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit* Demetrius.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace;
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoe'er ſhe lyes;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive, eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? not with ſalt tears;
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers:
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts, that meet me, run away for fear.
Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
Do (as a monſter) fly my preſence thus.

(13) *Near to* this lack-love, *this kill-curteſie.*] Thus, in all the printed Editions. But this Verſe, as *Ben. Jonſon* ſays, is broke looſe from his Fellows, and wants to be tyed up. I believe, the Poet wrote;

Near to this kill-curteſie.

And ſo the Line is reduced to the Meaſure of the other. But this Term being ſomewhat quaint and uncommon, the Players, in my Opinion, officiouſly clap'd in the other, as a Comment; and ſo it has ever ſince held Poſſeſſion.

What

What wicked, and diſſembling, glaſs of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia*'s ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground:
Dead or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:
Lyſander, if you live, good Sir, awake.
Lyſ. And run thro' fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake.
[*Waking.*
Tranſparent *Helen*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius?* Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo;
What tho' he love your *Hermia?* lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loves you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia?* no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays, you are the worthier maid.
Things, growing, are not ripe until their ſeaſon;
So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reaſon;
And, touching now the point of human skill,
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn:
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from *Demetrius*' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good ſooth, you do;
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs:
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*; *Hermia*, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come *Lyſander* near;

For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit and my hereſie,
Of all be hated, but the moſt of me!
And all my pow'rs addreſs your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. [*Exit.*

Her. Help me, *Lyſander*, help me! do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear;
Me-thought, a ſerpent eat my heart away;
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:
Lyſander! what remov'd? *Lyſander*, lord!
What, out of hearing gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, and if you hear,
Speak, of all loves; (I ſwoon almoſt, with fear.)
No?——then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Wood.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout *and* Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal. This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorn-brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot.

Bot. Peter Quince,——

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Bottom?*

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf, which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlaken, a parlous fear?

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for more better aſſurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves; to bring in, God ſhield us, a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think, I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber;

ber; for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the Perſon of moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing; we muſt have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (ſays the ſtory) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What ſay you, *Bottom?*

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent Wall; and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake; and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck, *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby*, ſtand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr.

Pyr. Odours, ſavours ſweet.
So doth thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby*, dear;
But hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a whit; (14)
And, by and by, I will to thee appear. [*Exit.* Pyr.
Puck. A ſtranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aſide.*
Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?
Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you; for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.
Thiſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky *Juvenile*, and eke moſt lovely *Jew*,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny*'s tomb.
Quin. *Ninus*' tomb, man; why you muſt not ſpeak that yet: that you anſwer to *Pyramus*; you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Bottom, *with an Aſs-head.*

Thiſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.
Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.
Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted; pray, maſters; fly, maſters; help! [*The* Clowns *exeunt.*
Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through bryer;
Sometimes a horſe I'll be, ſometimes a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire,

(14) ——— *ſtay thou but here a* while;] The Verſes here, 'tis plain, ſhould be alternately in Rhyme: but *ſweet* in the Cloſe of the firſt Line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpoſe. The Author, doubtleſs, gave it;

——— *ſtay thou but here a* whit;

i. e. a little while: for ſo it ſignifies, as alſo any thing of no Price, or Conſideration; a trifle: in which Senſe it is very frequent with our Author. *Bottom* before in this Scene, ſays;

Not a whit; *I have a Device to make all well;*

And, in *Hamlet*;

No, not a whit; *we defy Augury.*

And in K. *Richard* III.

Woe, woe, for England! *not a* whit, *for Me.*

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, *Bottom*, bleſs thee; thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery, this is to make an aſs of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The Ouſel cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed? [*waking.*

Bot. The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark, [*Sings.*
The plain-ſong cuckow gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay.

For, indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lye, tho' he cry cuckow never ſo?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note, (15)
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot.

(15) *Mine Ear is much enamour'd of thy note,*
On the firſt View to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy Shape,
And thy fair Virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.] Thus the Generality

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: and yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occaſion.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not deſire to go,
Thou ſhalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſsneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.
Peaſeblooſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and *Muſtardſeed!* (16)

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I, where ſhall we go?

Queen. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,

Generality of the Impreſſions have ſhuffled, and confuſed theſe Verſes, to the utmoſt degree of Obſcurity and Nonſenſe: but I have from one of the old *Quarto*'s reduced 'em to Clearneſs and Order: and as, without knowing ſuch an Authority for it, Dr. *Thirlby* ingeniouſly hinted to Me, they ſhould be placed.

(16) *Enter* Peaſeblooſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtardſeed, *and four Fairies.*] Here the common Editions have been ſo extravagant as to ſplit four Fairies into eight: but the old Quarto Impreſſions both came into my Aſſiſtance to reduce 'em to their right Number. The Queen calls them by their reſpective Names, and immediately the four Fairies enter upon Call.

The

The honey-bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2 *Fair.* Hail! ——

3 *Fair.* Hail! ——

Bot. I cry your worſhip's mercy heartily; I beſeech, your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your name, honeſt gentleman?

Peaſe. Peaſebloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs *Squaſh* your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſebloſſom*, I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beſeech you, Sir?

Muſ. Muſtardſeed.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtardſeed*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly giant-like Ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire more of your acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtardſeed.*

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity!
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King of Fairies.

Ob. I wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity.

Enter

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger! how now, mad ſprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus'* nuptial day.
The ſhallow'ſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Aſs's nole I fixed on his head;
Anon, his *Thisby* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my minnock comes: when they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the sky;
So, at his ſight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our ſtamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weak, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel ſnatch,
Some ſleeves, ſome hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraitway lov'd an aſs.
Ob. This falls out better, than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd the *Athenian*'s eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him ſleeping; that is finiſh'd too;
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That, when he wakes, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt giv'n me cauſe to curſe:
If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtol'n away
From ſleeping *Hermia?* I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be, but thou haſt murther'd him;
So ſhould a murtherer look, ſo dread, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murther'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you the murtherer look as bright, and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring ſphere.
Her. What's this to my *Lyſander?* where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'ad rather give his carcaſs to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.
O! once tell true, and even for my ſake,
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do ſo much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lyſander*'s blood,
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem.

Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow,
For debt, that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his Tender here I make ſom ſtay. [*Lies down.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on ſome true love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that one man holding troth
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens*, ſee, thou find.
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer;
With ſighs of love, that coſts the freſh blood dear
By ſome illuſion, ſee, thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe doth appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar*'s bow. [*Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid*'s archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!

Ob. Stand aſide: the noiſe, they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſt'rouſly.

Enter Lyſander *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears:
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more;
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh, holy, fray!
Theſe vows are *Hermia*'s: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;
Your vows to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgment, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lyſ. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking*] O *Helen*, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy; O how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus*' ſnow,
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand. O let me kiſs
This Princeſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs.
Hel. O ſpight, O hell! I ſee, you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courteſie,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join in ſouls to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo:

To

To vow and ſwear, and ſuper-praiſe my parts;
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize, (17)
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your deriſion! none of noble ſort
Would ſo offend a virgin, and extort
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſ. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not ſo;
For you love *Hermia*; this, you know, I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. Lyſander, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith, thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes:
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?

(17) *A trim Exploit, a manly Enterprize,*] This Reproach, in the Form of it, ſeems extreamly to have the Caſt of That, in the 1ſt *Æneid*;

Egregiam verò Laudem, & ſpolia ampla refertis,
Una dolo Divûm, &c.

Her. What love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſander*'s love, that would not let him bide,
Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeak not, as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confed'racy;
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungrateful maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry, (18)
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

(18) *Two of the firſt Life, coats in Heraldry,*
Due but to One, and crowned with one Creſt.] The true Correction of this Paſſage I owe to the Friendſhip and Communication of the ingenious *Martin Folks*, Eſq; —— Two of the *firſt*, *ſecond*, &c. are Terms peculiar in *Heraldry* to diſtinguiſh the different *Quarterings* of *Coats*.

Her.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems, that you ſcorn me.
Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who, even but now, did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? wherefore ſpeaks he this,
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.
Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, perſever, counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compel, no more than ſhe entreat:
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak
Prayers. (19)

(19) *Thy* Threats *have no more Strength than her weak* Praiſe.] This Line is certainly but an Enlargement upon, or rather a Variation in Terms of the Senſe of the preceding Line. But, in That, there is a deſign'd *Antitheſis* betwixt *compel* and *entreat:* this Contraſt of Terms is wanting, in *Threats* and *Praiſe:* wherefore We need make no Difficulty of ſubſtituting *Prayers.* Indeed, my Suſpicion is, the Poet might have coin'd a Subſtantive plural, (from the verb, to *pray*) *Prays*; i. e. *Prayings, Entreaties, Beſeechings*; and the Identity of Sound might give Birth to the Corruption of it into *praiſe.* But I have choſen the known and familiar Word.

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear, by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays, I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come.——
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope!*
Dem. No, no, he'll ſeem
To break away; take on as he would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this?
Sweet love!
Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out, loathed medicine: hated poiſon, hence.
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes, ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia?* are not you *Lyſander?*
I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left me;
Why then you left me—(O the gods forbid!)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt;
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.
Her. O me, you jugler; oh, you canker-bloſſom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And ſtoll'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have

Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? what, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit; you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why, ſo: ay, that way goes the game.
Now, I perceive, that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures; ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice:
Let her not ſtrike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than my ſelf,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.——

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee, how ſimple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone; who is't, that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lyſander?*

Hel. With *Demetrius.*

Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harm thee, *Helena.*

Dem. No, Sir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hind'ring knot-graſs made, (20)
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone, ſpeak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt; to try whoſe right,
Or thine, or mine, is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.
[*Exeunt* Lyſander *and* Demetrius.
Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.
[*Exeunt:* Herm. *purſuing* Helena.

Enter Oberon *and* Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.

(20) *You* Minimus, ———] This is no Term of Art, that I can find; and I can ſcarce be willing to think, that *Shakeſpeare* would uſe the Maſculine of an Adjective to a Woman. He was not ſo deficient in Grammar. I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text; but the Author, perhaps, might have wrote;

You, Minim, *you*, ———

i. e. You *Diminutive* of the Creation, you *Reptile*.

In this Senſe, to uſe a more recent Authority, *Milton* uſes the Word in the 7th Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*.

Theſe as a Line their long Dimenſion drew,
Streaking the Ground with ſinuous Trace; not all
Minims *of Nature:* *Puck.*

Puck. Believe me, King of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian*'s eyes;
And ſo far am I glad it did ſo ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
Ob Thou ſeeſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime, frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou, like *Demetrius*;
And from each other, look, thou lead them thus;
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this herb into *Lyſander*'s eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might;
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to *Athens* ſhall the lovers wend
With league, whoſe date 'till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wandring here and there
Troop home to church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,

They

They willfully exile themſelves from light;
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort;
I with the morning-light have oft made ſport;
And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Ev'n 'till the eaſtern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay;
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* Oberon.
Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* ſpeak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [Lyſ. *goes out, as following* Dem.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander, ſpeak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in ſome buſh: where doſt thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Lyſander *comes back.*

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.

The

The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day:
[*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight.

Enter Puck *and* Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face,
Where art thou?
Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now, go thy way; faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lyes down.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; ſhine, comforts, from the Eaſt;
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe, that my poor company deteſt;
And ſleep, that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*
Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad:
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires:
Here

Here will I reſt me, 'till the break of day.
Heav'ns ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a fray! [*Lyes down.*
Puck. On the ground, ſleep ſound,
I'll apply, to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* Lyſander's *eye.*
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight, in the ſight, of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown.
Jack ſhall have *Jill*, naught ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all be well.
[*Exit* Puck. [*They ſleep.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *continued, the Wood.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, *Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

QUEEN.

COME, ſit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek, ſmooth'd head;
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaſeblooſſom?*

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaſeblooſſom.* Where's monſieur *Cobweb?*

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cobweb*, good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much

in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I ſhould be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior. Where's monſieur *Muſtardſeed?*

Muſt. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neafe, monſieur *Muſtardſeed*; pray you, leave your curteſie, good monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help *Cavaler Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural Muſick: Tongs, &c.

Queen. Or ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that ſhall ſeek the ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peaſe. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms; Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away: (21)
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle, (22)
Gently

(21) —— *and be* always *away.*] What! was She giving her Attendants an everlaſting Diſmiſſion? No ſuch Thing; they were to be ſtill upon Duty. I am convinc'd, the Poet meant;

—— *and be* all ways *away.*

i. e. diſperſe your ſelves, and ſcout out ſeverally, in your *Watch*, that Danger approach us from no Quarter.

(22) *So doth the Woodbine the ſweet Honey-ſuckle*
Gently entwiſt; the female ivy ſo

Enring-

Gently entwiſt the Maple; ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*; Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls;
Stood now within the pretty flouriet's eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwain;
That he, awaking, when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But, firſt, I will releaſe the Fairy Queen;

Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:

Enrings the barky Fingers of the Elm.] What does the *Woodbine* entwiſt? Why, the *Honeyſuckle*. But ever till now the Honeyſuckle and the Woodbine were but two Names for the ſame Plant. But We have now found a Support for the Woodbine, as well as for the Ivy. The Corruption might happen thus; the firſt Blunderer in writing might leave the *p* out of *Maple*, and make it *Male*; upon which the acute Editors turn'd it into *Female*, and tack'd it as an Epithet to *Ivy*.

Mr. *Warburton*

Dian's

Dian's *bud o'er* Cupid's *flower*
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power. (23)

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweet Queen.
Queen. My *Oberon!* what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.
Ob. There lies your love.
Queen. How came theſe things to paſs?
Oh, how mine eyes do loath this viſage now!
Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head;
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead (24)
Than common ſleep of all theſe five the ſenſe.
Queen. Muſick, ho, muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

Still Muſick.

Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound, muſick; come, my Queen, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will to morrow midnight ſolemnly

(23) Dian's *Bud*, or Cupid's *flow'r*.] Thus all the Editions had ſtupidly exhibited this Paſſage. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* gave me the Correction, which I have inſerted in the Text, and which, doubtleſs, reſtores us the Author. *Oberon* in Act the 2d, where he firſt propoſes to enchant his Queen's Eyes and Senſe, tells us, he has an Antidote to take off the Charm.

And e'er I take this Charm from off her Sight,
As I can take it with another Herb, *&c.*

And again, towards the End of the 3d Act, where he is giving *Puck* directions for diſenchanting *Lyſander*, he ſays;

Then cruſh this Herb *into* Lyſander's *Eye,*
Whoſe Liquor hath this virtuous Property,
To take from thence all Error with its Might,
And make his Eye-balls *rowl with* wonted Sight.

(24) Titania, *Muſick call, and ſtrike more dead*
Than common Sleep. Of all theſe fine *the Senſe.*] This, moſt certainly, is both corrupt in the Text, and Pointing. Would Muſick, that was to ſtrike them into a deeper Sleep than ordinary, contribute to *fine* (or, *refine*) their Senſes? My Emendation, I am perſuaded, needs no Juſtification. The *five*, that lay aſleep on the Stage, were, *Demetrius*, *Lyſander*, *Hermia*, *Helena*, and *Bottom*.—I ought to acknowledge, that Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe ſtarted and communicated this very Correction.

Dance

Dance in Duke *Theſeus'* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all fair poſterity:
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Ob. Then, my Queen, in ſilence fade; (25)
Trip we after the night's ſhade;
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found, [*Sleepers lye ſtill.*
With theſe mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Wind horns within.*

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, *and all his train.*

The. Go one of you, find out the foreſter,
For now our obſervation is perform'd,
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the weſtern valley, go,
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the bear
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near, (26)
Seem'd

(25) *Then, my Queen, in ſilence* ſad,] Why, *ſad?* Fairies, according to the receiv'd Notion, are pleas'd to follow Night. For that Reaſon, and for bettering the Rhyme, I think it very probable that our Author wrote; — *in ſilence* fade; i. e. vaniſh, retreat. In which Senſe our Author has elſewhere employ'd this Word. As in *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of the *Ghoſt's* diſappearing.

It faded *at the Crowing of the Cock.*

(26) *The Skies, the* Fountains, *ev'ry Region near,*
Seem'd all one mutual Cry.] It has been propos'd to Me, that the Author probably wrote *Mountains*, from whence an Echo rather proceeds

Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*:
Judge, when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are theſe?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar*'s *Helena*;
I wonder at their being here together.
Theſ. No doubt, they roſe up early to obſerve
The Rite of *May*; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
Theſ. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

proceeds than from *Fountains:* but as we have the Authority of the Antients for *Lakes*, *Rivers*, and *Fountains* returning a Sound, I have been diffident to diſturb the Text. To give a few Inſtances, that occur at preſent.

Ovid Metam. l. 3. ver. 500.

Ultima Vox ſolitam fuit hæc Spectantis in undam,
" Heu fruſtrà dilecte puer!" totidemq; remiſit
Verba lacus.

For ſo *Burmann* has corrected it: the common Editions have *locus*.

Virgil Æneid: 12. verſ. 886,

Tum verò exoritur Clamor, ripæque lacuſque
Reſponſant circà, *& cælum tonat omne tumultu.*

Auſon. *in* Moſellâ. verſ. 167.

——— adſtrepit *ollis*
Et rupes, & ſylva tremens, & concavus Amnis.

And again, verſ. 296.

——— *Reſonantia utrimque*
Verba refert, mediis *concurrit* fluctibus Echo.

Propert. lib. 1. *Eleg.* 20. verſ. 49.

Cui procul Alcides *iterat reſponſa; ſed illi*
Nomen ab extremis fontibus *aura* refert.

Horns, and Shout within; Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, *and* Helena, *wake and ſtart up.*

Theſ. Good morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is paſt:
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my lord.
Theſ. I pray you all, ſtand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſie,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,)
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.
Ege. Enough, enough; my lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have ſtoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy following me:
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by ſome power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the ſnow; ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* ſaw;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food;

But,

But, as in health come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it;
And will for evermore be true to it.
Theſ. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit;
And for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come, *Hippolita*. [*Exe. Duke*, Hippol. *and Train.*
Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks, I ſee theſe things with parted eye;
When every thing ſeems double.
Hel. So, methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius* like a Gemell, (27)
Mine

(27) *And I have found* Demetrius *like a* jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.] *Hermia* had ſaid, Things appear'd double to her. *Helena* ſays, So, methinks; and then ſubjoins, *Demetrius* was like a *Jewel*, her own and not her own. According to common Senſe and Conſtruction, *Demetrius* is here compar'd to ſomething that has the Property of *appearing* the ſame, and yet not *being* the ſame: and this was a Thought natural enough, upon her declaring her Approbation of what *Hermia* had ſaid, that every thing ſeems *double*. But now, how has a Jewel, or any precious Thing, the Property, rather than a more worthleſs one, of appearing to be the ſame and yet not the ſame? This, I believe, won't be eaſily found out. I make no doubt therefore, but the true Reading is;

And I have found Demetrius *like a* Gemell,
Mine own, and not mine own.

from *Gemellus*, a *Twin*. For *Demetrius* acted that Night two ſuch different Parts, that ſhe could hardly think him one and the ſame *Demetrius:* but that there were two Twin-*Demetrius*'s to the acting this Farce, like the two *Socia*'s. This makes good and pertinent Senſe of the Whole; and the Corruption from *Gemell* to *Jewel* was ſo eaſy from the ſimilar Trace of the Letters, and the Difficulty of the Tranſcribers underſtanding the true Word, that, I think, it is not to be queſtion'd. Mr. *Warburton.*

If ſome over-nice Spirits ſhould object to *Gemell* wanting its Authorities as an *Engliſh* Word, I think fit to obſerve, in Aid of my Friend's fine Conjecture, that it is no new Thing with *Shakeſpeare* to coin and

Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita.*

Lyſ. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, Moſt fair *Pyramus* — hey, ho,— *Peter Quince*, *Flute* the bellows-mender! *Snowt* the tinker! *Starveling!* god's my life! ſtoll'n hence, and left me aſleep? I have had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dream, paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,— But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it ſhall be call'd *Bottom*'s *Dream*, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play before the

enfranchize Words fairly deriv'd; and ſome ſuch as have by the Grammarians been call'd ἅπαξ λεγόμενα, or Words *uſed but once.* Again, tho' *Gemell* be not adopted either by *Chaucer*, or *Spenſer*; nor acknowledg'd by the Dictionaries; yet both *Blount* in his *Gloſſography*, and *Philips* in his *World of Words* have *Geminels*, which they interpret *Twins.* And laſtly, in two or three other Paſſages, *Shakeſpeare* uſes the ſame Manner of Thought. In the *Comedy of Errors*, where *Adriana* ſees her Husband and his Twin-brother, ſhe ſays;

I ſee two Husbands, *or my Eyes deceive me.*

One of them, therefore, *ſeem'd* to be her own, but *was not.* And in his *Twelfth-night*, when *Viola* and *Sebaſtian*, who were Twins, appear together, they bear ſo ſtrict a Reſemblance, that the Duke cries;

One Face, one Voice, one Habit, and two Perſons;
A nat'ral Perſpective, that is, *and* is not.

Duke;

Duke; (28) peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it after Death. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Town.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. HAve you ſent to *Bottom*'s houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible; you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Flute. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too; and he is a very paramour for a ſweet voice.

Flute. You muſt ſay, paragon; (29) a paramour is (God bleſs us!) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more

(28) *Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it* at her *Death.*] At *her* Death? At *whoſe?* In all *Bottom*'s Speech there is not the leaſt mention of any She-Creature, to whom this Relative can be coupled. I make not the leaſt Scruple, but *Bottom*, for the ſake of a Jeſt, and to render his *Voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, ſaid;— *I ſhall ſing it* after *Death.* He, as *Pyramus*, is kill'd upon the Scene; and ſo might promiſe to riſe again at the Concluſion of the Interlude, and give the Duke his Dream by way of Song. ——— The Source of the Corruption of the Text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being ſunk by the vulgar Pronunciation, the Copyiſt might write it from the Sound, —— *a'ter:* which the wiſe Editors not underſtanding, concluded, two Words were erroneouſly got together; ſo ſplitting them, and clapping in an *h*, produced the preſent Reading ——— *at her.*

[29] *A Paramour is (god bleſs us) a thing of* nought.] This is a Reading, I am ſure, *of Nought.* My Change of a ſingle Letter gives a very important Change to the Humour of the Paſſage. — A Thing of *naught*, means, a *naughty* Thing, little better than downright *Bawdry.* So, in *Hamlet*, *Ophelia*, when He talks a little groſsly to her, replies;

You're naught, *you're* naught, *my Lord*; &c.

married; if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O ſweet bully *Bottom!* thus hath he loſt ſix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcap'd ſix-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him ſix-pence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deſerv'd it. Six-pence a-day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the ſhort and the long is, (30) our play is preferred: in any caſe, let *Thisby* have clean linnen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lions claws; and, moſt dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

(30) *Our play is* preferr'd:] This Word is not to be taken in its moſt common Acceptation here, as if their Play was *choſen* in *Preference* to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the Fact;) but means, that it was given in, among others, for the Duke's Option: And, in this Senſe, we ſay, — *preferr* a Petition; i. e. give it in, lodge it, for the Judge's Anſwer. So, in *Julius Cæſar*, *Decius* ſays;

Where is Metellus Cimber? *let him go,*
And preſently prefer his Suit *to* Cæſar.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus, *and his Lords.*

HIPPOLITA.

'TIS ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, what theſe lovers ſpeak of.

Theſ. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antick fables, nor theſe Fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to aiery nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if he would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining ſome fear,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But, howſoever, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

Theſ. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and freſh days of love
Accompany your hearts.
Lyſ. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.
Theſ. Come now, what masks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call *Philoſtrate.*

Enter Philoſtrate.

Philoſt. Here, mighty *Theſeus.*
Theſ. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What maſque? what muſick? how ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?
Philoſt. There is a brief, how many ſports are ripe: (31)
Make choice of which your Highneſs will ſee firſt.
[*Giving a Paper.*
Theſ. reads.] *The battel with the Centaurs, to be ſung* (32)
By an Athenian *eunuch to the harp.*

(31) ——— *how many Sports are* rife:] I have choſen to reſtore from one of the old Quarto's printed in 1600, *ripe*, as the moſt proper Word here: *ripe*, ſignifying any thing ready for Uſe; *rife*, only the great Increaſe of any thing.

(32) Lyſ. *The battel with the Centaurs*—] Here the ſixteen Lines, that follow, from the Time of the firſt *Folio* Edition put out by the Players, have impertinently been divided, by two Verſes alternately, betwixt *Theſeus* and *Lyſander*. But what has *Lyſander* to do in the Affair? He is no Courtier of *Theſeus*'s, but only an occaſional Gueſt; and juſt come out of the Woods, ſo not likely to know what Sports were in Preparation. I have taken the old *Quarto's* for my Guides, in regulating this Paſſage. *Theſeus* asks after Entertainment. *Philoſtrate*, who is his Maſter of the Revels, gives him in a Liſt of what Sports are ready: upon which, *Theſeus* reads the Titles of them out of the Liſt, and then alternately makes his Remarks upon them. And this, I dare ſay, was the Poet's own Deſign and Diſtribution.

We'll

We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules*.
The riot of the tipſie Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian *ſinger in their rage*.
That is an old device; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conqueror.
The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is ſome ſatyr, keen and critical;
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; *very tragical mirth*.
Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is hot Ice, and wondrous ſtrange Snow.
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Philoſt. A play there is, my lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief, as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

Theſ. What are they, that do play it?

Philoſt. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this ſame play againſt your nuptials.

Theſ. And we will hear it.

Philoſt. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

Theſ. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,

When

When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit.* Phil.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

Theſ. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

Theſ. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor [willing] duty cannot do, (33)
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Phil. So pleaſe your Grace, the prologue is addreſt.

Theſ. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trum.*

Enter Quince, *for the prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

(33) *And what poor duty cannot do, noble Reſpect*
Takes it in Might, not Merit.] What Ears have theſe poetical Editors, to palm this firſt Line upon us as a Verſe of *Shakeſpeare?* 'Tis certain, an Epithet had ſlipt out, and I have ventur'd to reſtore ſuch a one as the Senſe may diſpenſe with; and which makes the two Verſes flowing and perfect.

Conſider

Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you, (34)
Our true intent is.— all for your delight,
We are not here.— that you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand;— and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a child on the recorder; a ſound, but not in government.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisbe, Wall, Moonſhine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb ſhow.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous lady, *Thisby* is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder:
And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
To whiſper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
Preſenteth Moon-ſhine: For, if you will know,
By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.

(34) *We do not come as minding to content you,*
Our true Intent is all for your Delight,
We are not here that you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; &c.] Thus the late accurate Editor, deviating from all the Old Copies, has, by a certain peculiar Fatality, pointed this Paſſage. The whole Glee and Humour of the Prologue is in the Actor's making falſe Reſts, and ſo turning every Member of the Sentences into flagrant Nonſenſe. And Mr. *Pope* ſeems very cruel to our Author, (conſidering, how many Paſſages, which ſhould have been pointed *right*, he has pointed *wrong*;) that here, when he ſhould point *wrong*, with a ſtrange Perverſeneſs, and unuſual Appetite for Senſe, he will *point right*.

This

This griſly beaſt, which by name *Lion* hight, (35)
The truſty *Thisbe*, coming firſt by night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe let fall;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his truſty *Thisbe*'s mantle ſlain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt.
And *Thisby*, tarrying in the mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lion*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but* Wall.

Theſ. I wonder, if the *Lion* be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befal,
That I, one *Snout* by name, preſent a Wall: (36)
And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, *Pyr'mus* and *This-be*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

Theſ. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition, that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.

Theſ. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: ſilence!

(35) ——— *which* Lion *hight by name,*] As all the other Parts of this Speech are in *alternate* Rhyme, excepting that it cloſes with a *Couplet*; and as no Rhyme is left to, *name*; we muſt conclude, either a Verſe is ſlipt out, which cannot now be retriev'd: or, by a Tranſpoſition of the Words, as I have placed them, the Poet intended a *Triplet*.

(36) *That I, one* Flute *by name,*] Thus Mr. *Pope* gives it us, either from the old *Quarto*'s, or by Accident. But Accident, or Authority, happens to be wrong in it: and we muſt reſtore, *Snout*, with the old *Folio*'s; for it appears in the firſt Act, that *Flute* was to perform *Thisbe*.

Enter

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo black!
O night which ever art, when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear, my *Thisbe*'s promiſe is forgot.
And thou, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O Wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this!
But what ſee I? no *Thisbe* do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs;
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me.

Theſ. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thisbe*'s cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter Thisbe.

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I ſee a voice; now will I to the chink;
To ſpy, an I can hear my *Thisbe*'s face.
Thisbe!

Thiſ. My love! thou art, my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.

Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thiſ. I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s tomb meet me ſtraightway?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part diſcharged ſo:
And, being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*

Theſ. Now is the Mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that e'er I heard.

Theſ. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows, and the worſt are no worſe if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Theſ. If we imagine no worſe of them than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in a moon and a lion. (37)

Enter Lion *and* Moonſhine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor elſe no Lion's dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Theſ. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This Lion is a very fox for his valour.

Theſ. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the fox carries the gooſe.

(37) *Here come two noble Beaſts in a* Man *and a Lion.*] I don't think the Jeſt here is either compleat, or right. It is differently pointed in ſeveral of the Old Copies, which, I ſuſpect, may lead us to the true Reading, *viz.*

Here come two noble Beaſts, ——*in a* Man *and a Lion.*

immediately upon *Theſeus* ſaying this, enter *Lion* and *Moonſhine.* It ſeems very probable therefore, that our Author wrote

—————— *in a* Moon *and a Lion.*

the one having a *Creſcent* and a Lanthorn before him, and repreſenting the *Man in the Moon*; the other in a Lion's hide.

Theſ.

Theſ. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent:

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

Theſ. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent: My ſelf the man i'th' moon doth ſeem to be.

Theſ. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the lanthorn: how is it elſe the man i'th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; would he would change.

Theſ. It appears by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, *Moon.*

Moon All that I have to ſay, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes *Thisby.*

Enter Thisbe.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninny*'s tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.—— [*The* Lion *roars*, Thisbe *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion.*

Theſ. Well run, *Thisbe.*

Hip. Well ſhone, *Moon.*

Truly, the *Moon* ſhines with a good grace.

Theſ. Well mouz'd, *Lion.*

Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſh'd.

Enter

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbe*'s ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight!
But mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you ſee!
How can it be!
O dainty duck! O deer!
Thy mantle good;
What, ſtain'd with blood!
Approach, you furies fell:
O fates! come, come:
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Theſ. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is —— no, no —— which was the faireſt dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound: out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*.
Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoul is in the sky;
Tongue, loſe thy light: moon, take thy flight;
Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Theſ. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.

Hip. How chance the *Moonſhine* is gone, before *Thisbe* comes back and finds her lover?

Enter

Enter Thisbe.

Theſ. She will find him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the Play.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Pyramus:* I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisby* is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans, *videlicet.* —— (38)

Thiſ. Aſleep, my love?
What dead, my dove?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? a tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe lilly brows, (39)
This cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O ſiſters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lave them in gore,
Since you have ſhore
With ſheers his thread of ſilk.

(38) *And thus ſhe* means ——] Thus all the Editions have it, I think, without any *Meaning*. It ſhould be, thus ſhe *moans*; i. e. laments over her dead *Pyramus*. It is ſaid a little above, *And her* Paſſion *ends the Play*.

(39) *Theſe lilly* Lips, *this cherry* Noſe,] All *Thisbe*'s Lamentation, till now, runs in regular Rhyme and Metre. But Both, by ſome Accident, are in this ſingle Inſtance interrupted. I ſuſpect, the Poet wrote;

Theſe lilly Brows,
This cherry Noſe,

Now *black* Brows being a Beauty, *lilly* Brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* Noſe, *green* Eyes, or *cowſlip* Cheeks.

Tongue, not a word:
Come, truſty ſword;
Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
And farewel, friends,
Thus *Thisbe* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Theſ. Moon-ſhine and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company?

Theſ. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himſelf in *Thisbe*'s garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your bergomask; let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt *Fairy* time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
This palpable groſs Play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gaite of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revel and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon: (40)
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnoars,
All with weary task fore-done.

Now

(40) *And the Wolf* beholds *the moon:*] As 'tis the Deſign of theſe Lines to characterize the Animals, as they preſent themſelves at the Hour of Midnight; and as the Wolf is not juſtly characteriz'd by ſaying he *beholds* the Moon; which all other Beaſts of Prey, then awake, do: and as the Sounds theſe Animals make at that Seaſon, ſeem alſo

Now the waſted brands do glow,
  Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
  In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
  That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
  In the church-way paths to glide;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
  By the triple *Hecate*'s team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
  Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe.
I am ſent with broom before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, *with their train.*

Ob. Through the houſe give glimmering light,
  By the dead and drowſie fire,

alſo intended to be repreſented; I make no Queſtion but the Poet wrote;

And the Wolfe behowls *the Moon.*

For ſo the Wolf is exactly characteriz'd, it being his peculiar Property to *howl at the Moon.* (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beſeem*, *betrim*, and an hundred others.) Mr. *Warburton.*

So, again, in *As you like it.*

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh Wolves *againſt the* Moon.

So in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Faithful Shepherdeſs.*

——— *or the Owl,*
Or our great Enemy, *that ſtill doth* howl
Againſt the Moon's *pale Beams.*

For this is ſpoken of the Wolfe, and by a Shepherd, to whom that Beaſt was an Enemy, with regard to his Flock. And ſo in *Marſton*'s *Antonio* and *Mellida*, where the whole Paſſage ſeems to be copied from this of our Author.

Now barks *the* Wolf againſt *the full-cheek'd* Moon;
Now Lyons *half-clam'd Entrails* roar *for Food*;
Now croaks the Toad, and night-crows ſhriek aloud,
Fluttring *'bout Caſements of* departing Souls:
Now gape *the* Graves, *and thro' their Yawns* let looſe
Impriſon'd Spirits to reviſit Earth.

Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Queen. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roat,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

The SONG.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy *ſtray.*
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate;
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hair-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every Fairy *take his gate,*
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace with ſweet peace.
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Puck. If we ſhadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam
No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles,

Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honeſt *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Puck* a liar call:
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends;
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF *VERONA.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE *of* Milan, *Father to* Silvia.

Valentine, } *the Two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }

Anthonio, *Father to* Protheus.

Thurio, *a fooliſh Rival to* Valentine.

Eglamore, *Agent for* Silvia *in her Eſcape.*

Hoſt, *where* Julia *lodges in* Milan.

Out-laws.

Speed, *a clowniſh Servant to* Valentine.

Launce, *the like to* Protheus.

Panthion, *Servant to* Anthonio.

Julia, *a Lady of* Verona, *beloved of* Protheus.

Silvia, *the Duke of* Milan's *Daughter, beloved of* Valentine.

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, Muſicians.

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* Verona; *ſometimes in* Milan; *and on the Frontiers of* Mantua.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF (1) *VERONA.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *an open Place in* Verona.

Enter Valentine *and* Protheus.

VALENTINE.

CEASE to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad;
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

(1) Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd, that the Stile of this Comedy is leſs figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater Part of our Author's Plays, tho' ſuppos'd to be one of the Firſt he wrote. I muſt obſerve, too, that as I take it to be One of his very worſt, it happens to be freeſt from accidental Corruptions of the Editors: which is the Reaſon, that my Notes are fewer on This; than on any One of his other Pieces.

Pro.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy Prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs?

Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young *Leander* croſs'd the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots. (2)

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, an hapleſs gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit;
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you.
And he that is ſo yoaked by a fool,
Methinks, ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. Yet writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

(2) *nay, give me not the* Boots.] A proverbial Expreſſion, tho' now diſus'd, ſignifying, don't make a laughing Stock of me; don't play upon me. The *French* have a Phraſe, *Bailler foin en Corne*; which *Cotgrave* thus interprets, *To give one the Boots*; to ſell him a Bargain.

Val.

Val. And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud;
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more, adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*
Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: now let us take our leave.
At *Milan*, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy ſucceſs in love; and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend:
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.
Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in *Milan!*
Val. As much to you at home; and ſo, farewel! [*Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave my ſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak; heart ſick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, ſave you; ſaw you my maſter?
Pro. But now he parted hence, t'imbark for *Milan.*
Speed. Twenty to one then he is ſhipp'd already,
And I have play'd the ſheep in loſing him.
Pro. Indeed, a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be awhile away.
Speed. You conclude that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?
Pro. I do.
Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.
Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.
Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me; therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baâ.*

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gaveſt thou my letter to *Julia?*

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton (23); and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a ſtray (4); 'twere beſt pound you. *Speed.*

(3) *I, a* loſt Mutton, *gave your Letter to her, a* lac'd Mutton;] *Launce* calls himſelf a *loſt Mutton,* becauſe he had loſt his Maſter, and becauſe *Proteus* had been proving him a *Sheep.* But why does he call the Lady a *lac'd Mutton?* Your notable Wenchers are to this day call'd *Mutton-mongers:* and conſequently the Object of their Paſſion muſt, by the Metaphor, be the *Mutton.* And *Cotgrave,* in his *Engliſh-French* Dictionary explains *Lac'd* Mutton, *Une Garſe, putain, fille de Joye.* And Mr. *Motteux* has render'd this Paſſage of *Rabelais,* in the Prologue of his fourth Book, *Cailles coiphées mignonnement chantans,* in this manner; *Coated Quails and* laced Mutton *waggiſhly ſinging.* So that *lac'd Mutton* has been a ſort of ſtandard Phraſe for *Girls of Pleaſure.* (I ſhall explain *Cailles coiphées* in its proper Place, upon a Paſſage of *Troilus* and *Creſſida.*) That *lac'd Mutton* was a Term in Vogue before our Author appear'd in Writing, I find from an old Play, printed in Black Letter in the Year 1578 call'd *Promos* and *Caſſandra:* in which a Courtezan's Servant thus ſpeaks to her;

Prying abroad for Playefellowes, and ſuch,
For you, Miſtreſſe, I hearde of one Phallax,
A Man eſteemde of Promos *verie much:*
Of whoſe Nature I was ſo bolde to axe,
And I ſmealte, he lov'd laſe mutton *well.*

(4) *Nay, in that you are* aſtray.] For the Reaſon *Proteus* gives, Dr. *Thirlby*

Speed. Nay, Sir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe; did ſhe nod? [Speed *nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You miſtook, Sir; I ſaid, ſhe did nod:
And you ask me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly;
Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your purſe, that the mony and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains, what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think, you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not ſo much as a ducket for delivering your letter.
And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.
Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as — take this for thy pains:
To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſtern'd me:

Thirlby adviſes that We ſhould read, *a Stray*; i. e. a ſtray Sheep; which continues *Proteus*'s Banter upon *Speed.*

In

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your ſelf: and ſo, Sir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wrack,
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore.
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger:
I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to* JULIA's *chamber.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. BUT ſay, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names; I'll ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour?*

Luc. As of a Knight well ſpoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus?*

Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him beſt.

Jul. Your reaſon?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.

Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?

Luc.

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.
Luc. The fire, that's cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.
Jul. *To Julia*; ſay, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s page; and ſent, I think, from *Protheus*.
He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; ſee, it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would, I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *no*, to that
Which they would have the proff'rer conſtrue, *ay*.
Fie, fie; how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod?
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!

My

My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?
Jul. Is't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your ſtomack on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lye for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lye, where it concerns;
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.
Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune;
Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible,
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burthen then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.
Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:
How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam, 'tis too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſawcy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat;
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean, to fill your ſong.

Jul.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the baſe for *Protheus.* (5)
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation! [*Tears it.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words;
Injurious waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends:
Look, here is writ *kind* Julia; Unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones;
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded* Protheus.
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſov'raign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: That ſome whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

(5) *I* bid the Baſe *for* Protheus] *Lucetta* here alters the Allegory from the *Baſe* in *Muſick* to a Country Exerciſe, call'd in the North, *Bid-the-Baſe*; in which Some purſue, to take the Others Priſoners. So that *Lucetta* would intend to ſay, "Indeed, I take Pains to make you a "Captive for *Proteus.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father ſtays,
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lye like tell-tales here?
Jul. If thou reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lye, for catching cold.
Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee:
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Anthonio's *Houſe.*

Enter Anthonio *and* Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what ſad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out: (6)
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to diſcover Iſlands far away;
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus* your ſon was meet:
And did requeſt me to importune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,

(6) *Put forth their ſons.*] In *Shakeſpeare*'s Time, Voyages for the Discovery of the *Weſt-Indies* were all in Vogue. And we find, in the Journals of Travellers of that Time, that the Sons of Noblemen, and of others of the beſt Quality in *England*, went commonly on thoſe Adventures. To which prevailing Faſhion, 'tis evident, the Poet frequently alludes in this Play; not without high Commendations of it.
Mr. *Warburton.*

In

In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?
Pant. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court. (7)
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither;
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.
Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Ev'n with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the Emperor's court.
Pant. To morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperor;
And to commend their ſervice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them ſhall *Protheus* go.
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

(7) *Attends the* Emperor *in his royal Court.*] The Emperor's Royal Court is properly at *Vienna*, but *Valentine*, 'tis plain, is at *Milan*; where, in moſt other Paſſages, 'tis ſaid he is attending the Duke, who makes one of the Characters in the *Drama*. This ſeems to convict the Author of a Forgetfulneſs and Contradiction; but, perhaps, it may be ſolv'd thus, and *Milan* be call'd the Emperor's Court, as, ſince the Reign of *Charlemaigne*, this Dukedom and its Territories have belong'd to the Emperors. I wiſh, I could as eaſily ſolve another Abſurdity, which encounters us; of *Valentine*'s going from *Verona* to *Milan*, both Inland places, by Sea.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, ſweet lines, ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents.
Oh heav'nly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not, that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentino* in the Emp'ror's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me:
To morrow be in readineſs to go.
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe to deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to morrow thou muſt go.
Come on, *Panthion*; you ſhall be imploy'd
To haſten on his expedition. [*Exe.* Ant. *and* Pant.

Pro. Thus have I ſhun'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Julia*'s letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe,

Hath

Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth (8)
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE *changes to* Milan.

An Apartment *in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove——
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah *Silvia! Silvia!*
Speed. Madam *Silvia!* Madam *Silvia!*
Val. How now, Sirrah?

(8) *Oh, how this Spring of Love reſembleth* well] This Monoſyllable was foiſted in by Mr. *Pope*, to ſupport, as he thought, the Verſification in the Cloſe. But it was done for Want of obſerving *Shakeſpeare*'s Licences in his *Meaſures*: which 'tis proper, once for all, to take notice of. *Reſembleth*, he deſign'd here ſhould in pronunciation make four Syllables; as *witneſſe*, afterwards in this Play, and as *Fidler*, (in the *Taming a Shrew*) and *angry* (twice in *Timon* of *Athens*) are made *Triſyllables*; and as *fire* and *hour* are almoſt for ever protracted by him to two Syllables.

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worſhip, Sir, or elſe I miſtook.

Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia?*

Speed. She, that your worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks; firſt, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a *Robin-red-breaſt*; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his *A. B. C*; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at *Hallowmaſs*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of mony: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: But you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, doſt thou know my lady *Silvia?*

Speed. She, that you gaze on ſo as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? ev'n ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her Favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever ſince I ſaw her;
And ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: For he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them: Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good ev'n; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret, nameleſs, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of ſo much pains?

Val. No, Madam, ſo it ſteed you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much.
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period; well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it, and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aſide.*

Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over;
And if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why ſo.
Val. If it pleaſe me, Madam, what then?
Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*
Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſ-ible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her, and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being the ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?
Val. How now, Sir? what are you reaſoning with your ſelf?
Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a ſpokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To your ſelf; why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.
Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to your ſelf?
Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?
Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earneſt?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.
Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there's an end.
Val. I would it were no worſe.
Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
" For often have you writ to her, and ſhe in modeſty,
" Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;

" Or

" Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind
" diſcover,
" Her ſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto
" her lover.

All this I ſpeak in print; for in print I found it. —— Why muſe you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals; and would fain have meat: oh, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Julia's *houſe at* Verona.

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. HAVE patience, gentle *Julia.*

Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner: Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake.

[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;
And when that hour o'erſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, *Julia*, for thy ſake;
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer, than I ſhould: [*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewel. — What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do; it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Go; I come.
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Street.*

Enter Launce, *with his dog* Crab.

Laun. NAY, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the ſowreſt-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear! he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have wept, to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: this ſhoe is my father; no, this left ſhoe is my father; no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be ſo neither; yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole; this ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand; this hat is *Nan*, our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am my ſelf; ay, ſo, ſo; now come I to my father; father, your bleſſing; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on; now come I to my mother; oh that ſhe could ſpeak now (9) like a wood woman! well,

I

(9) *Like an* ould *Woman!*] Theſe mere poetical Editors can do Nothing towards an Emendation, even when 'tis chalk'd out to their hands. The firſt *Folio's* agree in *would-woman*; for which, becauſe it was a Myſtery to Mr. *Pope*, he has unmeaningly ſubſtituted *ould Woman*. But it muſt be writ, or at leaſt underſtood, *wood* Woman, i. e. crazy, frantick with Grief; or, diſtracted, from any other Cauſe. The Word is very frequently uſed in *Chaucer*; and ſometimes writ, *wood*; ſometimes, *wode*.

What

I kiſs her; why, there 'tis? here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee, how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipp'd, and thou art to poſt after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? away, aſs, you will loſe the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were loſt, for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and in loſing thy ſervice, ——— why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pant. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail? —

Laun. Loſe the flood, and the voyage, and the

What ſhould he ſtudy, or make himſelf wood?

In his Character of the *Monk*,

They told ev'ry Man that he was wode,
He was aghaſté ſo of Noë's *flode.*

In his *Miller*'s Tale. And he likewiſe uſes *Wodeneſs*, for Madneſs. *Vid.* Spelman's *Saxon Gloſſary* in the Word *Wod.* As to the Reading in the old Editions, *Would woman*, perhaps, this may be a deſign'd Corruption, to make *Launce* purpoſely blunder in the Word; as he a little before very humourouſly calls the *Prodigal* Son, the *Prodigious* Son. ——— I ought to take notice, that my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* ſent me up this ſame Emendation, unknowing that I had already corrected the Place.

I had like to have forgot, that *Wood* is a Term likewiſe uſed by our own Poet. *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act 2.

And here am I, and wood *within this Wood.*

Which Mr. *Pope* has there rightly expounded, by *mad, wild, raving.* And, again, *Shakeſpeare*, in one of his Poems, has this Line:

Then to the Woods ſtark wood *in Rage ſhe hyes her.*

maſter,

maſter, and the ſervice, and the tide? why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. SErvant, ——

Val. Miſtreſs?

Speed. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What angry, Sir *Thurio?* do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon.*

Thu.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have ſaid, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end, ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?

Val. Your ſelf, ſweet lady, for you gave the fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy eſtimation;
And, not without deſert, ſo well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a ſon?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a ſon that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as my ſelf; for from our infancy
We have converſt, and ſpent our hours together:
And tho' my ſelf have been an idle truant,

Omitting

Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To cloathe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes, that I now beſtow;)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counſellor:
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a while.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit* Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lockt in her cryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them pris'ners ſtill.

Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, *Thurio*, as your ſelf:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus:* miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,

If this be he, you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtreſs, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant,
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but your ſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you. (10)
Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure: [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me. Once more, my new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Ex.* Sil. *and* Thu.
Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.

(10) Thur. *Madam, my Lord your Father*] This Speech in all the Editions is aſſign'd improperly to *Thurio*; but he has been all along upon the Stage, and could not know that the Duke wanted his Daughter. Beſides, the firſt Line and half of *Silvia*'s Anſwer is evidently addreſs'd to two Perſons. A Servant, therefore, muſt come in and deliver the Meſſage; and then *Silvia* goes out with *Thurio*.

Val.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no wo to his correction;
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol, that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'raign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadism is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can, is nothing

To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone——

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after;
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſie.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I muſt climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my Chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth.
I muſt unto the road, to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

Pro. I will. [*Exit* Val.

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine Eye, or *Valentino*'s Praiſe, (11)

Her

(11) *Is it mine* then, *or* Valentino's *Praiſe*,] This ſupplemental Word, *then*, was firſt clapt in by Mr. *Rowe* to help the lab'ring Verſe, and ſince embrac'd by Mr. *Pope*. But let us ſee, what Senſe reſults from it. What! is *Proteus* queſtioning with himſelf, whether it is his own Praiſe, or *Valentine*'s, that makes him fall in Love? But *Proteus* had not prais'd *Silvia* any farther than giving his Opinion of her in three Words, when his Friend demanded it. In all the old Editions, we find it thus;

Is

Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is *Julia*, that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont.
O! but I love his lady too, too, much;
And that's the reaſon, I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazled ſo my reaſon's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Street.*

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. LAUNCE, by mine honeſty, welcome to † *Milan.*

Laun. Forſwear not thy ſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

Is it mine, or Valentino's *Praiſe.*
The Verſe halts ſo, that ſome one Syllable muſt be wanting; and that Mr. *Warburton* has very ingeniouſly, and, as I think, with Certainty ſupply'd, as I have reſtor'd in the Text. *Proteus* had juſt ſeen *Valentine*'s Miſtreſs; *Valentine* had prais'd her ſo laviſhly, that the Deſcription heighten'd *Proteus*'s Sentiments of her from the Interview; ſo that it was the leis Wonder that he ſhould not know certainly, at firſt, which made the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion, *Valentine*'s Praiſes, or his own View of the Original.

† —— *It is* Padua *in the former editions. See the note on Act* 3. *Mr.* Pope.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently, where, for one ſhot of five-pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam *Julia?*

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then how ſtands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too? look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand-under, and underſtand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well, that I get it ſo; but, *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himſelf in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Chriſtian.*

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-houſe with a *Chriſtian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet-ſuggeſting love! if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants reſolved will,
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe Sov'raignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe my ſelf:
If I loſe them, this find I by their loſs,
For *Valentine*, my ſelf; for *Julia*, *Silvia*:——
I to my ſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in its ſelf:
And *Silvia*, (witneſs heav'n, that made her fair!)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope.*
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,

Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to my ſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine:*
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber-window;
My ſelf in counſel his competitor.
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine:*
For *Thurio*, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter.
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Julia's *Houſe in* Verona.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. COunſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus.*
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection as Sir *Protheus.*
Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.
Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth, that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc.

Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extream rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with th'enamel'd ſtones;
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe;
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
'Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in *Elyſium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.
Luc. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots:
To be fantaſtick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.
Luc. What faſhion, Madam, ſhall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as — "tell me, good my lord,
"What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?
Why, even what faſhion thou beſt like'ſt, *Lucetta*.
Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.
Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta!* that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hoſe, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.
Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus'* birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.
Luc. Pray heav'n he prove ſo, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note, of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not; but to it preſently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Duke's Palace, in* Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, *and* Protheus.

DUKE.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about. [*Exit* Thur.
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter:
My ſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtoll'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
If unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs my ſelf have often ſeen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my Court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs, that I ever yet have ſhunn'd;)

I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thy ſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof my ſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir *Valentine* is coming.

[*Exit* Pro.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The Tenour of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke.

Duke. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, † Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may beſtow my ſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent, that I ſent her.

Val. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, get you gone, ſhe doth not mean away:

† Sir, in *Milan* here. *It ought to be thus, inſtead of* —— in *Verona* here — *for the Scene apparently is in* Milan, *as is clear from ſeveral paſſages in the firſt Act, and in the beginning of the firſt Scene of the fourth Act. A like miſtake has crept into the eighth Scene of Act* II. *where* Speed *bids his fellow-ſervant* Launce, *welcome to* Padua. *Mr.* Pope.

Flatter,

Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.

Val. When would you uſe it? pray, Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val. By ſeven a clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this ſame? what's here? To *Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [Duke *reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
Oh, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace, that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelf do want my ſervant's fortune:
I curſe my ſelf, for they are ſent by me;
That they ſhould harbour, where their lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchiſe thee:*
'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.
Why, *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merops'* ſon,
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heav'nly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories.
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal Court,
By heav'n, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love,
I ever bore my daughter or thy ſelf:
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from my ſelf,
And *Silvia* is my ſelf; baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf: a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be to think, that ſhe is by;
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day, There

There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho! ——
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find:
There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.
Pro. Valentine, ——
Val. No.
Pro. Who then; his ſpirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Laun. Why, Sir, I'll ſtrike nothing; I pray you, —
Pro. I ſay, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.
Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for ſacred *Silvia!*
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me!
What is your news?
Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; oh, that is the news,

From

From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſhed?
Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more; unleſs the next word, that thou ſpeak'ſt,
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good:
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that;
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white boſom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, tho' not for thy ſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an if thou ſeeſt my boy,

Bid

Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out: come, *Valentine.*

Val. O my dear *Silvia!* hapleſs *Valentine!*

[*Exeunt* Val. *and* Pro.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a Team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman I will not tell my ſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips; yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid and ſerves for wages: ſhe hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel, which is much in a bare chriſtian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions; *imprimis*, ſhe can fetch and carry; why, a horſe can do no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is ſhe better than a jade. *Item*, ſhe can milk; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, ſignior *Launce?* what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun. With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea. (12)

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

(12) *With my* Maſterſhip? *why, it is at Sea.*] Theſe poetical Editors are pleaſant Gentlemen to let this paſs without any Suſpicion. For how does *Launce* miſtake the Word? *Speed* asks him about his Maſterſhip, and he replies to it *litteratim*. But then how was his Maſterſhip at Sea, and on Shore too? The Addition of a Letter and a Note of *Apoſtrophe* make *Launce* both miſtake the Word, and ſets the Pun right: It reſtores, indeed, but a mean Joke; but, without it, there is no Senſe in the Paſſage. Beſides, it is in Character with the reſt of the Scene; and I dare be confident, the Poet's own Conceit.

Laun.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lyeſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the ſon of thy grand-mother; this proves, that thou canſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and S. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!

Speed. Imprimis, ſhe can milk.

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. Item, ſhe brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *can ſhe ſo?*

Speed. Item, ſhe can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock!

Speed. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcour.

Laun. A ſpecial virtue, for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *Baſtard Virtues*; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, ſhe is not to be kiſt faſting, in reſpect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her four breath.

Speed. Item, ſhe doth talk in her ſleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

Laun. O villain! that ſet down among her vices! to be ſlow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, ſhe is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was *Eve*'s legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Speed. Item, ſhe is curſt.

Laun. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, She will often praiſe her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall; if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, ſhe is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down, ſhe is ſlow of; of her purſe ſhe ſhall not, for that I'll keep ſhut; now of another thing ſhe may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her; ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monſtrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible——

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun.

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets.——I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke *and* Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak Impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*? Is your countreyman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And alſo, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſevers ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio?*
Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from *Valentine*, (13)
It follows not, that ſhe will love Sir *Thurio.*
Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe Sir *Valentine.*
Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind,
Becauſe we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary;
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, ſhall you have acceſs,

[13] *But ſay, this weed her Love* ——] This Caſt of Reaſoning very near reſembles That of *Davus* in the *Andria* of *Terence*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

—— —— *Ridiculum Caput!*
Quaſi neceſſe ſit, ſi huic non dat, te illam uxorem ducere.

Where

Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſuaſion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.
Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poeſie.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus'* lute was ſtrung with poets ſinews;
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forſake unſounded deeps, to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet conſort: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Duke. This diſcipline ſhews, thou haſt been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort ſome gentlemen well skill'd in muſick;
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, 'till after ſupper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.
Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Foreſt, leading towards* Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 OUT-LAW.

FELLOWS, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; theſe are the villains, that all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends, ——

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little Wealth to loſe:
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity;
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona.*

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Milan.*

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out,*

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage or baſe treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo.
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.

3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Maſter, be one of them: it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:
My ſelf was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the Duke. (14)

(14) *An Heir and* neice *ally'd unto the Duke.*] Thus all the Impreſſions, from the firſt downwards. But our Poet would never have expreſs'd himſelf ſo ſtupidly, as to tell us, this Lady was the Duke's *Neice*, and *ally'd* to him: For her Alliance was, certainly, ſufficiently included in the firſt Term. Our Author meant to ſay, ſhe was an *Heireſs*, and *near ally'd* to the Duke: an Expreſſion the moſt natural that can be for the Purpoſe, and very frequently uſed by the Stage-Poets.

So in *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

This Gentleman, the Prince's near Ally.

So in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Sea-Voyage*.

——— ——— *yet that We may learn*
Whether they are the ſame, or near ally'd
To Thoſe, that forc'd me to this cruel Courſe.

So in *B. Jonſon*'s *Every Man* out of his *Humour*.

——— *ſome ſuch croſs-wooing, with a Clown to their Servingman, better than to be thus* near *and familiarly* ally'd *to the Time.*

So

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But, to the purpoſe; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives;
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape, and by your own report
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;——
2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our General?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderneſs?
3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay; and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander, and our King.
1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſie, thou dy'ſt.
2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.
3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with our ſelves, ſhall reſt at thy diſpoſe.
[*Exeunt.*

So in *Law-Tricks*, by *John Day*.
That notwithſtanding my Wife's near Allyance
Unto the Duke, I purchas'd a Divorce.
And ſo in *Soliman* and *Perſeda*;
Fly, ere the Governour have any News,
Whoſe near Ally *he was, and chief Delight.*
And in a Number of Paſſages more, that might be quoted.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to an open Place, under* Silvia's *Apartment, in* Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. ALready I've been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio*: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſick to her ear.

Enter Thurio *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.
Thu. Whom, *Silvia?*
Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your ſake.
Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Hoſt, and Julia *in boy's cloaths.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt, methinks, you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine Hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick.

Hoſt. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? *what is ſhe,*
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair and wiſe is ſhe,
The heav'n ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs:
And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then Silvia *let us ſing,*
That Silvia *is excelling;*
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? how do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Hoſt. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Hoſt. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. I perceive, you delight not in muſick.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.
Hoſt. Hark, what fine change is in the muſick.
Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpight.
Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on, Often reſort unto this gentlewoman?
Hoſt. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.
Jul. Where is *Launce?*
Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog, which to morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.
Jul. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will ſo plead, That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At St. *Gregory*'s well.
Thu. Farewel. [*Ex.* Thu. *and Muſick.*

Silvia, *above, at her Window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen: Who is that, that ſpake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your ſervant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compaſs yours.
Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this, That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale Queen of night, I ſwear,

I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And, by and by, intend to chide my ſelf,
Ev'n for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thy ſelf art witneſs,
I am betroath'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewiſe hear, that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thy ſelf, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the leaſt, in hers ſepulchre thine.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchaſe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.
Sil. I'm very loath to be your Idol, Sir;
But ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes;
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exe.* Pro. *and* Sil.
Jul. Hoſt, will you go?
Hoſt. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus?*

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Silvia *above, at her Window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thouſand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to your ſelf:
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I ſwear, I do not,)
Valiant and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very ſoul abhorr'd.
Thy ſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company;
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,

Which

Which heav'n and fortune ſtill reward with plagues:
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, ſince, I know, they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick*'s cell;
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launce *with his dog.*

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy, one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog. (15) I went to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs *Silvia* from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were,

(15) *I* was ſent *to deliver him as a preſent.*—] Honeſt *Launce* is here all along characterizing his Dog *Crab*; but That he was not ſent to deliver as a Preſent to *Silvia*. The Poet therefore could not be ſo forgetful to make this Blunder. *Launce* had loſt his Maſter's Dog, and was gone in Queſt of him, as we have heard from the *Hoſt*: and we find *Launce* himſelf preſently confeſſing, that it was ſtollen by the Hangman's boy. So having loſt the intended Preſent, he *went* to tender his own Dog inſtead of the other.

a dog at all things. If I had no more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't; you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him. Out with the dog, ſays one; what cur is that? ſays another; whip him out, ſays the third; hang him up, ſays the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for their ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for the puddings he hath ſtoll'n, otherwiſe he had been executed; I have ſtood on the pillory for the geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't. Thou think'ſt not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well;
And will imploy thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Jul. In what you pleaſe: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt. — How now, you whoreſon peaſant,
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd miſtreſs *Silvia* the dog, you bad me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other ſquirrel was ſtoll'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight:
Away, I ſay; ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame.
[*Exit* Laun.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth;
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs:
(For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt:)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not ſo: I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuſe but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhouldſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia:*
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heav'nly picture.

Your

Your meſſage done, hye home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary. [*Ex.* Pro.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A fox to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him,
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him:
This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am, unhappy meſſenger,
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to my ſelf.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my Mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my maſter Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.

Jul. Madam, may't pleaſe you to peruſe this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold;
I will not look upon your maſter's lines;
I know, they're ſtufft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his falſe finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well, as I do know my ſelf.
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.
Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks, that *Protheus* hath forſook her.
Jul. I think, ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think, my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſque away;
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Jul. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all mens judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore, I know, ſhe is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,

For

For I did play a lamentable Part.
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus'* perjury and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!
Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!
I wept my ſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewel. [*Exit* Silvia.
Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold;
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas! how love can trifle with it ſelf!
Here is her picture; let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with my ſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd perriwig.
Her eyes are grey as Glaſs, and ſo are mine; (16)
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in my ſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come; and take this ſhadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd and ador'd;

(16) *Her Eyes are grey as* Graſs.] Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*'s Editions, for what Reaſon I know not, vary from the old Copies, which have it rightly, *Glaſs*. So *Chaucer*, in the Character of his Prioreſs;

Full ſemely her Wimple pinchid was,
Her Noſe was tretes, her Eyen grey as Glaſs.

And were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

A C T V.

SCENE, *near the Friar's Cell, in* Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE ſun begins to gild the weſtern sky,
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick*'s cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time:
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See, where ſhe comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the poſtern by the Abby-wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.
Egl. Fear not; the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Thurio, Protheus, *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what ſays *Silvia* to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.

Thu.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
" Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes.
Jul. 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies eyes;
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aſide.*
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh, Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, av, and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould own them.
Pro. That they are out by leaſe.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus?* how now, *Thurio?*
Which of you ſaw Sir *Eglamour* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then
She's fled unto that peaſant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:

Him he knew well and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being mask'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At *Patrick*'s cell this Ev'n, and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads tow'rds *Mantua*, whither they are fled.
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit* Duke.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune where it follows her:
I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,
Than for the love of reckleſs *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* FOREST.

Enter Silvia *and* Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we muſt bring you to our Captain.

Sil. A thouſand more miſchances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman, that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him.
Go thou with her to th'weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: follow him, that's fled.
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.

1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave,
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.

Sil. O *Valentine!* this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *the* Out-law's *Cave in the* FOREST.

Enter Valentine.

Val. HOW uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou, that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy preſence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain.
What hallo'ing, and what ſtir is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chaſe.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine:* who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice have I done for you.
(Tho' you reſpect not ought your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I'm ſure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this, I ſee, and hear?
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*
Sil. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence.
[*Aſide.*

Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reſcue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus:*
Therefore be gone, ſollicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd,
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou then didſt rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus.*

Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a ſoldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love; force ye.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!

Pro. Valentine!——

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For ſuch is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me. Now I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? *Protheus*,

I'm

I'm ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt. Oh time, moſt accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!

Pro. My ſhame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! how now? what's the matter? look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good Sir, my maſter charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me ſee:
This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her ſelf did give it me.
And *Julia* her ſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia?*

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment: if ſhame live

In

In a disguise of love. ——
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heav'n! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia*'s with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy Close;
'Twere pity, two such friends should long be foes.
Pro. Bear witness, heav'n, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, *with* Duke *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Silvia:* and *Silvia*'s mine.
Val. Thurio, give back; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again, ——
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands, (17)
Take but possession of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breath upon my love, ——
Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

(17) Verona *shall not hold thee.*] Thus all the Editions, but, whether thro' the Mistake of the first Editors, or the Poet's own Carelessness, this Reading is absurdly faulty. For the Threat here is to *Thurio*, who is a *Milanese*; and has no Concerns, as it appears, with *Verona*. Besides, the Scene is betwixt the Confines of *Milan*, and *Mantua*, to which *Silvia* follows *Valentine*, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon these Circumstances, I ventur'd to adjust the Text, as, I imagine, the Poet must have intended: i. e. Milan, *thy Country, shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither.*

Duke.

Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs;
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and all ſolemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your Grace to ſmile.
What think you of this Page, my lord?

Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE MERRY WIVES OF *WINDSOR.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SIR John Falſtaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of ſmall Fortune, in Love with Mrs.* Anne Page.

Shallow, *a Country Juſtice.*

Slender, *Couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. Ford, }

Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parſon.*

Dr. Caius, *a* French *Doctor.*

Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, }
Piſtol, } *Sharpers, attending on* Falſtaff.
Nym, }

Robin, *Page to* Falſtaff.

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr.* Page.

Simple, *Servant to* Slender.

Rugby, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr.* Page.

Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.

Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in Love with* Fenton.

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, *Windſor:* and the Parts adjacent.

THE

(1) MERRY WIVES of *Windſor.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *before* Page's *Houſe in* Windſor.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR *Hugh*, perſwade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſq;

Slen. In the county of *Glouceſter*, juſtice of peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, couſin *Slender*, and *Cuſtalorum.*

(1) *The* Merry Wives *of* Windſor.] Queen *Elizabeth* was ſo well pleas'd with the admirable Character of *Falſtaff* in the Two Parts of *Henry* IV, that, as Mr. *Rowe* informs us, She commanded *Shakeſpeare* to continue it for one Play more, and to ſhew him in Love. To this Command We owe this Comedy of the *Merry Wives* of *Windſor*: which, Mr. *Gildon* ſays, he was very well aſſur'd, our Author finiſh'd in a Fortnight. But this muſt be meant only, as Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd, of the firſt imperfect Sketch of this Comedy, printed in 1619. The Notice of a Play, publiſh'd ſeventeen years after Queen *Elizabeth*'s Death, does no ways come in Support of the Tradition, that it was perform'd for that Princeſs's Entertainment. But I have another old Quarto Edition of this Comedy, (which, I preſume, Mr. *Pope* never ſaw;) printed in 1602; which ſays in the Title-page —— *As it hath been diverſe times acted both* before her Majeſty *and elſewhere.* The Reader will find the Title of this old Play at length, in my Catalogue of Editions prefix'd to this Work.

Slen.

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for your ſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Sal. The Council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good diſcretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, (2) which is daughter to maſter *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

(2) —— *which is Daughter to Maſter* Thomas Page,] The whole Set of Editions have negligently blunder'd one after another in *Page*'s Chriſtian Name in this place; tho' Mrs. *Page* calls him *George* afterwards in at leaſt ſix ſeveral Paſſages.

Slen.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne Page?* ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and ſilver, is her grandſire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter *Abraham* and miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well; let us ſee honeſt Mr. *Page:* is *Falſtaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-wiſhers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for maſter *Page*. What, hoa? Got bleſs your houſe here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young maſter *Slender*; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well. I thank you for my veniſon, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart: I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good miſtreſs *Page?* and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter *Slender.*

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale.*

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more ſaid? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke, as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter *Page.*

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter *Page?* he hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John.*

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym *and* Piſtol.

Fal. Now, maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait: I have done all this. That is now anſwer'd.

Shal The Council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in Council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching raſcals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Piſtol.* *Bar.*

Bar. You *Banbury* cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus?*

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca:* ſlice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us underſtand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, maſter *Page*; *fidelicet*, maſter *Page*; and there is my ſelf; *fidelicet*, my ſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mr. *Page.* We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol, ——

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter *Slender*'s purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe,) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a-piece, of *Yead Miller*, by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtol?*

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain foreigner! —— Sir *John*, and maſter mine,
I Combat challenge of this latten bilboe: (3)

(3) *I combat challenge of this* Latin *bilboe*] Our modern Editors have diſtinguiſh'd this Word, *Latin*, in *Italic* Characters, as if it was addreſs'd to Sir *Hugh*, and meant to call him *pedantic Blade*, on account of his being a Schoolmaſter, and teaching *Latin*. But I'll be bold to ſay, in This they do not take the Poet's Conceit. *Piſtol* barely calls Sir *Hugh* Mountain-foreigner, becauſe he had interpos'd in the Diſpute: but then immediately demands the Combat of *Slender*, for having charg'd him with picking his Pocket. The old *Quarto's* write it *Latten*, as it ſhould

ſhould be, in the common Characters: And, as a Proof that the Author deſign'd This ſhould be addreſs'd to *Slender*, Sir *Hugh* does not there interpoſe one Word in the Quarrel. But what then ſignifies—*latten Bilbo?* Why, *Piſtol* ſeeing *Slender* ſuch a ſlim, puny, Wight; would intimate, that he is as thin as a Plate of that compound Metal, which is call'd *latten:* and which was, as we are told, the Old *Orichalc.* Monſieur *Dacier*, upon this Verſe in *Horace*'s Epiſtle *de Arte Poeticâ*,

Tibia non ut nunc Orichalco *vincta*, &c.

ſays, *Eſt une eſpece de Cuivre de montagne, come ſon nom meſme le temoigne; c'eſt ce que nous appellons aujourd'huy du* leton. "It is a ſort "of Mountain-Copper, as its very Name imports, and which we at "this time of Day call *Latten.*" *Scaliger* upon *Feſtus* had ſaid the ſame Thing. The Metalliſts tell us, it is Copper mingled with *Lapis Calaminaris.* The learned Part of my Readers will forgive me, if I attempt the Correction of a Paſſage in *Heſychius*, upon the Subject of *Orichalc*, which has been tamper'd with, but not cur'd, I think, to Satisfaction. Ὀρείχαλκος, χαλκὸς, χρυσῷ ἐοικώς, ἢ κρήνη ἀρχίχαλκος. (In the firſt place, the Series and Order of *Heſychius* ſhew he meant to write his Theme, Ὀείχαλκος, without the Diphthong.) *Sopingius* has conjectur'd, the laſt Word ſhould be αὐείχαλκος. But what then has κρήνη to do here? *Orichalcum* does not ſignify a Fountain; nor does *Vibius Sequeſter*, or any body elſe to my Knowledge, tell us of any Fountain, Lake, or Spring, that bore ſuch a Name. Perhaps, the whole ſhould be thus pointed and reform'd: Ὀείχαλκος, χαλκὸς χρυσῷ ἐοικώς· ἢ κράμα τι· ἀρχὴ, χαλκός. *Orichalcum, æs auri æmulum: vel, Compoſitum quoddam; principium cujus, Æs.* Orichalc, a ſort of Braſs like Gold; or a Compound Metal, the Foundation of which was Braſs. *Stephanus, de Urbibus*, tells us of a Stone produc'd at *Andeira*, which, mingled with Braſs, became *Orichalc.* ΚΡΑΘΕΙΣ χαλκῷ, Ὀρείχαλκος γίγνεται. *Strabo* is the Foundation for what *Stephanus* ſays; who, ſpeaking of this Stone, adds, If it be burnt with a certain Earth, it melts to a counterfeit Silver: which Earth, having Braſs mingled with it, comes to that compounded Metal which ſome call *Orichalc.* ἢ πεφρυγμένα χαλκὸν τὸ καλούμενον γίνεται ΚΡΑΜΑ. ὅτινες ὀρείχαλκον καλοῦσι. The old Gloſſaries likewiſe have, *Aurichalca, κεχρυσωμένα*: which *Junius* in his Book, *De Picturâ Veterum*, corrects to ΚΡΑΜΑΤΙ: But *Martinius*, I find, diſapproves of the Correction. Theſe Quotations, I think, are ſomewhat in Support of the Conjecture I have offer'd. A Word to the Paſſage quoted from *Strabo*, and I ſhall diſmiſs this Criticiſm. *Caſaubon* very juſtly objects to the Tautology of τὸ καλούμενον, & ὅτινες καλοῦσι. He thinks, either ſomething is wanting after καλούμενον: or that it ſhould be expung'd. If I am not miſtaken, *Strabo* might have wrote, with the Change only of one Letter, τὸ καλὸν μὲν ὂν γίνεται κράμα, *perpulchra quidem fit Mixtura:* i. e. a moſt beautiful Compound is produced. The *Orichalc*, we know, was ſo bright a Metal, that, as *Iſidore* ſays, it had the Splendor of Gold, and the Hardneſs of Braſs: and *Pliny* tells us, It was put under ſome Chryſolites, as a Foil, to aſſiſt their Luſtre.

Word

Word of denial in thy *Labra's* here;
Word of denial; froth and ſcum, thou ly'ſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the baſe humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John?*

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being ſap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page, *with wine.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs *Ford?*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Ex.* Fal. Page, *&c.*

Manent Shallow, Evans, *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* (4) upon *All-hallowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Martlemas?*

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here; do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender:* I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple tho' I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page.*

(4) *Upon* Allhallowmas *laſt, a fortnight afore* Michaelmas.] Sure, *Simple*'s a little out in his Reckoning. *Allhallowmas* is almoſt five Weeks after *Michaelmas.* But may it not be urg'd, it is deſign'd, *Simple* ſhould appear thus ignorant, to keep up Character? I think, not. The ſimpleſt Creatures (nay, even Naturals) generally are very preciſe in the Knowledge of Feſtivals, and marking how the Seaſons run: And therefore I have ventur'd to ſuſpect, our Poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the Vulgar call it; which is near a fortnight after *All Saints* Day, i. e. eleven Days, both incluſive.

Slen.

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind: therefore preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do, as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do, is to pleaſure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your requeſt: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another: (5) I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you ſay, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry diſcretion anſwer; ſave, the fall is in th' ort *diſſolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *reſolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

(5) *I hope, upon Familiarity will grow more* Content.] Certainly, the Editors in their Sagacity have murther'd a Jeſt here. It is deſign'd, no Doubt, that *Slender* ſhould ſay *decreaſe*, inſtead of *increaſe*; and *diſſolved* and *diſſolutely*, inſtead of *reſolved* and *reſolutely*: but to make him ſay, on the preſent Occaſion, that upon Familiarity will grow more *Content*, inſtead of *Contempt*, is diſarming the Sentiment of all its *Salt* and *Humour*, and diſappointing the Audience of a reaſonable Cauſe for Laughter.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs *Anne:* would I were young for your ſake, miſtreſs *Anne.*

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhip's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs *Anne.*

Eva. Od's pleſſed will, I will not be abſence at the Grace. [*Ex.* Shallow *and* Evans.

Anne. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my couſin *Shallow:* [*Ex.* Simple.] a Juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne I may not go in without your worſhip; they will not ſit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin th'other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there Bears i'th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any man in *England.* You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriek'd at it, that it paſt: but women, indeed,

indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come; come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne*, your ſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troubleſome; you do your ſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius'* houſe which is the way; and there dwells one miſtreſs *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a o'man that altogethers acquaintance with miſtreſs *Anne Page*; and the letter is to deſire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol *and* Robin.

Fal. MINE hoſt of the garter,——

Hoſt. What ſays my bully rock? ſpeak ſchollarly, and wiſely. *Fal.*

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully *Hercules*, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæſar*, *Keiſar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap; ſaid I well, bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſerving-man, a freſh tapſter; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit* Bard.

Piſt. O baſe *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am ſo quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the Wiſe it call: ſteal? foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then, let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conycatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal.

Fal. No quips now, *Piſtol*: indeed, I am in the waſte two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd right, is, *I am Sir* John Falſtaff's.

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her well; out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour paſs?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husband's purſe: ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious Iliads; ſometimes, the beam of her view guilded my foot; ſometimes, my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine. [*Aſide.*

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs. Here's another letter to her; ſhe bears the purſe too; (6) ſhe is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be Cheater to them both, and they ſhall be *Exchequers* to

(6) *She is a Region in* Guiana, *all Gold and Bounty.*] If the Tradition be true, (as, I doubt not, but it is;) of this Play being wrote at Queen *Elizabeth*'s Command; this Paſſage, perhaps, may furniſh a probable Conjecture that it could not appear till after the Year 1598. The mention of *Guiana*, then ſo lately diſcover'd to the *Engliſh*, was a very happy Compliment to Sir *W. Raleigh*, who did not begin his Expedition for South *America* till 1595, and return'd from it in 1596, with an advantageous Account of the great Wealth of *Guiana*. Such an Addreſs of the Poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper Impreſſion on the People, when the Intelligence of ſuch a golden Country was freſh in their Minds, and gave them Expectations of immenſe Gain.

me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to miſtreſs *Page*; and thou this to miſtreſs *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become;
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour; here, take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you theſe letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnace to theſe golden ſhores. [*To* Robin.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go;
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack!
Falſtaff will learn the humour of the age, (7)
French thrift, you rogues; my ſelf, and skirted Page.
[*Ex.* Falſtaff *and* Boy.

Piſt. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd, and *Fullam* holds:
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Teſter I'll have in pouch when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe *Phrygian Turk!*

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her ſtar.

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to *Ford*.

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold,
How *Falſtaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

(7) Falſtaff *will learn the* Honour *of the Age*,] What was this *Honour*, which he was to learn? Frugality; the retrenching his Expences, and keeping only a *Boy* to wait on him. Had the Editors been cut out for *Collators*, they might have obſerv'd the old Quarto's read, *the* Humour *of the Age*, i. e. the frugal Faſhion of the Times. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

The Faſhion *of the World is to* avoid Coſt, *and you encounter it.*

And *Honour* and *Humour*, I have obſerv'd, are very often reciprocally miſtaken for one another in old *Engliſh* Plays.

Nym.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poiſon; (8) I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs; for the Revolt of Mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Dr.* Caius's *Houſe.*

Enter miſtreſs Quickly, Simple, *and* John Rugby.

Quic. WHAT, *John Rugby!* I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be old abuſing of God's patience, and the King's *Engliſh.*

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor

(8) *I will poſſeſs him with* jealouſies, *for* this *revolt of* mine *is dangerous:*] This is the Reading of the modern Editions; the old Copies have it, *Yellowneſs*; i. e. the Symptom of Jealouſy. So *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*, ſpeaking of *Claudio*'s having jealous Suſpicions, ſays;

The Count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, *Count*; civil, *as an* Orange; *and ſomething of that* jealous Complexion.

Again, *This revolt of mine*, &c. If *Nym* ſpeaks this of himſelf, he ſpeaks very improperly, to call it a *Revolt*, when he is *diſcarded* by his Maſter. The old Copies read, as I have reſtor'd in the Text; and the *Revolt* of *mine*, I take to ſignify the *Change* of *Complexion*. And then *Nym* muſt mean, I will make him ſo jealous, till he changes Colour with its Working; and then it will break out into ſome violent Effects, that will be dangerous to *Falſtaff*. For *Mine* (or *Mien*, as it is more generally written,) does not only ſignify, the *Air*, *Geſture*, and *Bearing* of any Perſon; but likewiſe the *Look* and *Turn* of *Countenance*; *Oris Species*; *nativa vultûs Compoſitio:* —— *Viſage bon, ou mauvais, qu'on fait paroître aux gens ſelon qu'ils nous plaiſent*, &c. as *Richelet* explains it: that Look, or Turn of Countenance, which we ſhew to People, according as they pleaſe us, or not. Our Author, in other places, takes notice of the Change of Colour to be a Symptom of Anger, Envy, &c. as it certainly is in Nature, according to the Spring of that Paſſion which excites it.

no

no breed-bate; his worſt fault is, that he is given to pray'r; he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that paſs. *Peter Simple*, you ſay, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter *Slender*'s your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, (9) a *Cain*-colour'd beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forſooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you? oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n ſend *Anne Page* no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your maſter: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wiſh —

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet; [*ſhuts* Simple *in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long. What, *John Rugby! John!* what, *John*, I ſay; go, *John*, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a*, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*; a

(9) *A* cane-*colour'd* beard.] Thus the latter Editions. I have reſtor'd with the old Copies. *Cain* and *Judas*, in the Tapeſtries and Pictures of old, were repreſented with *yellow* Beards.

box,

box, a green-a box; do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad, he went not in himſelf; if he had found the man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je me'n vaie à la Cour —— la grande affaire.

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; *Depêchez*, quickly; ver is dat knave *Rugby?*

Quic. What, *John Rugby! John!*

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me: *Que ay je oublié?* dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I will not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable!* vat is in my cloſet? villaine, *Larron! Rugby*, my rapier. [*Pulls* Simple *out of the cloſet.*

Quic. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man, dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parſon *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to ——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, ſpeak-a your tale.

Sim. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my maſter in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a-you? *Rugby*, (10) *baillez* me ſome paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad, he is ſo quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy: but notwithſtanding, man, I'll do for your maſter what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French* Doctor my maſter, (I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe, and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my ſelf.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithſtanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs *Anne Page*; but, notwithſtanding that, I know *Anne*'s mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make ——— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell-a-me, dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for my ſelf? by gar, I vill kill de jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon; by gar, I will my ſelf have *Anne Page*.

(10) Ballow *me ſome Paper*;] Thus all the Editions hitherto: and, I ſuppoſe, the Editors thought this a deſign'd Corruption of the Word *borrow*. But are we to imagine the Poet's *Doctor* had not a Scrap of Paper in his Houſe, but muſt ſend out to borrow ſome? As *Caius* is repreſented a *Frenchman*, and generally ſpeaks half *French*, half *Engliſh*, it is much more probable to believe, our Author wrote, *Baillez* me ſome Paper, *i. e.* fetch, bring, give me ſome. So the *French* ſay, *Baillez la main*, Give me your hand; *Bailler une oeillade*, to give One the Wink, &c.

Quic.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate; what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with me; —— by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turn your head out of my door; — follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Ex.* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quic. You ſhall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne*'s mind for that; never a Woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne*'s mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how doſt thou?

Quic. The better, that it pleaſes your good worſhip to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs *Anne?*

Quic. In truth, Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithſtanding, maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you: have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but, I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company! but, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing; but for you —— Well —— go to ——

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me ——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, farewel, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly, an honest gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne*'s mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before* Page's *house.*

Enter Mrs. Page, *with a letter.*

Mrs. PAGE.

WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reason, why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, *at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:*

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falstaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jury* is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour

haviour hath this *Flemiſh* drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me: why, I'll exhibit (11) a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of fat men: how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page*, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome counſel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O woman! if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page.* What, thou lieſt! Sir *Alice Ford!* theſe Knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

(11) — *a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men:*] What, Mrs. *Page*, put down the whole Species *Unius ob noxam*, for a ſingle Offender's Treſpaſs? Don't be ſo unreaſonable in your Anger. But 'tis a falſe Charge againſt You. I am perſuaded, a ſhort Monoſyllable is dropt out, which, once reſtor'd, would qualify the Matter. We muſt neceſſarily read, — *for the putting down of* fat *Men.* — Mrs. *Ford* ſays in the very enſuing Scene, *I ſhall think the worſe of* fat *Men, as long as I have an Eye*, &c. And in the old Quarto's, Mrs. *Page*, ſo ſoon as ſhe has read the Letter, ſays, *Well, I ſhall truſt* fat *Men the worſe, while I live, for his ſake:* And he is call'd, the *fat* Knight, the *greaſy* Knight, by the Women, throughout the Play.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive, how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Pſalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tun of oyl in his belly, a'ſhore at *Windſor?* how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank-ſpace for different names; nay, more; and theſe are of the ſecond edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a gianteſs, and lye under mount *Pelion.* Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain my ſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew ſome Strain in me, that I know not my ſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford.* Boarding, call it you? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page.* So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a ſhow of comfort

fort in his ſuit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty: oh, that my husband ſaw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealouſie.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealouſie, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. *Ford.* You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page.* Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford *with* Piſtol, Page *with* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtal-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Actæon*, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels — O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: farewel.
Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.
Away, Sir corporal *Nym.* ———
Believe it, *Page*, he ſpeaks ſenſe. [*Exit* Piſtol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My

name is Corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu.

[*Exit* Nym.

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out *Falſtaff*.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. (12) I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho' the prieſt o'th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

Mrs. Page *and Mrs.* Ford *come forwards.*

Page. How now, *Meg?*

Mrs. *Page.* Whither go you, *George?* hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, ſweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, miſtreſs *Page?*

(12) *I will not believe ſuch a* Cataian, *tho'*, &c.] This is a Piece of Satire, that did not want its Force at the time of this Play's appearing; tho' the Hiſtory, on which it is grounded, is become obſolete, and loſt to general Knowledge. In the Year 1575, Captain *Martin Frobiſher* (who was afterwards knighted, for Services againſt the *Spaniſh* Armada;) being furniſh'd with Adventurers to the Project, ſet out upon his Diſcovery of a Paſſage to *Cataia*, near *China*, by the North-weſt Seas. Having ſail'd ſixty Degrees North-weſt beyond *Frieſland*, he came to Land upon a Place inhabited by Savages, from whence he brought a piece of black Stone, like Sea-Coal, which, upon his Return, being aſſay'd by the Goldſmiths, was judg'd to be very rich in Gold-Ore. This encourag'd him to a ſecond Voyage thither the next Seaſon; when he freighted two Veſſels home with this black Stone: and in 1578, his Project was ſo riſen in Credit, that he ſet ſail a third time with fifteen good Ships; and freighted them all, homewards, out of the ſame Mines. But, to ſee the odd Fate that too often attends ſuch Diſcoveries! Tho' the Proſpect of immenſe Treaſures was at firſt ſo plauſible, that it was given out with Certainty, *Cataia* was *Solomon*'s *Ophir*; yet, on a ſevere Trial, this boaſted Gold-Ore prov'd to be meer Droſs: and that falling ſhort of the expected Value, and the Adventurers of their expected Gains, the Project fell ſo low in Repute, that *Cataians* and *Frobiſhers* became By-words for ſuch vain Boaſters, as promis'd more than they could make out, and therefore deſerv'd not to be credited.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George?* Look, who comes yonder; ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford*. Truſt me, I thought on her, ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page*. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and, I pray, how does good miſtreſs *Anne?*

Mrs. *Page*. Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Mrs.* Quic.

Page. How now, maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but theſe, that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter?*

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus ſatisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Hoſt of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily. How now, mine Hoſt?

Enter Hoſt *and* Shallow

Hoſt. How now, bully *Rock?* thou'rt a gentleman, cavalerio-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine Hoſt, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good maſter *Page.* Maſter *Page*, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavaliero-juſtice; tell him, bully *Rock.*

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* prieſt, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th' Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Rock?*

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, (13) and tell him, my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully: thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be *Brook.* It is a merry Knight. (14) Will you go an-heirs?

Shal.

(13) *And tell him, my Name is* Brook;] Thus both the old *Quarto*'s; and thus moſt certainly the Poet wrote. We need no better Evidence, than the Pun that *Falſtaff* anon makes on the Name, when *Brook* ſends him ſome burnt Sack.

Such Brooks *are welcome to me, that overflow with ſuch Liquor.*

The Players, in their Editions, alter'd the Name to *Broom:* But how far that Name will ſort with that Jeſt, is ſubmitted to common Senſe. Their Succeſſors, however, of the Stage (like the old Prieſt, who had read *Mumpſimus* in his Breviary, inſtead of *Sumpſimus*, too long to think of altering it;) continue to this day to call him, Maſter *Broom.*

(14) *Will you go* an-heirs? I can make Nothing of this Reading, which hath poſſeſs'd all the Editions. The Word is not to be traced; and, conſequently, I am apt to ſuſpect, muſt be corrupted. I ſhould think, the Hoſt meant to ſay, either,

Will

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

Page. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Hoſt. Here, boys, here, here: ſhall we wag?

Pag. Have with you; I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt* Hoſt, Shallow *and* Page.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a ſecure fool, (15) and ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his company at *Page*'s houſe; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaff:* if I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Piſtol.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine oyſter, which I with ſword will open.——I will retort the Sum in Equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you

Will you go on, here?
Pointing out the Way, which was to lead them to the Combatants; as he afterwards ſays, *Here, boys,* here, here: ſhall we wag? Or,

Will you go, myn-heers?
i. e. my Maſters; Both theſe make plain Senſe; and are not remote from the Traces of the Text: but, without ſome ſuch Alteration, the Paſſage ſeems utterly unintelligible to me.

(15) *And ſtand ſo firmly on his Wife's* Frailty,] No, ſurely; *Page* ſtood tightly to the Opinion of her Honeſty, and would not entertain a Thought of her being *frail.* I have therefore ventur'd to ſubſtitute a Word correſpondent to the Senſe requir'd; and one, which our Poet frequently uſes, to ſignify *conjugal Faith.*

ſhould

ſhould lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for ſwearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows. And when miſtreſs *Bridget* loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: think'ſt thou, I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: (16) go, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your manor of *Pickt-hatch*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you ſtand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour preciſe. I, I, I my ſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enſconſe your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phraſes, and your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what wouldſt thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quick. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not ſo, and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

(16) *Go, a ſhort knife, and a* thong,] All the old Copies have it, *throng:* as I believe, the Author deſign'd; i. e. a ſhort knife and a Croud, the two Requiſites for a Pick-pocket. *Pickt-hatch*, as we may find by many places in *B. Jonſon*, was a noted Harbour for *Thieves* and *Strumpets*.

Quic.

Quic. I'll be ſworn, as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs *Ford*, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I my ſelf dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay,——

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? heav'n bleſs them, and make them his ſervants.

Fal. Well: miſtreſs *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good Creature. Lord, lord, your worſhip's a wanton; well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, come, Miſtreſs *Ford*——

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the beſt Courtier of them all, when the Court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all musk; and ſo ruſsling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold, and in ſuch alligant terms, and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had my ſelf twenty angels given me this morning; but I defie all angels, in any ſuch ſort as they ſay, but in the way of honeſty; and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all: and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good She-*Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: maſter *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip; miſtreſs *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, whoe'er be the other; and ſhe bad me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldom from home, but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doat upon a man; ſurely, I think you have Charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford*'s wife, and *Page*'s wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt, indeed; they have not ſo little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but miſtreſs *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page; and, truly, maſter *Page* is an honeſt man. Never a wife in *Windſor* leads a better life, than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly, ſhe deſerves it;

it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, truly, ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your Page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any caſe have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good, that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news diſtracts me.

[*Ex.* Quick. *and* Robin.

Piſt. This punk is one of *Cupid*'s carriers:
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* Piſtol.

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack?* go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much mony, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them ſay, 'tis groſsly done; ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one maſter *Brook* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook, is his Name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Ex.* Bardolph.] ſuch *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with ſuch liquor. Ah! ah! miſtreſs *Ford* and miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* Ford *diſguis'd.*

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

Ford.

Ford. I make bold to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Ex.* Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good maſter *Brook*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours; not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think my ſelf in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Money is a good ſoldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony, here, troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good maſter *Brook*, I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear, you are a ſcholar; (I will be brief with you;) and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make my ſelf acquainted with you: I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own Imperfections; but good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own, that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier; ſith you your ſelf know, how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and, I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating obſervance; ingroſs'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd

every

every ſlight occaſion, that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many Preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſued her, as love hath purſu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to ſay this;

" *Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;*
" *Purſuing That that flies, and flying what purſues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built on another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that tho' ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentick in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more, ſpend all I have, only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Ford*'s wife; uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks, you preſcribe to your ſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent it ſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too too ſtrongly embattel'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will firſt make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I ſay, you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir *John*, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no miſtreſs *Ford*, maſter *Brook*, you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me; I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her husband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of mony, for the which his wife ſeems to me well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Maſter *Brook*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the peaſant; and thou ſhalt lye with his wife: Come to me ſoon at night; *Ford*'s a knave, and

I will aggravate his ſtile: thou, maſter *Brook*, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* raſcal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? ſee the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* ſounds well, *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, well; yet they are devils additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an aſs, a ſecure aſs, he will truſt his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, parſon *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my *Aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with her ſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealouſie! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falſtaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it: better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Windſor-*Park*.

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. JACK *Rugby!*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack?*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come:

by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, Sir; he knew, your worſhip would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not ſo dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender *and* Page.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully-doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian?* Is he dead, my *Franciſco?* ha, bully? what ſays my *Æſculapius?* my *Galen?* my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-ſtale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack*-prieſt of de vorld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Caſtalion-king-Urinal: Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witneſs, that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: Is it not true, maſter *Page?*

Page. Maſter *Shallow*, you have your ſelf been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shall. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are juſtices, and doctors, and church-

church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the peace; you have ſhew'd your ſelf a wiſe phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient church-man: you muſt go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt-juſtice; a word, monſieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de *Engliſhman*, ſcurvy-jack-dog-prieſt; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully: but firſt, Mr. *Gueſt*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there; ſee, what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Ex*. Page, Shal. *and* Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die; but, firſt, ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where miſtreſs *Anne Page* is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting;

and thou ſhalt woo her. (17) Try'd Game, ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure 'a you de good gueſt; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy adverſary toward *Anne Page:* ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Frogmore *near* Windſor.

Enter Evans, *and* Simple.

EVANS.

I Pray you now, good maſter *Slender*'s ſervingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

(17) *And thou ſhalt* woo *her.* Cride-Game,] Thus the old *Folio's.* The Quarto's with a little Difference. *And thou ſhalt* wear *her* cry'd Game. *Said I well?* Neither of the Readings furniſh any Idea; nor can be genuine. *Try'd Game,* as I have reſtor'd it, may well ſignify, Thou old Cock of the Game; thou experienced Sinner: and might be reaſonably apply'd to *Caius,* who was an old Batchellor, and had Dame *Quickly* for his Houſekeeper.

Eva.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſs my ſoul!

[*Sings, being afraid.*

By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls (18)
Melodious birds ſing madrigalls;
There will we make our peds of roſes;
And a thouſand fragrant poſies.

By ſhallow—— 'Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing madrigalls*——*When as I ſat in Pabilon;*—— *and a thouſand vagrant poſies.*—— *By ſhallow*, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. He's welcome. *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls*——

Heav'n proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, maſter Parſon? good morrow, good Sir *Hugh.* Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, ſweet *Anne Page!*

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the ſword and the word? do you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

(18) *By ſhallow Rivers,*] The Stanza, which Sir *Hugh* repeats here, is part of a ſweet little Sonnet of our Author's, and printed among his Poems, call'd, The *Paſſionate Shepherd* to his *Love.* MILTON was ſo enamour'd with this Poem, and the *Nymph*'s *Reply* to it, that he has borrow'd the Cloſe of his *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penſeroſo* from them—— I don't know, whether it has been generally obſerv'd, but it is with wonderful Humour, in his ſinging, that Sir *Hugh* intermixes with his Madrigal the firſt Line of the 137th ſinging *Pſalm.*

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think, you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave, beſides; a cowardly knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O, ſweet *Anne Page!*

Enter Hoſt, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo, by his weapons: keep them aſunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a word with your ear: wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humours: I deſire you in friendſhip, and will

one

one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb, for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine Hoſt *de Jarteer*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtian's ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine Hoſt of the Garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel?* ſhall I loſe my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh?* no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terreſtrial; ſo: Give me thy hand, celeſtial; ſo. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd ſack be the Iſſue. Come, lay their ſwords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page!*

[*Ex.* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Hoſt.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-deſot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-ſtog. I deſire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this ſame ſcald-ſcurvy-cogging companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promiſe to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Street, in* Windſor.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *and* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* NAY, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. *Page.* O, you are a flattering boy; now you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, Sir, to ſee your wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company; I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page.* Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Ford. Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Mrs. *Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is ſuch a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, ſhe is.

Mrs. *Page.* By your leave, Sir; I am ſick, 'till I ſee her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure, they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve-ſcore; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now ſhe's going to my wife,

wife, and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind: and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrowed vail of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff:* I ſhall be rather praiſed for this, than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that *Falſtaff* is there: I will go.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans, *and* Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelf, Mr. *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my couſin *Slender*, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father *Page.*

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*; I ſtand wholly for you; but my wife, maſter Doctor, is for you altogether.

Cai. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nurſh-a-*Quickly* tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Mr. *Fenton?* he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day, he ſmells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you: the Gentleman is of no Having, he kept company with the wild Prince and *Poinz:* he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance. If he take her, let

let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you, heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner; beſides your cheer you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter. Mr. Doctor, you ſhall go; ſo ſhall you, Mr. *Page*; and you, Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaff*, and drink canary with him.

Ford. I think, I ſhall drink in Pipe-wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *and Servants with a basket.*

Mrs. *Ford.* WHAT, *John*, what, *Robert!*

Mrs. *Page.* Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket ——

Mrs. *Ford.* I warrant. What, *Robin*, I ſay.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, come, come.

Mrs. *Ford.* Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. *Page.* Give your men the charge, we muſt be brief.

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-houſe, and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and without any pauſe or ſtaggering take this basket on your ſhoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in *Datchet*-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch cloſe by the *Thames*-ſide.

Mrs. *Page.* You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford.* I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Here comes little *Robin.*

Enter

Enter Robin.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, my Eyas-muſket, what news with you?

Rob. My maſter Sir *John* is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Mrs. *Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn; my maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do ſo; go tell thy maſter, I am alone; miſtreſs *Page*, remember you your cue. [*Exit* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion—— we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!.

Mrs. *Ford.* O ſweet Sir *John!*

Fal. Mrs. *Ford*, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, miſtreſs *Ford:* now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh. I would, thy husband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. *Ford.* I your lady, Sir *John?* alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou haſt the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any *Venetian* attire.

Mrs. *Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir *John:* my brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo; thou would'ſt make an abſolute Courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled farthingale. I ſee what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee. There's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a-many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers-Berry* in ſimpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love miſtreſs *Page.*

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the *Counter*-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Miſtreſs *Ford*, miſtreſs *Ford*, here's miſtreſs *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. *Ford.* Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman. [Falſtaff *hides himſelf.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. *Page.* O miſtreſs *Ford*, what have you done? you're ſham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What's the matter, good miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* O well-a-day, miſtreſs *Ford*, having an honeſt man to your husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. *Page.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion? out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford.* Speak louder—[*Aſide*] 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. *Page.* Pray heav'n it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain, your husband's coming with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: if you know your ſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford* What ſhall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of ſome conveyance, in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-mead.

Mrs. *Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counſel; I'll in.

Mrs. *Page.* What! Sir *John Falſtaff?* are theſe your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never ———

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page.* Help to cover your maſter, boy: call your men, miſtreſs *Ford.* You diſſembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford.* What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up theſe cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landreſs in *Datchet*-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelf of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt. So, now uncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented: you wrong your ſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter *Page.* Up, gentlemen, you ſhall ſee ſport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the faſhion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France* ——

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Miſtreſs Page *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Mrs. *Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford.* I know not which pleaſes me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket?

Mrs. *Ford*. I am half afraid, he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal; I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. *Ford*. I think, my husband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of *Falſtaff*'s being here! I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſie till now.

Mrs. *Page*. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaff*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. *Ford*. Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion, miſtreſs *Quickly*, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. *Page*. We'll do it; let him be ſent for to morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. *Page*. Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford*. I, I; peace:—You uſe me well, maſter *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. *Ford*. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. *Page*. You do your ſelf mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heav'n forgive my ſins at the day of Judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha' your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windſor Caſtle*.

Ford.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*: I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, miſtreſs *Page*; I pray you, pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a the turd.

Sir *Hugh.* In your Teeth, for Shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to morrow on the louſie knave, mine Hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A louſie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Fenton *and Miſtreſs* Anne Page.

Fent I See, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet *Nan.*

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou muſt be thy ſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,

My

My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne:*
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelf
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeek my father's love: ſtill ſeek it, Sir;
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit (19)
Cannot attain it, why then —— hark you hither.

[Fenton *and Mrs.* Anne *go apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Sal. Break their talk, miſtreſs *Quickly*; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'd'ſlid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. —— This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good maſter *Fenton*? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

(19) *If* opportunity *and humbleſt Suit*] Dr. *Thirlby* imagines, that our Author with more Propriety wrote;

If Importunity *and humbleſt Suit*

I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text, becauſe, tho' an equal Exactneſs be not maintain'd in the Expreſſion, it may mean, "If the frequent "Opportunities you find of ſoliciting my Father, and your Obſequi-"ouſneſs to him, cannot get him over to your Party, &c.

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs *Anne*, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Glouceſterſhire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; ſhe calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, maſter *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My Will? od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt, indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heav'n praiſe.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. Now, maſter *Slender*: love him, daughter *Anne*.

— Why how now? what does maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page.

Page. She is no match for you.
Fent. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good maſter *Fenton.*
Come, maſter *Shallow*; come, ſon *Slender*, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter *Fenton.*
[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.
Quic. Speak to miſtreſs *Page.*
Fent. Good miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good Will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.
Mrs. *Page.* I mean it not, I ſeek you a better huſband.
Quic. That's my maſter, maſter Doctor.
Anne. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turneps.
Mrs. *Page.* Come, trouble not your ſelf, good maſter *Fenton*,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewel, Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.
Fent. Farewel, gentle miſtreſs; farewel, *Nan.*
Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, and a phyſician? look on maſter *Fenton:* this is my doing.
Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night Give my ſweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains.
[*Exit.*
Quic. Now heav'n ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly

for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaff* from my two miſtreſſes; what a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BArdolph, I ſay.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack, put a toaſt in't. [*Ex.* Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow of butchers offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames?* well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river, with as little remorſe (20) as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man: and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd

(20) *As they would have drown'd a* blind bitch's *puppies,*] I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe the Adjective here, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies. I know, in Horſes, a Colt from a blind Stallion loſes much of the Value it might otherwiſe have; but are *puppies* ever drown'd the ſooner, for coming from a *blind Bitch?* Two other Paſſages in our Author countenance the Tranſpoſition I have made.

Launce, in 2 Gent. of *Verona*.

——— *One, that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his* blind *brothers and ſiſters went to it.*

And *Iago*, in *Othello*:

Come, be a Man; drown thy ſelf? drown Cats and blind Puppies.

ſnow-

ſnow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe challices: go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelf: I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs *Ford.*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford?* I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I muſt carry her word quickly; ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think, what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter *Brook*; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, maſter *Brook*, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal No, maſter *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, maſter *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and as it were ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach, and by her invention, and *Ford*'s wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſie napkins; that, maſter *Brook*, there was the rankeſt compound of villainous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter *Brook*, what I have ſuffer'd, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who ask'd them

them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatick knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the ſequel, maſter *Brook*; I ſuffered the pangs of three egregious deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compaſs'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a *Dutch* diſh, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot; think of that, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another embaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you ſhall have her, maſter *Brook*; maſter *Brook*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit*.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? maſter *Ford*, awake; awake, maſter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linnen and buck-baskets! well, I will proclaim my ſelf what I am; I will now

take the leacher; he is at my houſe; he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible, he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper-box. But, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Page's *houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at Mr. *Ford*'s already, think'ſt thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this, or will be preſently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool. Look, where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no ſchool to day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; maſter *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart.

Mrs. *Page.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, becauſe they ſay, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is, *Fair*, *William*?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity o'man; I pray you, peace. What is, *Lapis*, *William*?

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, *William*?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *ſingulariter nominativo*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo*, *hig*, *hag*, *hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo*, *hujus*: well, what is your *accuſative caſe*?

Will. *Accuſative*, *hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accuſative*, *hung*, *hang*, *hog*.

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, o'man. What is the *focative caſe*, *William*?

Will. O, *vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, *William*, *focative* is *caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mrs. *Page*. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural*, *William*?

Will. *Genitive caſe*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive*, *horum*, *harum*, *horum*.

Quic.

Quick. 'Vengeance of *Ginyes* caſe; fie on her; never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, o'man.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum; fie upon you!

Eva. O'man, art thou lunacies? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſire.

Mrs. *Page.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui*, *quæ*, *quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you muſt be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. *Page.* He is a better ſcholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewel, Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Adieu, good Sir *Hugh.* Get you home, boy. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Ford's *houſe.*

Enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Fal. MISTRESS *Ford*, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your husband now?

Mrs. *Ford.* He's a birding, ſweet Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Page.* [*within.*] What hoa, goſſip *Ford!* what hoa!

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Step into th' chamber, Sir *John.*
[*Exit* Falſtaff.

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. *Page.* How now, ſweet heart, who's at home beſides your ſelf?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why none but mine own people.

Mrs. *Page.* Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford.* No, certainly—— Speak louder. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why?

Mrs. *Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again; he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo rails againſt all married mankind, ſo curſes all *Eve*'s daughters, of what complexion ſoever, and ſo buffets himſelf on the fore-head, crying, *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madneſs I ever yet beheld ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is in now; I am glad, the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page.* Of none but him; and ſwears, he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a basket; proteſts to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion; but I am glad, the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. *Ford.* How near is he, miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Hard by, at ſtreet's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford.* I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, then thou art utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better, ſhame than murther.

Mrs. *Ford.* Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? ſhall I put him into the basket again?

Enter

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! alas! three of maſter *Ford*'s brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. *Ford.* There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* He will ſeek there, on my word: neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good heart, deviſe ſomething; any extremity, rather than miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is, and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*; miſtreſs *Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight; put on the gown the while. [*Ex.* Falſtaff.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would, my husband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. *Ford.* But is my husband coming?

Mrs. *Page.* Ay, in good ſadneſs is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, but he'll be here preſently; let's go dreſs him like the witch of *Brainford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Mrs, *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet, we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. *Page* and Mrs. *Ford.*

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n, it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? ſet down the basket, villain; ſomebody call my wife: youth in a basket! oh you panderly raſcals, there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy, againſt me: now ſhall the devil be ſham'd. What! wife, I ſay; come, come forth, behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page.

Page. Why, this paſſes, maſter *Ford*,——— you are not to go looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, maſter *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir. Come hither, miſtreſs *Ford*; miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*

Page. This paſſes,———

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not aſham'd, let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford*, Why, man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my houſe I am ſure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time; if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hollow

low wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford.* What hoa, miſtreſs *Page!* come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford.*

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my houſe? ſhe comes of errands, does ſhe? we are ſimple men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by th' figure; and ſuch dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, good ſweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Enter Falſtaff *in womens cloaths, and Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* Fal.

Mrs. *Page.* Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the o'man is a witch indeed: I like not, when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie; (21) if I cry out

(21) *If I cry out thus upon no* tryal, *never truſt me when I open again.*] This is a Corruption of the modern Editions: the Conſequence either of Indolence, or Ignorance. The two firſt *Folio*'s have it rightly, *trayle*; which is a hunting-terme, and correſponds with *cry out*, and *open*. Our

out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, by th' maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page.* The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Come to the forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoſt *and* Bardolph.

Bard. SIR, the *German* deſires to have three of your horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſecret-

Our Author uſes the Word again twice in his *Hamlet.*

Or elſe this Brain of mine hunts not the Trayle *of Policy,* &c.

How chearfully on the falſe trayle *they cry!*

ly?

ly? I hear not of him in the Court: let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak *Engliſh?*

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my houſe a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts; (22) they muſt compt off; I'll ſawce them, come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Ford's *houſe.*

Enter Page, Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford, *and* Evans.

Eva. 'TIS one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs; thy honour ſtands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm of faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extream in ſubmiſſion, as in offence;
But let our Plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than That they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

(22) —*they muſt* come off.] This can never be our Poet's, or his Hoſt's, Meaning: to *come off*, is, in other Terms, to *go ſcot-free*; But theſe *Germans* had taken up the Hoſt's houſe, and he was reſolv'd to make them pay for it. We muſt certainly, therefore, read, *they muſt* compt off: *i. e.* they muſt pay off the Accompt, or, as we now ſay, *down with their Pence.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Eva. You ſay, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old o'man; methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. *Ford.* Deviſe but how you'll uſe him, when he comes;
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in *Windſor* foreſt,
Doth all the winter time at ſtill of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattel;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of ſuch a Spirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s Oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, this is our device, (23)
That *Falſtaff* at that oak ſhall meet with us.
We'll ſend him word to meet us in the Field,
Diſguis'd like *Herne*, with huge Horns on his Head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your Plot?

(23) *Mrs.* Ford. *Marry, this is our Device,*
That Falſtaff *at that Oak ſhall meet with us.*
Page. *Well; let it not be doubted, but he'll come.*
And in this Shape *when you have brought him thither.*] Thus this Paſſage has been tranſmitted down to us, from the Time of the firſt Edition by the Players: But what was this Shape, in which *Falſtaff* was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not ſaid one Word to aſcertain it. This makes it more than ſuſpicious, the Defect in this Point muſt be owing to ſome wiſe Retrenchment. The two intermediate Lines, which I have reſtor'd from the old *Quarto*, are abſolutely neceſſary, and clear up the matter.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: upon their ſight,
We two, in great amazedneſs, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy Revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane?

Mrs. *Ford*. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. *Page*. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor*.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-anapes alſo, to burn the Knight with my taper.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. *Page*. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the fairies; Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy, and in that tire (24)

(24) *That Silk will I go buy, and in that* time
Shall Mr. Slender *ſteal*, &c.] What! muſt *Slender* ſteal Mrs. *Anne*, while her Father goes to buy the Silk ſhe was to be dreſs'd in? This was no part of the Scheme. Her Garb was to be the Signal for *Slender* to know her by. The Alteration of a ſingle Letter gives us the Poet's Reading. *Tire* is as common with our Poet, and other Writers of his Age, as *Attire*; to ſignify, *Dreſs*. And my Emendation is clearly juſtified, by what *Fenton* afterwards tells the Hoſt.

Her Father means She ſhall be all in white,
And in that Dreſs, *when* Slender *ſees his time*
To take her by the Hand, &c,

Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*; he'll tell me all his Purpoſe. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that; go get us Properties and Tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries. [*Ex.* Page, Ford *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Page.* Go, Mrs. *Ford*,
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John*, to know his mind. (25)
[*Exit Mrs.* Ford.
I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
And he my husband beſt of all affects:
The Doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at Court; he, none but he ſhall have her;
Tho' twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoſt *and* Simple.

Hoſt. WHAT would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up

(25) *Send quickly to Sir* John, *to know his mind*] The whole Set of printed Copies downwards have ſunk our *Meſſenger* here into an *Adverb*. Dame *Quickly* is the Perſon intended to be ſent to Sir *John*; and accordingly when we next find her with him, She tells him, *She comes from the two parties*; *viz.* Mrs. *Ford* and Mrs. *Page*.

into

into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down; I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! bully-Sir *John!* ſpeak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calls.

Falſtaff, *above.*

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. There was, mine Hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brainford?*

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muſſel-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, Sir, my maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the ſtreet, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguil'd maſter *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have ſpoken with the woman her ſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; ſay, the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Hoſt*; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a ſlough of mire, and ſet ſpurs, and away; like three *German* devils, three Doctor *Fauſtus's*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not ſay they be fled; *Germans* are honeſt men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Hoſt?*

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o'mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hoſts of *Readings*, of *Maiden-head*, of *Colebrook*, of horſes and mony. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozen'd; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Hoſt de Jarteer?*

Hoſt. Here, maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*;

many; by my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [*Ex.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go! aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermens boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore my ſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent.——

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd. I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant, ſpecioufly one of them; miſtreſs *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my ſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the (26) action of a wood woman, de-

(26) *Action of* an old *Woman*,] This Reading is no great Compliment to the Sagacity of our former Editors, who could content themſelves with Words, without any regard to the Reaſoning. What! was it any Dexterity of Wit in Sir *John Falſtaff*, to counterfeit the Action of an *Old* Woman in order to eſcape being apprehended for a *Witch?* Surely, one would imagine, This was the readieſt means to bring him into ſuch a Scrape: for none but *old* Women have ever been ſuſpected of being *Witches*.

liver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i'th' ſtocks, i'th' common ſtocks for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber; you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? ſure, one of you does not ſerve heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fenton *and* Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter *Fenton*; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So far forth as her ſelf might be her chuſer)
Ev'n to my wiſh. I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir *John Falſtaff*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark, good mine Hoſt;
To night at *Herne*'s Oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the fairy Queen;
The purpoſe why, is here; in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*

Witches. The Text muſt certainly be reſtor'd, as I have corrected it, *a wood* Woman; *i. e.* a crazy, frantick Woman; one too wild, and ſilly, and unmeaning, to have either the Malice, or miſchievous Subtlety of a Witch in her. I have already explain'd, and prov'd the uſe of this Term, in one of my Notes on the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona.

Imme-

Immediately to marry; ſhe hath conſented.— Now, Sir,
Her mother, ever ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their minds;
And at the Deanry, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her; To this her mother's Plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor.— Now, thus it reſts;
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in that dreſs when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him.— Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they muſt all be mask'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Hoſt, to go along with me;
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more pratling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd numbers; away, go; they ſay, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs.* Quickly.

Fal.

Fal. Away, I ſay, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, maſter *Brook?* maſter *Brook*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Park about mid-night, at *Herne*'s oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, maſter *Brook*, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, *Ford* her husband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſie in him, maſter *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of a man, maſter *Brook*, I fear not *Goliah* with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle; I am in haſte; go along with me, I'll tell you all, maſter *Brook*. Since I pluckt geeſe, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; ſtrange things in hand, maſter *Brook!* follow. —— [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Windſor-Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

PAGE.

COME, come; we'll couch i'th' caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our fairies. Remember, ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come

to

to her in white, and cry, *mum*; ſhe cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and ſpirits will become it well; heav'n proſper our ſport! No man means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Caius.

Mrs. *Page.* Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanary, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, (27) and the *Welch* devil *Evans?*

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne*'s oak, with obſcur'd lights; which, at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff*'s and our Meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

(27) *And the Welch Devil* Herne?] Thus all the Impreſſions have blunder'd after each other; but *Falſtaff* was to repreſent *Herne*, and he was no *Welchman*. Where was the Attention, or Sagacity, of our Editors, not to obſerve that Mrs. *Ford* is inquiring for *Evans* by the Name of the *Welch* Devil? The Miſtake, of the Word *Herne* getting into the Text, might eaſily happen by the Inadvertence of Tranſcribers, who threw their Eyes too haſtily on the ſucceeding Line, where the Word again occurs. Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe diſcover'd the Blunder of this Paſſage.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page.* Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Evans *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaff, *with a Buck's head on.*

Fal. The *Windſor* bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded Gods aſſiſt me! Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a bull for thy *Europa*; love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt: You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a ſwan, for the love of *Leda:* oh, omnipotent love! how near the God drew to the complexion of a gooſe? A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt,—O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault; and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl:—think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windſor* ſtag, and the fatteſt, I think, i'th' foreſt. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John?* art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut? let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*; hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet heart.

Fal. (28) Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my ſides to my ſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your huſbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome! [*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our ſins!

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page.* Away, away. [*The women run out.*

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he never would elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh *like a Satyr*; Quickly, *and others, dreſt like Fairies, with Tapers.*

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You Ouphen-heirs of fixed deſtiny, (29)
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,

(28) *Divide me like a* brib'd-Buck,] Thus all the old Copies, miſtakingly: It muſt be, *bribe-buck*; i. e. a Buck ſent for a Bribe. I made the Correction in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has reform'd the Paſſage by it, in his laſt Edition.

(29) *You* orphan-*heirs of*] Why, *Orphan-heirs?* Deſtiny, to which they ow'd their Original, and to whom they were heirs, was yet in *Being* ſure: therefore they could not be call'd Orphans. Doubtleſs, the Poet wrote;

You Ouphen-*heirs of fixed Deſtiny.*

i. e. You *Elves*, that ſucceed to, and miniſter in, ſome of the Works of Deſtiny. They are call'd both before and after, in this Play, *Ouphs*; here, *Ouphen*: for *en* is either the *Saxon* Termination of *plural* Nouns; (the Word it ſelf being from the *Saxon* Alpenne, *lamiæ, dæmones*;) or the Termination of an Adjective, form'd from a Noun; as *wooden, woollen, golden, brazen,* &c. Mr. *Warburton.*

There

There pinch the maids as blew as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates ſluts and ſluttery.
Fal. They're fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their works muſt eye.
[*Lyes down upon his Face.*
Eva. Where's *Pede?* go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
Raiſe up the organs of her fantaſie;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;
But thoſe, that ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhins.
Quic. About, about;
Search *Windſor* caſtle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In ſtate as wholſom, as in ſtate 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it (30).
The ſeveral chairs of Order look you ſcour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r;
Each fair Inſtalment-Coat and ſev'ral Creſt,
With loyal blazon evermore be bleſt!
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the *Garter*-compaſs, in a ring:
Th' expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Penſe* write,
In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white,
Like ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flow'rs for their charactery.
Away, diſperſe; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock;
Our dance of cuſtom round about the Oak

(30) ——— *and the Owner it.*] *And* cannot be the true Reading, both becauſe the Grammar of the Sentence will not allow it, and his Court to Queen *Elizabeth* directs to another Reading;
——— as *the Owner it.*
for, ſure, he would not wiſh a Thing, which his Complaiſance and Addreſs muſt ſuppoſe actually was; *viz.* the Worth of the Owner.
Mr. *Warburton.*

Of

Of *Herne*, the hunter, let us not forget.
Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, your ſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!
Eva. Vild worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.
Quic. With tryal-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.
Eva. A tryal, come.——
[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!
Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, fairies, ſing a ſcornful rhime:
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.
Eva. (31) It is right, indeed, he is full of leacheries and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fie on ſinful phantaſie:
Fie on luſt and luxury:
Luſt is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

(32) *During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and ſteals away a Boy in green;* Slender,

(31) Eva. *It is right, indeed:*] This ſhort Speech, which is very much in Character for Sir *Hugh*, I have inſerted from the old *Quarto*.

(32) *During this Song,*] This Direction I thought proper to inſert from the old *Quarto's*, as it is neceſſary to explain what is in Action on the Scene; and on which a Part of the *Cataſtrophe* of the Fable depends.

another

another way, and he takes away a Boy in white; and Fenton *comes, and ſteals away Mrs.* Anne Page. *A Noiſe of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away.* Falſtaff *pulls off his Buck's head, and riſes.*

Enter Page, Ford, *&c. They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, We've watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the hunter ſerve your turn?

Mrs. *Page.* I pray you, come; hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windſor* wives?
See you theſe, husbands? do not theſe fair Yoaks (33)
Become the Foreſt better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? maſter *Brook*, *Falſtaff*'s a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, maſter *Brook*; and maſter *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*'s but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which muſt be paid to maſter *Brook*; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter *Brook*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my

(33) *See you theſe husbands? Do not theſe fair* Oaks
Become the Foreſt better than the Town?] What *Oaks*, in the Name of Nonſenſe, do our ſagacious Editors make Mrs. *Page* talk of? The *Oaks* in the *Park?* But there was no Intention of tranſplanting them into the *Town.* —— *Me quidèm pudet, pigetque.* The firſt *Folio* reads, as the Poet intended, *Yoaks:* and Mrs. *Page*'s Meaning is this. She ſpeaks to her own, and Mrs. *Ford*'s husband, and asks them, if they ſee the *Horns* in *Falſtaff*'s hand; and then alluding to them as the Types of *Cuckoldom*, puts the Queſtion, whether thoſe *Yoaks* are not more proper in the *Foreſt* than in the *Town:* i. e. than in their Families, as a Reproach to them.

powers,

powers, drove the groſsneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

Eva. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the ſun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter? have I liv'd to ſtand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of *Engliſh*? this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given our ſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax? (34)

Mrs. *Page.* A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job?*

(34) *What, a* hog's *pudding?*] Mr. *Pope* has help'd us to this *hog's-pudding*; all the other Editions, which I have ſeen, have it rightly *hodge-pudding*, as it is vulgarly written and pronounc'd; the *French* call, to ſhake, or jumble together, *hocher:* and they have a Diſh call'd, *un hoche-pot*, which is a Mixture of ſeveral Sorts of Meats cook'd up together. They likewiſe call it, *un pot pourri:* (ſays *Richelet*) a Diſh, made up of ſeveral Meats macerated: and ſuch a *Gallimaufry*, does *Ford* mean, is *Falſtaff*.

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* flannel; ignorance it ſelf is a plummet o'er me; uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be a biting affliction.

(35) Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, husband, let That go to make amends:
Forgive that Summ, and ſo we'll all be Friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight; thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s wife. [*Aſide.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father *Page?*

Page. Son, how now? how now, ſon, have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? I'll make the beſt in *Glouceſterſhire* know on't; would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

(35) *Mrs.* Ford. *Nay, husband,*] This and the following little Speech I have inſerted from the old *Quarto's*. The Retrenchment, I preſume, was by the Players; and an injudicious One, in my Opinion. Sir *John Falſtaff* is deſign'd the Favourite Character in the Play. His Vices are the Subject of all the Pleaſantry: and he is ſufficiently puniſh'd, in being diſappointed and expos'd. The Expectation of his being perfected for the twenty Pounds, gives the Concluſion too tragical a Turn. Beſides, it is *poetick Juſtice* that *Ford* ſhould ſuſtain this Loſs, as a Fine for his unreaſonable Jealouſy.

Page.

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's-boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cry'd *mum*, and ſhe cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! Maſter *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vext at Heart. What ſhall I do?

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpoſe, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vér is miſtreſs *Page*? by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garſoon, a boy; one peaſant, by gar. A boy; it is not *Anne Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raiſe all *Windſor*.

Ford. This is ſtrange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.

Enter Fenton, *and* Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, miſtreſs, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender?*

Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, ſhe and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
Th' offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed;
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a ſpecial Stand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy;
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Eva. I will alſo dance and eat plums at your Wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Well, I will muſe no further. Mr. *Fenton*,
Heav'n give you many, many merry days.
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo:— Sir *John*,
To maſter *Brook* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to night, ſhall lye with miſtreſs *Ford*.

[*Exe. Omnes.*

MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, } *an ancient Lord, join'd with* Angelo *in the Deputation.*
Claudio, *a young gentleman.*
Lucio, *a fantaſtick.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a gentleman, ſervant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-don.
Abhorſon, *an executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*

Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Marina, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-don, *a bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Duke's PALACE.*

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

ESCALUS,——

Eſcal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t'unfold,
Would ſeem in me t'affect ſpeech and diſcourſe.
Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: then no more remains: (1)

(1) ——*then no more remaines:*
Put *that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,*
And let them work] I doubt not, but this Paſſage, either from the Impertinence of the Actors, or the Negligence of the Copyiſts, has come maim'd to us. In the firſt Place, what an unmeaſurable, inharmonious, Verſe have we here; and, then, how lame is the Senſe! What was *Eſcalus* to put to his *Sufficiency?* Why, his *Science.* But his Science and his Sufficiency were but One and the ſame Thing. On what then does the Relative, *them,* depend? The old Editions read thus.

—— *Then no more remaines,*
But *that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,*
And let them work.

Here, again, the Senſe is manifeſtly lame and defective, and as the Verſification is ſo too, they concur to make me think, a Line has accidentally been left out. Perhaps, ſomething like This might ſupply our Author's Meaning.

—*Then*

Put that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms
Of common juſtice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo*:
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul
Elected him our Abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our Terror, dreſt him with our Love;
And giv'n his Deputation all the organs
Of our own Power: ſay, what think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thy ſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelf upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,

———*Then no more remains,*
But *that to your Sufficiency* you add
Due Diligency, *as your Worth is able;*
And let them work.

By ſome ſuch Supplement both the Senſe and Meaſure would be cur'd. But as the Conjecture is unſupported by any Authorities, I have not pretended to thruſt it into the Text; but ſubmit it to Judgment. They, who are acquainted with Books, know, that, where two Words of a ſimilar Length and Termination happen to lie under one another, nothing is more common than for Tranſcribers to glance their Eye at once from the *firſt* to the *undermoſt* Word, and ſo leave out the intermediate part of the Sentence.

Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues (2)
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Her ſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore, *Angelo:*
In our Remove, be thou at full our ſelf.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Eſcalus*,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers it ſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your Commiſſions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

(2) ——*for if our Virtues*
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.] This Sentiment ſeems to have ſprung from the following Paſſage of *Horace*, Lib. 4. Ode 9.
Paullùm ſepultæ diſtat Inertiæ
Celata Virtus.

With

With any ſcruple; your Scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave*'s vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place:
A pow'r I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, *and two gentlemen.*

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary*'s!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious Pirate, that went to ſea with the ten Commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal,——

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a Commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal; there's not a ſoldier of us all, that,

in the thankſgiving before meat, do reliſh the petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſie; as for example, thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an *Engliſh* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think, thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent*, I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to ——

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more. (3)

1 *Gent.*

(3) *A* French *Crown more.*] *Lucio* means here not the piece of money ſo call'd, but that *Venerial* Scab which among the Surgeons is ſtil'd *Corona*.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feaſt of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio.*

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exe.*

rona Veneris. To this, I think, our Author likewiſe makes *Quince* allude in *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

Some of your French *Crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.*

As *B. Jonſon* does likewiſe in *Cynthia's Revels.*

Aſot. *I, Sir, I'll aſſure you, tis a Beaver. It coſt me eight Crowns but this morning.*

Amo. After your *French* Account?

Aſot. *Yes, Sir.*

Cri. *And ſo near his Head?— Beſhrew me, dangerous.*

For where theſe Eruptions are, the Skull is carious, and the Party becomes bald.

Manet

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burger put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the comman wealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's Madam *Juliet.*

[*Ex.* Bawd *and* Clown.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.* Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th' world? Bear

Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord *Angelo* by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Lucio. Why how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immod'rate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors; and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What, but to ſpeak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, Sir, you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:— *Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is letchery ſo look'd after?

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me; upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Julietta*'s bed,
(You know the lady,) ſhe is faſt my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

The

The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on *Juliet*.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpſe, of newneſs;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horſe whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtrait feel the ſpur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:)— but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round, (4)
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me; 'tis, ſurely, for a name.
Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.
Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my Siſter ſhould the Cloiſter enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy; bid her ſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men! beſide, ſhe 'hath proſp'rous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

(4) *So long, that* nineteen *Zodiacks have gone round,*] The Duke, in the Scene immediately following, ſays,

Which for theſe fourteen *Years we have let ſlip,*

The Author could not ſo diſagree with himſelf, in ſo narrow a Compaſs. The Numbers muſt have been wrote in Figures, and ſo miſtaken: for which reaſon, 'tis neceſſary to make the two Accounts correſpond.

Lucio.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio.*

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A* MONASTERY.

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat boſom: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt Aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firm abſtinence) (5)

My

(5) *A Man of* Stricture.] Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, that *Strictura*, from which this Word ſhould ſeem to be form'd, ſignified, among the *Latines*, the *Spark* which flies from red-hot Iron when ſtruck; whence, in *Engliſh*, it has been metaphorically taken for a *bright Stroke* in an Author: nor has it, ſays he, any other Signification. And he very reaſonably queſtions, whether it had That in *Shakeſpeare*'s time. As ſo remote a Signification could have no place in the Text here, he ſuſpects that two Words muſt have ignorantly been jumbled into one, and that our Author wrote:

A Man of ſtrict ure *and firm Abſtinence.* i. e. a Man of a *ſevere habit* of Life. *Ure*, 'tis certain, was a Word uſed in CHAUCER's Time for Chance, Deſtiny, Fortune; (when deriv'd from *heur*;) and alſo for Habit, Cuſtom; (when contracted from the *uſura* of the *Latines*;) whence we have form'd our compound Adjective, *enured*, habituated to. Tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text, the Conjecture was too ingenious to be paſs'd over in Silence. But as it is moſt frequent with our Author

My abſolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For ſo I've ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?
Fri. Gladly, my lord.
Duke. We have ſtrict Statutes and moſt biting Laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong Steeds,) (6)
Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep; (7)
Even

thor as well to coin Words, as to form their Terminations *ad libitum*; he may have adopted *Stricture* here to ſignify *Strictneſs*; as afterwards. in this very Play, he has introduced *prompture*, the Uſage of which Word I no where elſe remember in our Tongue; neither have we *promptura* or *prompture*, from the *Latin* or *French*, that I know of.

(6) *The needful* Bits *and* Curbs *for headſtrong* Weeds:] There is no manner of Analogy, or Conſonance, in the Metaphors here: and, tho' the Copies agree, I do not think, the Author would have talk'd of *Bits* and *Curbs* for *Weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare Perſons of *unbridled Licentiouſneſs* to head-ſtrong *Steeds:* and, in this View, *bridling the Paſſions* has been a Phraſe adopted by our beſt Poets.

So, *Horace*, Lib. iv. Od. 15.

——— *& Ordinem*
Rectum evaganti frena Licentiæ
Injecit, emovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit Artes.

So, in his Epiſtles, Lib. 1. Ep. 2.

——— *animum rege, qui, niſi paret,*
Imperat, hunc frenis, *hunc tu* compeſce *catenâ.*

And ſo the elegant *Phædrus*, Lib. 1. Fab. 2.

Procax libertas *civitatem miſcuit,*
Frenumque *ſolvit priſtinum* licentiâ.

But Inſtances were endleſs both from the Poets, and Proſe-writers.

(7) *Which for theſe* fourteen *Years we have let* ſlip,] For *fourteen* I have made no Scruple to replace *nineteen*. The Reaſon will be obvious to the Reader, who ſhall look back to the 4th Note upon this Play. I have, I hope, upon as good Authority, alter'd the odd Phraſe of *Letting the Laws ſlip:* for, ſuppoſing the Expreſſion might be juſtified, yet how does it ſort with the Compariſon, that follows, of a Lion in his Cave that went not out to prey? But letting the Laws *ſleep*, as I have reſtor'd to the Text, adds a particular Propriety to the Thing repreſented, and accords exactly too with the *Simile*. It is the Metaphor too, that our Author ſeems fond of uſing upon this Occaſion, in ſeveral other Paſſages of this Play.

The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept:
——— ——— *'Tis now* awake.

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
T'unlooſe this ty'd-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambuſh of my name ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
So do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince and people; therefore, pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear,
Like a true *Friar*. More reaſons for this action
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one:— Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If Pow'r change Purpoſe, what our Seemers be. [*Exe.*

And ſo, again,

——— *but this new Governour*
Awakes *me all th'enrolled* Penalties;
——— *and for a Name*
Now puts the drowſie *and neglected* Act
Freſhly on me.

SCENE

SCENE, *A* NUNNERY.

Enter Iſabella *and* Franciſca.

Iſab. AND have you Nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſab. Yes, truly; I ſpeak not, as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of Saint *Clare.*
Lucio. [*Within.*] Hoa! Peace be in this place!
Iſab. Who's that, which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Iſabella,*
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may; I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the Prioreſs;
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*Exit.* Franc.
Iſab. Peace and proſperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs; can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella,*
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio?*
Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella,* and his ſiſter.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.
Iſab. Wo me! for what?
Lucio. For that, which, if my ſelf might be his judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.
Iſab. Sir, make me not your ſtory.
Lucio. Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,

Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs, and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As thoſe that feed grow full, as bloſſoming time
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and husbandry.

Iſab. Some one with child by him?—— my couſin *Juliet?*

Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Iſab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, my ſelf being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By thoſe that know the very nerves of State,
His Givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant Deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He, (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lyons;) hath pickt out an Act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigor of the Statute,
To make him an example; all hope's gone,

Unleſs

Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*; and that's my Pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Iſab. Doth he ſo
Seek for his life?
Lucio. H'as cenſur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a Warrant
For's execution.
Iſab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?
Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.
Iſab. My power? Alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.
Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.
Lucio. But, ſpeedily.
Iſab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Iſab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The* PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, *a* Juſtice, *and attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.

Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,

For

For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſcal. Be't, as your Wiſdom will.
Ang. Where is the *Provoſt?*
Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.
Ang. See, that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning.
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage. — *Exit* Prov.
Eſcal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all:
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I am the poor Duke's conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon juſtice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I know not well what they are; but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal. This comes off well; here's a wiſe Officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, *Elbow?*

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapſter, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, Sir, was, as they ſay, pluckt down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before heav'n and your Honour, ———

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honeſt woman; ———

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt my ſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by miſtreſs *Over-don*'s means, but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your Honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear, how he miſplaces?

Clown. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your Honour's reverence) for ſtew'd prewns; Sir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three pence; (your Honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not *China* diſhes, but very good diſhes.)

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, Sir.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I ſay, this miſtreſs *Elbow*, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for prewns; and having but Two in the diſh, as I ſaid; maſter *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid,

and,

and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly; for, as you know, maſter *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembred, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prewns.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembred, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpoſe: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your Honour's leave: and, I beſeech you, look into maſter *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourſcore pound a year; whoſe father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, maſter *Froth?*

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to ſit, have you not?

Froth. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope, here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the Cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Eſcal. I think no leſs. Good morrow to your Lordſhip. [*Exit* Angelo.
Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?

Clown.

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your Honour, ask me.

Eſcal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good maſter *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe; doth your Honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clown. Doth your Honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter *Froth* do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Eſcal. He's in the right; conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity?*—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal!* I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your Worſhip think me the poor Duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worſhip for't: what is't your Worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, 'till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worſhip for it; thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, Sir.

Eſcal. So. What trade are you of, Sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapſter, a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs *Over-don.*

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine? Come hither to me, maſter *Froth:* maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you, maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worſhip; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, maſter *Froth*; farewel. [*Exit* Froth.

Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*;

pey; howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey?* is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your Worſhip mean to geld and ſplay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your Worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a Commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, (8) I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a Bay: if you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſcal.

(8) *I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a* Day.] This Reading firſt got place in Mr. *Pope*'s Impreſſion, who, I preſume, did not know how to account for, *Bay*, the Reading of the old Copies; and which I have reſtor'd to the Text. For my part, I believe, our Poet had no Notion of reducing Houſe-rent to a Proportion by the *Day*. The Meaning is this. The Faſhion of Buildings, in our Author's time, was to have two or three ſemi-circular juttings out in Front, (which we ſtill ſee in the Remains of old Houſes,) where the Windows were plac'd: And theſe Projections were call'd *Bays*; as the Windows were, from them, call'd *Bay-windows*, or *Compaſs-windows*: the laſt of which Terms we meet with in our Author's *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

She came to him t'other day into the Compaſs-window.

Minſhew tells us, the Reaſon of the Name being given was, becauſe this Form of Building reſembled a *Bay*, or Road for Ships, which is always round, and bow-ing, to break off the Force of the Water. —— So that, Houſes, as I ſaid, having not above two or three of theſe Juttings out, the *Clown* ſays, "the Houſes won't be worth above three pence a "*Bay*".

Eſcal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I adviſe you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. Come hither to me, maſter *Elbow*; come hither, maſter conſtable; how long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

Eſcal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay, ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Eſcal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in ſuch matters; as they are choſen, they are glad to chuſe me for them. I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Eſcal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your Worſhip's houſe, Sir?

Eſcal. To my houſe; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Juſt. Eleven, Sir.

Eſcal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

" *Bay*", i. e. Nine pence *per* Year at the largeſt Computation. I had almoſt forgot to obſerve, that CHAUCER mentions a *Bay-window* in his *Court* of *Love*.

And there beſide, within a bay-windowe,
Stod one in grene, full large of bred and length, &c.

Juſt.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.
Eſcal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio:*
But there's no remedy.
Juſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.
Eſcal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it ſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio!* there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provoſt, *and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a Cauſe; he will come ſtraight:
I'll tell him of you.
Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleaſure; may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it! ———

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provoſt?*
Prov. Is it your Will, *Claudio* ſhall die to morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou ask again?
Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh.
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.
Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?

Prov.

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſter-hood,
If not already.
Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.
Ang. Stay yet a while.—Y'are welcome; what's your Will?
Iſab. I am a woful ſuitor to your Honour,
Pleaſe but your Honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?
Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then;—heav'n keep your Honour!
Lucio. Give not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it.
To him, I ſay.
Iſab. Muſt he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Iſab.

Iſab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Iſab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold.
Iſab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this, (9)
No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Iſab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Iſabel*; ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

(9) *Well, believe this,*] This manner of Pointing, which runs thro' all the Copies, gives an Air of Addreſs too familiar for an Inferior to uſe to a Perſon of Diſtinction. But taking away the Comma after, *Well*, not only removes the Objection, but reſtores a Mode of Expreſſion, which our Author delights to uſe. *Well believe this*; i. e. Be convinc'd, be throughly aſſur'd of this.

So, afterwards, in this Play, *Angelo* ſays;
I think it well.
So, *Gonzalo*, in the *Tempeſt*.
I do well believe *your Highneſs*, ———
And ſo, in King *John*;
And well *ſhall you perceive* ———
So one of the *Gentlemen* in the opening Scene of *Cymbeline*;
I do well *believe*.
And ſo *Piſanio*, in the ſame Play;
— *You ſhall be miſs'd at Court*;
And that will well *confirm it*.
&c. &c.

Ang.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, ſhould
But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the Law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him; he dies to morrow.
Iſab. To morrow? oh! that's ſudden. Spare him, ſpare him.
He's not prepar'd for death: Even for our kitchins
We kill the fowl, of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heav'n
With leſs reſpect, than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.
Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man, that did th' Edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a Prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſsneſs new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
But here they live, to end.
Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity.
Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe, I do not know;
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfy'd;
Your brother dies to morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a Giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannnous,
To uſe it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could Great men thunder
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy ſharp, and ſulph'rous, bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens, (10)
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n, ſhe win him!

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with your ſelf: (11)
Great men may jeſt with Saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul prophanation.

(10) *As makes the Angels weep; who,* with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.] Men play ſuch fantaſtick Tricks, and appear ſo ridiculous, as to make the Angels weep in Compaſſion of our Extravagance: who, if they were endued with our Spleens and periſhable Organs, would laugh themſelves out of Immortality; or, as we ſay in common Life, laugh themſelves dead. This Notion of the Angels weeping for the Sins of Men is purely *Rabbinical.* — *Ob peccatum flentes Angelos inducunt* Hebræorum *Magiſtri.* — Grotius *ad S.* Lucam, c. 15. v. 7.

(11) *We cannot weigh our Brother with* our ſelf.] Why not? Tho' this ſhould be the Reading of all the Copies, 'tis as plain as Light, it is not the Author's Meaning. *Iſabella* would ſay, there is ſo great a Diſproportion in Quality betwixt Lord *Angelo* and her Brother, that their Actions can bear no Compariſon, or Equality, together: but her Brother's Crimes would be aggravated, *Angelo*'s Frailties extenuated, from the Difference of their Degrees and State of Life. Mr. *Warburton.*

Lucio.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.
Iſab. That in the Captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the Soldier is flat Blaſphemy.
Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?
Iſab. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it ſelf,
That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your boſom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe breeds with it. Fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to morrow.
Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heav'n ſhall ſhare with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond ſhekles of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to morrow.
Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.
Iſab. Heav'n keep your Honour ſafe!
Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.
Iſab. At what hour to morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Iſab. Save your Honour! [*Exe.* Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ever 'till this very Now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.

Duke. HAIL to you, *Provoſt*; ſo, I think, you are.
Prov. I am the *Provoſt*; what's your Will, good *Friar?*

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt Order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon; do me the common right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth, (12)
Hath bliſter'd her report: ſhe is with child;
And he, that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When muſt he die?

Prov. As I do think, to morrow.
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To Juliet.*
And you ſhall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you, how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.

(12) *Who falling in the* Flaws *of her own Youth,*
Hath bliſter'd *her Report.*] As, *bliſter'd*, follows in the *ſecond* Line, Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly adviſes to read *Flames* in the *firſt*. And it is the Metaphor our Author elſewhere chooſes to uſe. So *Polonius* in *Hamlet*.

——— ——— *I do know,*
When the blood burns, *how prodigal the Soul*
Lends the Tongue Vows. Theſe Blazes, *oh, my daughter*, &c.

And ſo the *Counteſs*, in *All's Well that ends Well.*

Nat'ral Rebellion, done i'th' Blaze *of Youth,*
When Oyl and Fire, *too ſtrong for Reaſon's force,*
O'erbears it, and burns *on.*

And ſo *Proſpero*, in *The Tempeſt*;

——— ——— *do not give Dalliance*
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt Oaths are Straw
To 'th' Fire i'th' blood: ———

Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame?
Which ſorrow's always tow'rds our ſelves, not heaven;
Showing we'd not ſeek heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.

Duke. There reſt,
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him;
So grace go with you; *benedicite.* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to morrow! oh, injurious love,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. WHEN I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel:* Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh Place! oh Form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good Angel on the Devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?—
Serv. One *Iſabel*, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both That unable for it ſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The gen'ral Subjects to a well-wiſht King
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Iſab. Ev'n ſo?— Heav'n keep your Honour! [*Going.*
Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.
Iſab. Under your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heav'n's image
In Stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made;
As to put Metal in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.
Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.
Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe, that he hath ſtain'd?
Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.
Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a Sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?
Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.
Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you, granting my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either, you're ignorant;
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.
Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus Wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax it ſelf: as theſe black maſques
Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could diſplay'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs;
Your brother is to die.
Iſab. So.
Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Iſab. True.

Ang.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,) that you his ſiſter,
Finding your ſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great Place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppos'd, or elſe to let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as my ſelf;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th'impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip my ſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence,
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Iſab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Iſab. Oh pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Iſab. Elſe let my brother die, (13)

If

(13) *Elſe let my Brother dye,*
If not a Feodary, *but only He,* &c.] This is ſo obſcure a Paſſage, but ſo fine in its Application, that it deſerves to be explain'd. A *Feodary*

If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs!
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we're made to be no ſtronger,
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold:
I do arreſt your words: be That you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.
Iſab. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, ſpeak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Iſab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for it.
Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.
Iſab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine Honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.
Iſab. Ha! little Honour to be much believ'd,

dary was One, that, in the Times of Vaſſalage, held Lands of the chief Lord, under the Tenure of paying Rent and Service: which Tenures were call'd *Feuda* amongſt the *Goths*. This being premiſed, let us come to a Paraphraſe of our Author's Words. " We are all *frail*, ſays *An-*" *gelo*; yes, replies *Iſabella*; if all Mankind were not *Feodaries*, who " owe what they have to this Tenure of *Imbecillity*, and who ſucceed " each other by the ſame Tenure, as well as my Brother, I would give " him up." And the comparing Mankind, (who, according to ſome Divines, lye under the Weight of Original Sin,) to a *Feodary*, who owes *Suit* and *Service* to his Lord, is, I think, one of the moſt beautiful Alluſions imaginable.

Mr. *Warburton.*

And

And moſt pernicious purpoſe! ſeeming, ſeeming!—
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a preſent Pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel?*
My unſoil'd Name, th' Auſtereneſs of my Life,
My Vouch againſt you, and my Place i'th' State,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein.
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for: redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To ling'ring ſufferance. Anſwer me to morrow;
Or by th'affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O moſt perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the Law make curtſie to their Will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Iſabel*, live, chaſte; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt;
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's Reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Priſon.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provoſt.

DUKE.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo?*
Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death: or death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life; (14)
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences;
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; meerly thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;

(14) ——— *Reaſon thus with Life;*
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a Thing
That none but Fools would keep.] But this Reading is not only contrary to all Senſe and Reaſon; but to the Drift of this moral Diſcourſe. The *Duke*, in his aſſum'd Character of a *Friar*, is endeavouring to inſtill into the condemn'd Priſoner a Reſignation of Mind to his Sentence; but the Senſe of the Lines, in this Reading, is a direct Perſwaſive to *Suicide!* I make no Doubt, but the Poet wrote,
That none but Fools would reck.
i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the Loſs of.
Mr. *Warburton.*
And the Word is very frequent with our Author. 2 *Gent. of* Verona;
Recking *as little what betideth me,*
As much I wiſh all Good befortune you.
And *Hamlet*;
Himſelf the primroſe Path of Dalliance treads,
And recks *not his own Reed.*
Et alibi paſſim.

For

For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of Reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy ſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forgett'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The meer effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age; (15)
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,

(15) ——— *Thou haſt nor* Youth, *nor* Age; &c.] Mr. *Warburton* has given me a Correction of, and Paraphraſe on, this and the ſubſequent Lines; which ſhews ſo fine a Spirit, that, tho' I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text, I muſt not deprive my Readers of it.—— "The "Drift of this Period, *you ſee*, is to prove, that neither Youth, nor Age, "is really enjoy'd: which, in poetical Language is, *We have neither* "*Youth, nor Age.*" But how is This prov'd? That Age is not enjoy'd, "he makes appear by recapitulating the Infirmities of it, which deprive "old Age of the Senſe of Pleaſure. To prove Youth is not enjoy'd, he "uſes theſe Words; *for all thy bleſſed Youth becomes as aged, and doth* "*beg the Alms of palſied Eld.* Out of which, he that can deduce the "Proof, *erit mihi magnus* Apollo." Undoubtedly, if we would know how the Author wrote, we muſt read.

——— *for*, pall'd, *thy* blazed *Youth*
Becomes aſſuaged; *and doth beg the Alms*
Of palſied Eld.

"i. e. When thy youthful Appetite becomes pall'd, as it will be, in the "Enjoyment; the Blaze of Youth becomes aſſuaged, and thou immedi-"ately contract'ſt the Infirmities of Age; as, particularly, the Palſie, "and other nervous Infirmities; the Conſequence of the Enjoyment of "ſenſual Pleaſure. This is to the Purpoſe; and proves Youth is not en-"joy'd, by ſhewing the fleeting Duration of it."

Thou

Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lye hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here: grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy Sir, I thank you.

Iſab. My Buſineſs is a word, or two, with *Claudio.*

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in Deed:
Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his ſwift ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger.
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Iſab.

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one, as you, consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? if I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted Deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The Princely *Angelo?*
Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In Princely guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?
Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank offence

So

So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to morrow.
Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, deareſt *Iſabel.*
Iſab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? ſure, it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.
Iſab. Which is the leaſt?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Iſabel!*
Iſab. What ſays my brother?
Claud. Death's a fearful thing.
Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lye in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life, (16)
That

(16) *The wearieſt, and moſt loathed worldly Life,*] This natural Fear of *Claudio*, from the Antipathy we have to Death, ſeems very little varied from that infamous Wiſh of *Mæcenas* recorded in the 101ſt Epiſtle of *Seneca*.

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxâ;
Tuber adſtrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes:

Vita,

That age, ach, penury, impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live;
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Iſab. Oh you beaſt!
Oh faithleſs coward! oh diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? what ſhould I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, *Iſabel.*
Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it ſelf a bawd;
'Tis beſt, that thou dy'ſt quickly.
Claud. Oh hear me, *Iſabella.*

To them, Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter; but one word.
Iſab. What is your will?
Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.
Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be

Vita, dum ſupereſt, bene eſt.
Hanc mihi, vel acutâ
Si ſed am cruce, ſuſtine.

Mr. *Warburton*

ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your ſelf to death. Do not ſatisfie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon; I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it. [*Ex.* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complection, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo:* how will you do to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo?* if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his Government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made tryal of you only. Therefore faſten your ear

on

on my adviſings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents it ſelf. I do make my ſelf believe, that you may moſt uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak farther; I have ſpirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodneſs never fearful: have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana*, the ſiſter of *Frederick*, the great ſoldier who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal; and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, (that in all reason should have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Re-enter Duke *as a Friar*; Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

Elb. NAY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard. *Duke.*

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to ſignifie, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thy ſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array my ſelf, and live. (17)
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove ——

(17) *I drink, I eat* away *myſelf, and live.*] Thus hitherto in all the Impreſſions. This is one very excellent Inſtance of the Sagacity of our Editors, and it were to be wiſh'd heartily, they would have oblig'd us with their phyſical Solution, how a Man can *eat away* himſelf *and live.* The ingenious Mr. *Biſhop,* when we read this Play together, gave me that moſt certain Emendation, which I have ſubſtituted in the Room of the former fooliſh Reading; by the Help whereof, we have this eaſy Senſe; that the Clown fed himſelf, and put Cloaths on his Back by exerciſing the vile Trade of a Bawd.

In *Othello, Iago* ſpeaks much to the ſame Purpoſe of *Caſſio*'s Strumpet.

A Houſewife, that, by ſelling her Deſires,
Buyes herſelf Bread, *and* Cloath.

And *B. Jonſon,* much nearer to the Words of the Paſſage here corrected, in his Epigram upon Lieut. *Shift.*

By that one Spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrays Himſelf.

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waſte, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey?* what, at the wheels of *Cæſar?* art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd i'th' laſt rain? ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it ſad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unſhunn'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* farewel: go, ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey?* or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel,

wel, good *Pompey*: commend me to the prison, *Pompey*; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty *Pompey*. Bless you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey?* ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar?* what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke?*.

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia*; other Some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but whersoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the State, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: (18) and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant, Sir, and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is abſent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a ducket in her clack-diſh; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No: pardon: 'tis a ſecret muſt be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the Subject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion, but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

(18) — *and he is a Motion* generative; *that's infallible.*] This may be Senſe; and *Lucio*, perhaps, may mean, that tho' *Angelo* have the Organs of Generation, yet that he makes no more Uſe of them than if he were an inanimate Puppet. But I rather think, our Author wrote; — and he is a Motion *ungenerative*, — becauſe *Lucio* again in this very Scene ſays; — *this* ungenitur'd Agent *will unpeople the Province with Continency.*

Duke.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking: the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt upon a warranted Need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier. Therefore, you ſpeak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Canſt thou tell, if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh: I would, the Duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with Continency. Sparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eves, becauſe they are leacherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewel, good *Friar*;

Friar; I pry'thee, pray for me: (19) the Duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's now paſt it; yet, and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' ſhe ſmelt of brown bread and garlick: ſay, that I ſaid ſo, farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. No Might nor Greatneſs in mortality
Can Cenſure ſcape: back-wounding Calumny
The whiteſt Virtue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, *and* Bawd.

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? this would make mercy ſwear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me: miſtreſs *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my ſelf; and ſee, how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] *Provoſt*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to morrow: let him be furniſh'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

(19) *The Duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat* Mutton *on* Fridays.] This is not meant to impeach the Duke of being an ill *Catholick*, as tranſgreſſing the Rules of Abſtinence in Diet: But the Joke, alluded to, will be explain'd by looking back to the third Note on the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona.

Pro.

Pro. So pleaſe you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the See,
In ſpecial buſineſs from his Holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes,
Contended ſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he giv'n to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice; yet had he fram'd to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life; which I by my good leiſure have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolv'd to die.

Eſcal. You have paid the heav'ns your Function, and the priſoner the very debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore

of

of my modeſty; but my brother Juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Juſtice.

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you!
He who the ſword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking.
Twice treble Shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward ſide?
How may that likeneſs, made in crimes, (20)
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to night ſhall lye

(20) *How may Likeneſs made in Crimes,*
Making Practiſe on the Times,
To draw with idle Spider's Strings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial Things?] This obſcure and ungrammatical Paſſage Mr. *Warburton* has reſtor'd to its Purity, only by adding one Monoſyllable, and throwing out another: as he has likewiſe made it intelligible by the following Comment. "How much Wickedneſs may a Man hide *within*, tho' he appears like an Angel *without!* How may *that* Likeneſs, made in Crimes, i. e. by Hypocriſy; [a pretty paradoxical Expreſſion, of an *Angel made in Crimes*] by impoſing on the World, [thus emphatically expreſs'd, *making Practiſe on the Times*] draw with its falſe and empty Pretences [which *Shakeſpeare* finely calls, *Spiders Strings*;] the moſt ponderous and ſubſtantial Things of the World, as Riches, Honour, Power, Reputation, &c.

His

His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting;
And perform an old Contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Grange.*

Enter Mariana, *and boy ſinging.*

SONG.

TAKE, oh, take thoſe lips away, (21)
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſ-lead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.

(21) *Take, oh, take thoſe Lips away,*] This Song, which, no doubt, was a great Favourite in its Time, is inſerted in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Bloody Brother* with this additional Stanza.

Hide, oh, hide thoſe Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Boſom bears;
On whoſe Tops the Pinks, that grow,
Are of thoſe that April *wears.*
But my poor Heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy Chains by thee.

With this Addition likewiſe it is printed in the Volume of *Shakeſpeare*'s Poems. The Reaſon, of this ſecond Stanza being omitted here, is obvious. *Mariana* has the Song ſung, applicable to her Love for *Angelo*, and his Perjury to her: and the Addition can only ſort, when addreſs'd from a Lover to his Miſtreſs.

I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' musick oft hath such a Charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have sate here all day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to your self.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backt;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his Opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No: none, but only a repair i'th' dark;
And that I have possest him, my most Stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,

That

That ſtays upon me; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, hoa! within! come forth!

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Iſab. I do deſire the like.

Duke. Do you perſuade your ſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do; and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your Companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt pleaſe you walk aſide?

[*Exeunt* Mar. *and.* Iſab.

Duke. Oh Place and Greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome; how agreed?

Re-enter Mariana, *and* Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
" *Remember now my brother.*

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him

Doth

Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our Corn's to reap; for yet our Tilth's to ſow. (22) [*Exe.*

SCENE *changes to the Priſon.*

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. COME hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorſon!* where's *Abhorſon*, there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him. He cannot plead his eſtimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

(22) ——*for yet our* tythe's *to ſow.*] It muſt be *Tilth*; that is, our Tillage is yet to be made; our Grain is yet to be put in the Ground; the Project, from which we expect to profit in the Iſſue, is ſtill to be put in Hand.

Abhor.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, ſurely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a myſtery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a myſtery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, uſing Painting, do prove my occupation a myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a myſtery.

Clown. Proof.——

Abhor. (23) Every true man's apparel fits your thief, Clown: If it be too little for your true man, your Thief thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your ax to morrow, four o' clock.

(23) Abhor. *Every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.*
Clown. *If it be too little for your Thief, your true Man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your Thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.*] This is a very notable Paſſage, as it ſtands in all the Editions; but, I dare ſay, is notably corrupted; and both the Speeches, and the Words, ſhuffled and miſplaced. What! does the *Clown* ask Proof, how the Hangman's Trade is a Myſtery; and, ſo ſoon as ever *Abhorſon* advances his *Theſis* to prove it, the *Clown* takes the Argument out of his Mouth, and perverts the very Tenour of it? I am ſatisfied, the Poet intended a regular *Syllogiſm*; and I ſubmit it to judgment, whether my Regulation has not reſtor'd that Wit, and Humour which was quite loſt in the Depravation.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you (24) ſhall find me yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindneſs I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lyes ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do Good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelf. [*Ex.* Claud.] But, hark, what noiſe? [*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your ſpirits comfort!—by and by;—
I hope, it is ſome Pardon, or Reprieve,
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſom'ſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provoſt!* who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, ſince the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabel?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There is ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

(24) *You ſhall find me* yours;] This Reading, I believe, was firſt Mr. *Rowe's*; and conſequently adopted by the laſt Editor. The old Books have it, *You ſhall find me* y'are. — Very little Sagacity might have inſtructed them, that the Corruption is only in the *Apoſtrophe*; and that the Poet's Word was *rare*; i. e. dextrous in the Office; a Word very frequent in our Author's Writings.

Duke.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the ſtroak and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his Pow'r
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd
With That, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now are they come.
[*Knock again.* Provoſt *goes out.*
This is a gentle *Provoſt*; ſeldom when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,
That wounds th' unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
[Provoſt *returns.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no Countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt die to morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No Countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very Siege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profeſt the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s Pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit* Meſſen.

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the Pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,

That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended. Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost *reads the letter.*

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *for my better satisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurst up and bred; one, that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not

not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming Warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay my ſelf in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have Warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo?* I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may add to it; ſhave the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd before his death; you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the Saint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my Coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and ſeal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not; and the Signet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd; put not your ſelf into amazement how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exe.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion; one would think, it were miſtreſs *Over-don*'s own houſe; for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young Mr. *Raſh*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt: for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the ſuit of maſter *Three-Pile* the mercer; for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-ſpur*, and maſter *Starve-Lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-heire* that kill'd luſty *Pud-*

ding

ding, and Mr. *Forthlight* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half-Canne* that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What, hoa, *Barnardine!*

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon?* what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore, I beſeech you, look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravel heart!
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour: What if we omit
This Reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfie the Deputy with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio?*

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides:
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo:* ſee, this be done,
And ſent according to Command; while I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently:
But *Barnardine* muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke.

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in ſecret Holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.
Prov. I am your free dependant.
Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo.* [*Exit* Prov.
Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provoſt*, he ſhall bear them;) whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated Fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-ballanc'd form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo.*

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it my ſelf.
Duke. Convenient is it: make a ſwift Return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ears but yours.
Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*
Iſab. [*Within.*] Peace, hoa, be here!
Duke. The tongue of *Iſabel.*— She comes to know,
If yet her brother's Pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter Iſabel.

Iſab. Hoa, by your leave.——
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Iſab. The better, giv'n me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy ſent my brother's Pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo.*
Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.

Duke.

Duke. It is no other.
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſeſt patience.
Iſab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.
Iſab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Iſabel!*
Injurious world, moſt damned *Angelo!*
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your Cauſe to heav'n:
Mark, what I ſay; which you ſhall ſurely find
By ev'ry ſyllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our Convent, and his Confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their Pow'r. If you can, pace your wiſdom
In that good path that I would wiſh it go,
And you ſhall have your boſom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.
Iſab. I'm directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis That he ſent me of the Duke's Return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At *Mariana*'s houſe to night. Her Cauſe and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he ſhall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſacred vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy Order,
If I pervert your courſe. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where's the *Provoſt?*
Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Iſabella*, I am pale at mine heart to ſee thine eyes ſo red; thou muſt be patient; I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would ſet me to't. But, they ſay, the Duke will be here to morrow. By my troth, *Iſabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Ex.* Iſabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well; you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of bur, I ſhall ſtick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE.

Enter Angelo *and* Eſcalus.

Eſcal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heav'n, his wiſdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal.

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that; to have a diſpatch of complaints, and to diliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn; I'll call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of Sort and Suit, as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This Deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law againſt it! but that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her: (25)
For my authority bears a credent Bulk;
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

(25) ——— *yet reaſon dares her:*] The old *Folio* Impreſſions read, *yet Reaſon dares her* no: — perhaps, *dares her* Note: i. e. ſtifles her Voice; frights her from ſpeaking. In this Senſe, our Author uſes the Word *dare*, again, in his *Henry* VIII.

Farewel, Nobility! Let his Grace go forward,
And dare *us with his Cap, like Larks.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own habit; and Friar* Peter.

Duke. THESE letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provoſt* knows our purpoſe, and our plot:
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Tho' ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter: go, call at *Flavius'* houſe,
And tell him, where I ſtay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit* Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth:
I'd ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your Part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He ſays, t'availful purpoſe. (26)

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar *Peter* ——

(26) *He ſays to* vail full *purpoſe.*] Thus the old Copies. I don't know, what Idea our Editors form'd to themſelves, of *vailing full* Purpoſe, but, I'm perſuaded, the Poet meant, as I have reſtor'd; *viz.* to a Purpoſe that will ſtand us in ſtead, that will profit us.

Iſab.

Isab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you. Twice have the trumpets ſounded:
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon (27)
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a publick Place near the City.*

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, *and Citizens at ſeveral doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy Couſin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to ſee you.

Ang. and *Eſcal.* Happy Return be to your royal Grace!

(27) *Have* hent *the Gates,* —] An anonymous Correſpondent adviſ'd me to read;

Have hemm'd *the Gates,* ———

But, I apprehend, there is no Occaſion for any Change. To *hend*, SKINNER and ſome other *Gloſſaries* tell us, ſignifies, to ſeize, lay hold on with the hand; but we find by *Spenſer*, in his *Colin Clout*, that it likewiſe ſignifies, to ſurround, encircle; (in which Senſes it is uſed here.)

From thence another World of Land we ken'd,
Floating amid the Sea in Jeopardy;
And round about with mighty white Rocks hend,
Againſt the Sea's encroaching Cruelty.

We meet with the Word again, in its firſt Acceptation, in our Author's *Winter's Tale.*

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path Way,
And merrily hent *the Stile-a:*
A merry Heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a.

Duke.

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.
Duke. Oh, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the Subjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Eſcalus*;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand:
And good Supporters are you. [*As the* Duke *is going out,*

Enter Peter *and* Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time: ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.
Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke; vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid:
Oh, worthy Prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice.
Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is lord *Angelo* ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal your ſelf to him.
Iſab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your ſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: oh, hear me, hear me.
Ang. My lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Iſab.

Iſab. Courſe of juſtice!
Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange. (28)
Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak;
That *Angelo*'s forſworn: is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a murth'rer: is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:
Is it not ſtrange and ſtrange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.
Iſab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her: poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in th' infirmity of ſenſe.
Iſab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That, which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As *Angelo*; even ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.
Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.
Iſab. Gracious Duke,

(28) *And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly.*] Thus is the Verſe left imperfect by Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*; tho' the old Copies all fill it up, as I have done. I have reſtor'd an infinite Number of ſuch Paſſages *tacitly* from the firſt Impreſſions: but I thought proper to take notice, once for all, here, that as Mr. *Pope* follows Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition in his Errors and Omiſſions, it gives great Suſpicion, notwithſtanding the pretended Collation of Copies, that Mr. *Pope*, for the Generality, took Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition as his Guide.

Harp

Harp not on That; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality; but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
Not hide the falſe, ſeems true.
Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.
What would you ſay?
Iſab. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother; one *Lucio*,
As then the meſſenger, ———
Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's Pardon.
Iſab. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak. [*To* Lucio.
Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for your ſelf, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your Honour.
Duke. The warrant's for your ſelf; take heed to't.
Iſab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. Proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it:
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter; — proceed.
Iſab. In brief; (to ſet the needleſs Proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;

For this was of much length) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly Remorſe confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting, he ſends a Warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is moſt likely!

Iſab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh; next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay, by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To priſon with her. Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? this needs muſt be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Iſab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick?*

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke.

Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute! let this *Friar* be found.
Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that *Friar*,
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy *Friar*,
A very ſcurvy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your royal Grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which ſhe ſpeaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my Truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, moſt villanouſly; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever. On his meer requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's conven'd. Firſt, for this woman;
To juſtifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
'Till ſhe her ſelf confeſs it.
Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, lord *Angelo*?
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools! ——
Give us ſome ſeats; come, Couſin *Angelo*, (29)

(29) —— —— *come, couſin* Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: *be you judge*

In this I will be partial: be you Judge
Of your own Cauſe. Is this the witneſs, *Friar?*
[Iſabella *is carried off, guarded.*

Enter Mariana *veil'd.*

Firſt, let her ſhew her face; and after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not ſhew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confeſs beſides, I am no maid;
I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord *Angelo.*

Of your own Cauſe.] Surely, this Duke had odd Notions of Impartiality; to profeſs it, and then commit the Deciſion of a Cauſe to the Perſon accus'd of being the Criminal. He talks much more rationally on this Affair, when he ſpeaks in the Character of the Friar.

——— ——— *The Duke's* unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeal;
And put your Trial in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come t' accuſe. ———

I think, there needs no ſtronger Authority to convince, that the Poet muſt have wrote as I have corrected;

In this I will be partial;

Mari.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.
Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you ſay, your husband. [*To* Mariana.
Mari. Why, juſt, my lord; and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Iſabel*'s.
Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe; let's ſee thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Iſabel*;
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was diſ-valu'd
In levity; ſince which time of five years
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tuesday* night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? You, lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the place, where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [*Exit.*

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honest in nothing, but

but in his cloaths; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them againſt him; we ſhall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame *Iſabel* here once again: I would ſpeak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's habit, and* Provoſt; Iſabella *is brought in.*

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of, here with the *Provoſt*.

Eſcal. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum. ——

Eſcal. Come, Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord *Angelo?* they have confeſs'd, you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great Place; and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt. But oh, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs: is the Duke gone?
Then is your Cauſe gone too. The Duke's unjuſt,

Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeal;
And put your Tryal in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he, I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*,
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
T'accuſe this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to th' Rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpoſe:
What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the Duke dare no more ſtretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His Subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong Statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal. Slander to th' State! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior *Lucio?*
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate;
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the Duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? and was the Duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke.

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the Duke as I love my ſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to priſon: where is the *Provoſt?* away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a-while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying raſcal; you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er mad'ſt a Duke.

Firſt, *Provoſt*, let me bail theſe gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down: [*To* Eſcalus.
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave:
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable;
When I perceive your Grace, like Pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my Paſſes: then, good Prince,
No longer Seſſion hold upon my ſhame;

But

But let my Tryal be mine own Confeſſion:
Immediate Sentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana:*
Say; waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which conſummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provoſt.*

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Iſabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me Pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Soveraignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Iſabel:*
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd my ſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than That which lives to fear: make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For *Mariana*'s ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,

Being

Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his Poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Leige——

Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good lord. Sweet *Iſabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;

And,

And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my husband.
Oh, *Iſabel!* will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.
Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die. My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects:
Intents, but meerly thoughts.
Mari. Meerly, my lord.
Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?
Prov. It was commanded ſo.
Duke. Had you a ſpecial Warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.
Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your Office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought, it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in th' priſon,
That ſhould by private Order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*
Duke. I would, thou had'ſt done ſo by *Claudio:*
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. (30)
Eſcal.

(30) *Go, fetch him hither:* —] The introducing *Barnardine* here, is, ſeemingly a matter of no Conſequence; as he is no Perſon concern'd in the Action of the Play, nor directly aiding to the *Dénoüement*, as the *French* call it, of the Plot: but, to our Poet's Praiſe, let me obſerve, that it

Eſcal. I'm ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſsly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I'm ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*
Prov. This, my lord.
Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head;
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelf.
Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks, I ſee a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in my ſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[*To* Lucio.

it is not done without double Art; it gives a Handle for the Diſcovery of *Claudio* being alive, and ſo heightens the Surprize; and, at the ſame time, by the Pardon of *Barnardine*, gives a fine Opportunity of making the *Duke*'s Character more amiable, both for Mercy, and Virtue.

One

One of all luxury, an aſs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the Nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your Highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your Highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a Duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deſerves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look, you reſtore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*: love her, *Angelo*: (31)

I

(31) *Joy to you,* Mariana; *love her* Angelo:] I cannot help taking notice, with how much Judgment *Shakeſpeare* has given Turns to this Story, from what he found it in *Cinthio Giraldi*'s Novel. In the firſt place, the Brother, whom our Poet calls *Claudio*, is there actually executed: And the ungrateful *Governor* ſends his Head in a Bravado, to the Siſter; after he had debauch'd her, on Promiſe of Marriage. A Circumſtance of too much Horror, and Villany, for the Stage. And in the next place, this Siſter afterwards is, to ſolder up her Diſgrace, marry'd to the Governor, and begs his Life of the Emperor, tho' he had ſo unjuſtly been the Death of her Brother. Both which Abſurdities our Poet has avoided by the Epiſode of *Mariana*, a Creature purely of his own Invention. The *Duke*'s remaining *incognito* at home, to ſuperviſe the Conduct of his *Deputy*, is alſo entirely our Author's Fiction. —— This Story was attempted for the Scene by one *George Whetſtone* (before our Author was fourteen Years old,) in Two *Comical Diſcourſes* (as they are call'd) containing, the right, excellent and famous Hiſtory of *Promos*

I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provoſt*, for thy care and ſecreſie;
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' offence pardons it ſelf. Dear *Iſabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our Palace, where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know.
[*Exeunt.*

Promos and *Caſſandra*: and printed in the old Black Letter, in 1578. Neither of theſe Diſcourſes, I believe, were ever acted: The Author left them with his Friends, to publiſh; for He, that very Year, accompanied Sir *Humphry Gilbert*, Sir *Walter Raleigh*'s Brother, in his Voyage to *Norimbega* in the *Weſt-Indies*. I could prove to Demonſtration, that *Shakeſpeare* had perus'd theſe Pieces; but whoever has ſeen, and knows what execrable mean Stuff they are; I am ſure, will acquit him from all Suſpicion of Plagiariſm.

MUCH ADO

ABOUT

NOTHING.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don John, *Baſtard Brother to Don* Pedro.
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favour'd likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Balthaſar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Antonio, *Brother to* Leonato.
Borachio, *Confident to Don* John.
Conrade, *Friend to* Borachio.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh Officers.*

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Neice to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *two Gentlewomen, attending on* Hero.

A Friar, Meſſenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Meſſina* in *Sicily.*

Much

(1) MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Court before* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *with a Messenger.*

LEONATO.

I Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Messina.*

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any Sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it self, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don *Pedro* hath bestowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd *Claudio.*

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro:* he hath borne himself be-

(1) *Much Ado* about *Nothing.*] *Innogen,* (the Mother of *Hero*) in the oldest *Quarto* that I have seen of this Play, printed in 1600, is mention'd to enter in two several Scenes. The succeeding Editions have all continued her Name in the *Dramatis Personæ.* But I have ventur'd to expunge it; there being no mention of her thro' the Play, no one Speech address'd to her, nor one Syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one Passage, from which we have any Reason to determine that *Hero*'s Mother was living. It seems, as if the Poet had in his first Plan design'd such a Character; which, on a Survey of it, he found would be superfluous; and therefore he left it out.

yond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bet-ter'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Meſſina* will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not ſhew it ſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs; there are no faces truer than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no.

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, Neice?

Hero. My Couſin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua.*

Meſſ. O, he's return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in *Meſſina*, and chal-leng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, read-ing the challenge, ſubſcrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith, Neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſervice, Lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Meſſ.

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtufft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo, indeed: (2) he is no leſs than a ſtuft man: but for the ſtuffing, — well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my Neice; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible; he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Meſſ. I ſee, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my Study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe; he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*; it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere he be cur'd.

(2) —— *he is no leſs than a ſtufft man: but for the Stuffing well, we are all mortal.*] Thus has this Paſſage been all along *ſtop'd*, from the very firſt Edition downwards. If any of the Editors could extract Senſe from this Pointing, their Sagacity is a Pitch above mine. I believe, by my Regulation of the Stops, I have retriev'd the Poet's true Meaning. Our Poet ſeems to uſe the Word *Stuffing* here much as *Plautus* does in his *Moſtellaria*; Act. 1. Sc. 3.

Non Veſtem amatores mulieris amant, ſed Veſtis fartum.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, Lady.
Beat. Do, good friend.
Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.
Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January*.
Meſſ. Don *Pedro* is approch'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar *and Don* John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you askt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick*; We may gueſs by this what you are, being a man: truly, the lady fathers her ſelf; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedict*; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady *Diſdain!* are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, Diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? Courteſie it ſelf muſt convert to Diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſie a turn-coat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer; but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: *Leonato*, ——— Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*, ——— my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my lord, you ſhall not be forſworn. Let me bid You welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato* we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato?*

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have

me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pry'thee, ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, ſhe is too low for an high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation I can afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'ſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into; but ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting *Jack*, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key ſhall a man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter; there's her Couſin, if ſhe were not poſſeſt with ſuch a Fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of *May* doth the laſt of *December:* but I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelf, tho' I had ſworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion? ſhall I never ſee a batchelor of threeſcore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away *Sundays:* look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to ſeek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Pedro. What Secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato*'s houſe?

Bene. I would, your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance:—— he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark, how ſhort his anſwer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato*'s ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick, all women ſhall pardon me; becauſe I will not do them the Wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do my ſelf the Right to truſt none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick

pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the Sign of blind *Cupid*.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam*. (3)

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try; in time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may, but if ever the ſenſible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good*

(3) *And he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the Shoulder, and call'd* Adam.] But why ſhould he therefore be call'd *Adam?* Perhaps, by a Quotation or two We may be able to trace the Poet's Alluſion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it*, (a Comedy written by *John Day*, and printed in 1608) I find this Speech.

I have heard, Old Adam *was an honeſt Man, and a good Gardiner; lov'd Lettice well, Salads and Cabage reaſonable well, yet no Tobacco;— Again,* Adam Bell, *a ſubſtantial Outlaw, and a paſſing good* Archer, *yet no Tobacconiſt.*

By This it appears, that *Adam Bell* at that time of day was of Reputation for his Skill at the Bow. I find him again mention'd in a Burleſque Poem of Sir *William Davenant*'s, call'd, *The long Vacation in* London,

Now lean Attorney, that his Cheeſe
Ne'er par'd, nor Verſes took for Fees,
And aged Proctor, that controuls
The Feats of Punk in Court of Pauls,
Do each with ſolemn Oath agree
To meet in Fields of Finsbury:
With Loins in Canvas bow-caſe tied,
Where arrows ſtick with mickle Pride;
With Hats pinn'd up, and Bow in hand,
All day moſt fiercely there they ſtand,
Like Ghoſts of Adam, Bell, *and* Clymme;
Sol *ſets, for Fear they'll ſhoot at him.*

By the Paſſage, which I above quoted from *Law-Tricks*, 'tis plain, Sir *William*'s Editor has falſely pointed the laſt Line but one; We muſt correct it thus;

Like Ghoſts of Adam Bell, *and* Clymme;

'Tis this Wight, no Doubt, whom our Author here alludes to; and had I the Convenience of conſulting *Aſcham*'s *Toxophilus*, I might probably grow better acquainted with his Hiſtory.

Horſe

Horſe to hire, let them ſignifie under my Sign, *Here you may ſee* Benedick *the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* hath not ſpent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato*'s, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage, and ſo I commit you———

Claud. To the tuition of God; From my houſe, if I had it,——

Pedro. The ſixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any ſon, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio?*

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate Deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her: and with her Father,
And Thou ſhalt have her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity;
Look, what will ſerve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine;
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother, where is my Couſin your ſon? hath he provided this muſick?

Ant. He is very buſie about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them, but they have a good cover; they ſhow well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: The Prince diſcover'd to *Claudio*, that he lov'd my neice your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear it ſelf: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: Couſins, you know what you have to do. [*Several croſs the Stage here.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will uſe your skill; good Couſin, have a care this buſie time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. WHat the good-jer, my lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhould hear reaſon.

John. And when I have heard it, what Bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou ſay'ſt thou art, born under *Saturn*) goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make your ſelf; it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

John.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am truſted with a muzzel, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio?*

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio?*

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato.*

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince ſhould woo *Hero* for himſelf; and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio.*

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way,

way, I bleſs my ſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdu'd; would the cook were of my mind! — ſhall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Hall in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret *and* Urſula.

LEONATO.

WAS not Count *John* here at Supper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and half Count *John*'s melancholy in Signior *Benedick*'s face ——

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, Uncle, and mony enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good Will.

Leon. By my troth, Neice, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curſt.

Beat.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt; I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way; for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort horns; but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no husband; for the which Bleſſing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is leſs than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take ſix pence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell, ——

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and ſay, "get you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get "you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids." ſo deliver I up my apes, and away to St. *Peter*, for the heav'ns; he ſhews me where the batchelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, Neice, I truſt, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Couſin's duty to make curtſie, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe you*; but yet for all that, Couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another curtſie, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſes me.*

Leon. Well, Neice, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of ſome other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'

maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam*'s ſons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if the Prince do ſollicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time; (4) If the Prince be too important, tell him, there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the Anſwer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace; the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſinks into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and others in Maſquerade.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

(4) *If the Prince be too* importunate,] This is the Reading only of Mr. *Pope*'s Impreſſions, as I can find, and warranted by none of the Copies. I have reſtor'd with all the old Books, *important*; i. e. if the Prince be too forcible, preſſing, lays too much Streſs on his Suit, *&c.* The Poet employs this word again, in the like Signification, in K. *Lear.*

——— *therefore great* France
My Mourning, and important *Tears hath pitied.*

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

Pedro. (5) My viſor is *Philemon*'s roof; within the houſe is *Jove*.

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

(5) *My Viſor is* Philemon's *Roof, within the Houſe is* Love.] Thus the whole Stream of the Copies, from the firſt downwards. I muſt own, this Paſſage for a long while appear'd very obſcure to me, and gave me much Trouble in attempting to underſtand it. *Hero* ſays to *Don Pedro*, God forbid, the Lute ſhould be like the Caſe! i. e. that your Face ſhould be as homely and as courſe as your Mask. Upon this, *Don Pedro* compares his Viſor to *Philemon*'s Roof. 'Tis plain, the Poet alludes to the Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon* from OVID: And this old Couple, as the *Roman* Poet deſcribes it, liv'd in a *thatch'd* Cottage;

— *Stipulis & cannâ tecta paluſtri.*

But why, *Within the Houſe is* Love? *Baucis* and *Philemon*, 'tis true, had liv'd to old Age together, in a comfortable State of Agreement. But Piety and Hoſpitality are the top Parts of their Character. Our Poet unqueſtionably goes a little deeper into the Story. Tho' this old Pair liv'd in a Cottage, this Cottage receiv'd two ſtraggling Gods, (*Jupiter* and *Mercury*,) under its Roof. So, *Don Pedro* is a Prince; and tho' his Viſor is but ordinary, he would inſinuate to *Hero*, that he has ſomething *god-like* within: alluding either to his Dignity, or the Qualities of his Perſon and Mind. By theſe Circumſtances, I am ſure, the Thought is mended: as, I think verily, the Text is too by the Change of a ſingle Letter.

——— *within the Houſe is* Jove.

I made this Correction in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſaf'd to adopt it, in his laſt Edition. Nor is this Emendation a little confirm'd by another Paſſage in our Author, in which he plainly alludes to the ſame Story. *As you like it.*

Clown. *I am here with thee and thy Goats, as the moſt capricious Poet, honeſt* Ovid, *was amongſt the* Goths.

Jaq. *O Knowledge ill inhabited, worſe than* Jove *in a* thatch'd *Houſe.*

I am naturally drawn here to correct a Paſſage in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Two Noble Kinſmen*, where a Fault of the like Kind has obtain'd in all the Copies.

——— *here Love himſelf ſits ſmiling;*
Juſt ſuch Another wanton Ganymede
Set Love *a-fire with, and enforc'd the God*
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and ſet him by him
A ſhining Conſtellation: ———

All my Readers, who are acquainted with the poetical Hiſtory here alluded to, will concur with me in the Certainty of the following Emendation:

Juſt ſuch Another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove *a-fire with,* ———

Pedro.

Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me. (6)

Marg. So would not I for your own ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done! Anſwer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are Signior *Antonio.*

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide it ſelf? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of the Hundred merry Tales; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

(6) Balth. *Well; I would, you did like me.*] This and the two following little Speeches, which I have placed to *Balthaſar*, are in all the printed Copies given to *Benedick*. But, 'tis clear, the Dialogue here ought to be betwixt *Balthaſar*, and *Margaret: Benedick*, a little lower, converſes with *Beatrice*: and ſo every Man talks with his Woman once round.

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jeſter; a very dull fool, only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the leaders.

[*Muſick within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

Manent John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his Bearing.

John. Are you not Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to night.

John.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John *and* Bor.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain ſo, the Prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for it ſelf,
And truſt no agent; beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewel then, *Hero!*

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio?*

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, Count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Uſurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's ſcarf? you muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowle! now will he creep into ſedges. But that my lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it may be, I go under that Title, becauſe I am merry; yea, but ſo I am apt to do my ſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed. It is the baſe (tho' bitter) diſpoſition of

Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, being over-joy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf, and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who (as I take it) have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the indurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her; ſhe told me, not thinking I had been my ſelf, that I was the Prince's jeſter, and that I was duller than a great thaw; (7) hudling jeſt upon

(7) ——— *hudling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch* impoſſible *conveyance, upon me.*] Thus all the printed Copies; but I freely confeſs, I can't poſſibly

upon jeſt, with ſuch impaſſable conveyance upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me; ſhe ſpeaks Ponyards, and every word ſtabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſs'd; ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turn'd Spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you ſhall find her the infernal *Até* in good apparel. I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while ſhe is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a ſanctuary, and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither; ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheſt inch of *Aſia*; bring you the length of *Preſter John*'s foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham*'s beard; do you any ambaſſage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a diſh I love not. I cannot indure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have loſt the heart of Signior *Benedick*.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him uſe for it, a double heart for a ſingle one;

poſſibly underſtand the Phraſe. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *impaſſable*. To make a *Paſs* (in *Fencing*,) is, to thruſt. puſh: and by *impaſſable*, I preſume, the Poet meant, that ſhe puſh'd her jeſts upon him with ſuch *Swiftneſs*, that it was impoſſible for him to *paſs* them *off*, to *parry* them.

marry, once before he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your Grace may well ſay, I have loſt it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and ſomething of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay, Amen, to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.—

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away my ſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Couſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let him not ſpeak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care; my couſin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry *heigh ho!* for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your Father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day: but, I beſeech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to ſpeak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, ſure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born. Couſins, God give you joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; ſhe is never ſad but when ſhe ſleeps, and not ever ſad then; (8) for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of an happineſs, and wak'd her ſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband.

Leon. O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick.*

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

(8) *For I have heard my daughter ſay, She hath often dream'd of* unhappineſs, *and wak'd her ſelf with laughing.*] Tho' all the Impreſſions agree in this Reading, ſurely, 'tis abſolutely repugnant to what *Leonato* intends to ſay, which is this; "*Beatrice* is never ſad, but when ſhe "ſleeps; and not ever ſad then; for ſhe hath often dream'd of *ſome-*"*thing merry*, (an *happineſs*, as the Poet phraſes it,) and wak'd herſelf "with laughing".

Claud.

Claud. To morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by us; I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules*'s labours, which is to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my Couſin to a good husband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far I can praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your Couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on *Benedick*, that in deſpight of his quick wit, and his queaſie ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. IT is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhall marry the Daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can croſs it.

John.

John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my Lord, but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordſhip a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of That lyes in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his Honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof ſhall I make of That?

Bora. Proof enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

(9) *Bora.* Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don *Pedro*,

(9) Bora. *Go then, find me a meet hour to draw on* Pedro *and the Count* Claudio, *alone; tell them that you know* Hero *loves me; — Offer them Inſtances which ſhall bear no leſs Likelihood than to ſee* me *at her Chamber-window; hear me call* Margaret, Hero; *hear* Margaret *term me* CLAUDIO; *and bring them to ſee this the very night before the intended Wedding.*] Thus the whole Stream of the Editions from the firſt *Quarto* downwards. I am oblig'd here to give a ſhort Account of the *Plot* depending, that the Emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unqueſtionable. The Buſineſs ſtands thus: *Claudio*, a Favourite of the *Arragon* Prince, is, by his Interceſſions with her Father, to be married to fair *Hero*. Don *John*, Natural Brother of the Prince, and a Hater of *Claudio*, is in his Spleen zealous

Pedro, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them, that you know, *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, (as in a love of your Brother's honour who hath made this match;) and his friend's reputation, (who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid,) that you have diſcover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without tryal: offer them inſtances, which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended Wedding; for in the mean time I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truths of *Hero*'s diſloyalty, that jealouſie ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

zealous to diſappoint the Match. *Borachio*, a raſcally Dependant on Don *John*, offers his Aſſiſtance, and engages to break off the Marriage by this Stratagem. " Tell the Prince and *Claudio* (ſays He) that *Hero* " is in Love with *Me*; they won't believe it; offer them Proofs, as that " they ſhall ſee me converſe with her in her Chamber-window; I am " in the good Graces of her Waiting-woman *Margaret*; and I'll " prevail with *Margaret* at a dead Hour of Night to perſonate " her Miſtreſs *Hero*; do you then bring the Prince and *Claudio* to " overhear our Diſcourſe; and They ſhall have the Torment to hear " *me* addreſs *Margaret* by the Name of *Hero*, and her ſay ſweet things " to me by the Name of *Claudio*." ——— This is the Subſtance of *Borachio*'s Device to make *Hero* ſuſpected of Diſloyalty, and to break off her Match with *Claudio*. But, in the Name of common Senſe, could it diſpleaſe *Claudio* to hear his Miſtreſs making Uſe of *his* Name tenderly? If he ſaw another Man with her, and heard her call him *Claudio*, he might reaſonably think her betray'd, but not have the ſame Reaſon to accuſe her of Diſloyalty. Beſides, how could her naming *Claudio* make the Prince and *Claudio* believe that She lov'd *Borachio*, as he deſires Don *John* to inſinuate to them that She did? The Circumſtances weigh'd, there is no Doubt but the Paſſage ought to be reform'd, as I have ſettled in the Text.

— *hear me call* Margaret, Hero; *hear* Margaret *term me* BORACHIO.

I made this Correction in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit tacitly to embrace it in his laſt Edition.

John.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's *Orchard.*

Enter Benedick, *and a Boy.*

Bene. BOY,——

Boy. Signior,

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again.—I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love! and ſuch a man is *Claudio.* I have known, when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man and a ſoldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wiſe, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; (10) "wiſe, "or

(10) "*Wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair,* "*or I'll never look on her;*] *Theſe Words,* ſays Mr. POPE, *added out of the Edition of* 1623. — But they are likewiſe, before that, in the *Quarto* of 1600. They are alſo in the ſecond and third Impreſſions in *Folio*

" or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her: " fair, or I'll never look on her "; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God. Ha! the Prince and Monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?
Claud. Yea, my good lord; how ſtill the evening is,
As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!
Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himſelf?
Claud. O very well, my lord; the muſick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.
Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that ſong again.
Balth. O good my lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.
Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection;
I pray thee, ſing; and let me woo no more.
Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.
Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.
Pedro. Why, theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting.
Bene. Now, divine air; now is his ſoul raviſh'd! is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out

Folio; and in the two Editions by Mr. *Rowe*. Where is it they are *not* then, that they are thus ſaid to be added by this wonderful Collator? They happen to be extant in the very firſt Edition, that we know of; they keep their place in an Edition publiſh'd 23 Years after that; and therefore, Mr. *Pope* ſays, they are added from this ſubſequent Edition.

of

of mens bodies? well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo,
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer was firſt leafy:
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. If he had been a dog, that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief: I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, doſt thou hear, *Balthazar?* I pray thee, get us ſome excellent muſick; for to morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero*'s chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my lord. [*Exit* Balthazar.

Pedro. Do ſo: farewel. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to day, that your Neice *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. O, ay; —— ſtalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits. I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

Leon.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible, ſits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought, her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn, it had, my lord; eſpecially againſt *Benedick*.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it; knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to *Benedick?*

Leon. No, and ſwears ſhe never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, ſo your daughter ſays: ſhall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This ſays ſhe now, when ſhe is beginning to write to him; for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, 'till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon.

Leon. O, —when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the ſheet.

Claud. That. ——

Leon. (11) O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand half-pence; rail'd at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that, ſhe knew, wou'd flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own Spirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet *Benedick!* God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter ſays ſo; and the ecſtaſie hath ſo much overborn her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid, ſhe will do deſperate outrage to her ſelf; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

Pedro. If he ſhould, it were an Alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet lady, and (out of all ſuſpicion) ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick.*

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other reſpects, and made her half

(11) *O, ſhe tore the Letter into a thouſand* half-pence;] i. e. into a thouſand pieces of the ſame bigneſs. This is farther explain'd by a Paſſage in *As you Like it*;

— *There were none principal; they were all like one another as* half-pence *are.*

In both places the Poet alludes to the old Silver Penny which had a Creaſe running *Croſs-wiſe* over it, ſo that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half pence, or farthings.

half my ſelf; I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it; and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks, ſurely ſhe will die; for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not, and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſsneſs.

Pedro. She doth well; if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible, he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wiſe.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I aſſure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do, for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your Neice: ſhall we go ſeek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible, ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

Pedro.

Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and hat muſt your daughter and her gentlewomen carry; he ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one nother's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the Scene hat I would ſee, which will be meerly a Dumb Show; et us ſend her to call him to dinner. [*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

Benedick *advances from the Arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was ſad- y born; they have the truth of this from *Hero*; they eem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have he full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited: I hear, how I am cenſur'd; they ſay, I will bear my ſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection. —— I did never think to marry — I muſt not ſeem proud —— happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear, them witneſs: and virtuous; — 'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me —— by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. —— I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and ſentences, and theſe paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice:* by this day, ſhe's a fair lady; I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: you have no ſtomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner:* — there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me*; — that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you is as eaſie as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew*; I will go get her Picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE *continues in the Orchard.*

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Urſula.

HERO.

GOOD *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my Couſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*;
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and *Urſula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached Bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it: there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our Propoſe; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, preſently. [*Exit.*
Hero. Now, *Urſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our Talk muſt only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy Part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit.
My Talk to thee muſt be how *Benedick*
Is ſick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, *running towards the Arbour.*

For look, where *Beatrice*, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground to hear our conference.
Urſu. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it. ——
No, truly, *Urſula*, ſhe's too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild,
As haggerds of the rock.
Urſu. But are you ſure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* ſo intirely?
Hero. So ſays the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urſu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To with him wraſtle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Urſu. Why did you ſo? doth not the Gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of *Beatrice*.

Diſdain and Scorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſ-prizing what they look on; and her wit
Values it ſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-indeared.

Urſu. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth. I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backwards; if fair-fac'd, (12)
She'd ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
If low, an Aglet very vilely cut; (13)

If

(12) ——————— *if fair-fac'd,*
She'd ſwear, the Gentleman ſhould be her Siſter;
If black, why Nature drawing of an Antick,
Made a foul Blot; if tall, a Lance ill headed; &c.

Some of the Editors have pretended, that our Author never imitates any Paſſages of the Antients. Methinks, this is ſo very like a remarkable Deſcription in *Lucretius*; (lib. iv. verſ. 1154, &c.) that I can't help ſuſpecting, *Shakeſpeare* had it in View; the only Difference ſeems to be, that the *Latine* Poet's Characteriſtics turn upon *Praiſe*; our Countryman's, upon the Hinge of *Derogation*.

Nigra, μελίχρως eſt; immunda & fœtida, ἄκοσμος.
Cæſia, παλλάδιον· nervoſa & lignea, ſορκάς.
Parvola, pumilio, χαείτων μία. tota merum Sal:
Magna atque immanis, καλάπληξις, plenaque honoris.

(13) *If low, an* Agat *very vilely cut;*] But why an *Agat*, if low? And what Shadow of Likeneſs between a *little Man* and an *Agat?* The Antients, indeed, uſed this Stone to cut in, and upon; but moſt exquiſitely. I make no Queſtion, but the Poet wrote;

——————— *an* Aglet *very vilely cut;*

An *Aglet* was the Tagg of thoſe Points, formerly ſo much in Faſhion. Theſe Taggs were either of Gold, Silver, or Braſs, according to the Quality of the Wearer; and were commonly in the Shape of little Images; or at leaſt had a Head cut at the Extremity, as is ſeen at the End of the *Start* of old-faſhion'd Spoons. And as a *tall* Man is before compar'd to a *Launce ill-headed*; ſo, by the ſame Figure, a *little Man* is very aptly liken'd to an *Aglet ill-cut.* Mr. *Warburton.*

I'll ſubjoin a few Paſſages in Confirmation of my Friend's beautiful Conjecture.

Taming

If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue That,
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.
Urſu. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero. No; for to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.
Urſu. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.
Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion.
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my Couſin with; one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.
Urſu. O, do not do your Couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.
Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.
Urſu. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,

Taming *of the* Shrew.
Why, give him Gold enough, and marry him to a Puppet, *or an* Aglet-*baby*, &c.
The Two Noble Kinſmen *of* Beaumont *and* Fletcher;
I'm very cold; and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all; that look like Aglets.
And Sir *John Harrington*, in his Tranſlation of *Arioſto*'s *Orlando Furioſo*. Book V. St. 47.
The Gown I ware was white, and richly ſet
With Aglets, *Pearl, and Lace of Gold well garniſh'd:*
My ſtately Treſſes cover'd with a Net
Of beaten Gold, moſt pure and brightly varniſh'd, &c.

For ſhape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes formoſt in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urſu. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to morrow; come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires, and have thy counſel
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to morrow.

Urſu. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps;
Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, Some with traps.

[*Exeunt.*

Beatrice, *advancing.*

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. I Do but ſtay 'till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſoale of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s bow-ſtring,

and

and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him; he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be ſad, he wants mony.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waſte downward, all ſlops, and a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet: Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns; he bruſhes his hat o'mornings; what ſhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuft tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loſs of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet; can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring and now govern'd by ſtops —

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She ſhall be bury'd with her heels upwards. (14)

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aſide with me, I have ſtudy'd eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear. [*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice.*

Claud. 'Tis even ſo. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

(14) *She ſhall be buried with her* Face *upwards.*] Thus the whole Set of Editions: But what is there any ways particular in This? Are not all Men and Women buried ſo? Sure, the Poet means, in Oppoſition to the general Rule, and by way of Diſtinction, with her *heels* upwards, or *face* downwards. I have choſe the firſt Reading, becauſe I find it the Expreſſion in Vogue in our Author's time.

So, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Wild-Gooſe Chaſe.*

Whilſt I have Meat and Drink, Love cannot ſtarve me;
For if I dye o'th' firſt Fit, I'm unhappy;
And worthy to be buried with my heels upwards.

And in The *Woman's Prize*; or, The *Tamer tam'd:*

——————— *Some Few,*
For theſe are rareſt, they are ſaid to kill
With Kindneſs and fair Uſage; but what they are,
My Catalogue diſcovers not; only 'tis thought,
They're buried in old Walls with their Heels upward.

And again, in The *Coxcomb*;

Judge me, I do but jeſt with thee: What, an She were inverted with her Heels upward, *like a Traytor's Coat?*

Enter

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and brother, God ſave you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it pleaſe you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear; for, what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordſhip to be marry'd to morrow? [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

John. You may think, I love you not, let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifeſt; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage; ſurely, Suit ill ſpent, and Labour ill beſtow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero?*

John. Even ſhe, *Leonato*'s *Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Diſloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it; wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding day; if you love her, then to morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Pedro. I will not think it.——

John.

John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know; if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to night why I ſhould not marry her to morrow; in the Congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

John. I will diſparage her no farther, 'till you are my witneſſes; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the iſſue ſhew it ſelf.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry.*

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch. Hugh Oatecake*, Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole*: God hath bleſt you with a good name; and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable ——

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your anſwer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and

and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity: you are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the Conſtable of the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep, than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how Sleeping ſhould offend; only have a care that your Bills be not ſtolen: well, you are to call at all the ale-houſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone 'till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him by vertue of your office to be no true man; and for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge: you, conſtable, are to preſent the Prince's own perſon; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may ſtay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think, it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, maſters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counſels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge; let us go ſit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato*'s door, for the Wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What? *Conrade*,—

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay.

Conr.

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a fcab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an anfwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee clofe then under this pent-houfe, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treafon, maflers; yet ftand clofe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thoufand ducats.

Conr. Is it poffible that any villany fhould be fo dear?

Bora. Thou fhould'ft rather ask, if it were poffible any villany fhould be fo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That fhews, thou art unconfirm'd; thou knoweft, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the faſhion.

Conr. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh, I may as well fay, the fool's the fool; but feeſt thou not, what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief this feven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear fome body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houfe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I fay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty; fometimes faſhioning them like *Pharao*'s foldiers in the reachy painting; fometimes, like the God *Bel*'s prieſts in the old church-window; fometimes, like the fhaven *Hercules* in the fmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his codpiece feems as maſſie as his club.

Conr.

Conr. All this I ſee, and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy ſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither; but know, that I have to night wooed *Margaret*, the lady *Hero*'s gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times, good night— I tell this tale vildly— I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don *John*, ſaw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero?*

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*; but the devil my maſter knew, ſhe was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any ſlander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged; ſwore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole Congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable; we have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch.* And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Maſters, maſters,— (15)

(15) Conr. *Maſters, Maſters,*——

2 Watch. *You'll be made bring* Deformed *forth, I warrant you.*

Conr. *Maſters, never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.*] The different Regulation which I have made in this laſt Speech, tho' againſt the Authority of all the printed Copies, I flatter my ſelf, carries its Proof with it. *Conrade* and *Borachio* are not deſign'd to talk abſurd Nonſenſe; that is the diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick of the *Conſtable* and *Watch*. It is evident therefore, that *Conrade* is attempting his own Juſtification; but is interrupted in it by the Impertinence of the Men in Office.

2 *Watch.*

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters,——

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Hero's *Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Hero. GOOD *Urſula*, wake my couſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſu. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other Rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good; and, I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the Dutcheſs of *Milan*'s gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearls down-ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves and skirts, round, underborn with a blueiſh tinſel; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me ſay (ſaving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a huſband? none, I think, if it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy; ask my lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your husband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the Count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtuft! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſt apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely? *Beat.*

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus? why *Benedictus?* you have ſome moral in this *Benedictus.*

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thiſtle: you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man; he ſwore, he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Urſu. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the Gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Urſula.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. WHAT would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Ver. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were, but, in faith, as honeſt as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Meſſina*.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they ſay; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid, i'faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horſe, one muſt ride behind; an honeſt ſoul, i'faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worſhip'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two auſpicious perſons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worſhip.

Leon.

Leon. Take their examination your ſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex.* Leon.

Dogb. Go, good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant; here's That ſhall drive ſome of them to a non-come. Only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Church.*

Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

LEONATO.

COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your ſouls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here!
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover it ſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? but ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved Wanton.

Leon.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof (16)
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity———
Claud. I know what you would ſay: if I have known her,
You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin.
No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy Seeming! I will write againſt it;
You ſeem to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?
Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. *Leonato*, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?
Is this face *Hero*'s? are our eyes our own?

(16) *Dear my Lord, if you in your own* Proof,] I am ſurpriz'd, the Poetical Editors did not obſerve the Lameneſs of this Verſe. It evidently wants a Syllable in the laſt Foot, which I have reſtor'd by a Word, which, I preſume, the firſt Editors might heſitate at; tho' it is a very proper one, and a Word elſewhere uſed by our Author.
Anth. and *Cleop.*
——— *Siſter, prove ſuch a Wife*
As my Thoughts make thee, and my fartheſt Bond
Shall paſs on thy Approof.
Beſides, in the Paſſage under Examination, this Word comes in almoſt neceſſarily, as *Claudio* had ſaid in the Line immediately preceding;
Not knit my Soul to an approved *Wanton.*

Leon. All this is ſo; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet!
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not *Hero?* who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can *Hero*;
Hero her ſelf can blot out *Hero*'s virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.
Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am ſorry, you muſt hear; upon mine Honour,
My ſelf, my Brother, and this grieved Count
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain,
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.
John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be ſpoken of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.
Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids ſhall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never ſhall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat.

Beat. Why, how now, Couſin, wherefore ſink you down?

John. Come, let us go; theſe things come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exe. D.* Pedro, *D.* John *and* Claud.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.
Hero! why, *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I, thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
My ſelf would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for That at frugal nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine;
This ſhame derives it ſelf from unknown loins:
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much,
That I my ſelf was to my ſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe,—O, ſhe is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Bene.

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.
Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd.
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Beat. No, truly, not; altho' until laſt night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here,
Under ſome biting error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That, which appears in proper nakedneſs?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy. O my father,

Prove

Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.
Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Princes.
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wiſdoms be miſ-led in this,
The Practice of it lives in *John* the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villanies.
Leon. I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd, in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead; (17)
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead, indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your family's old Monument

(17) *Your Daughter here the* Princeſs *(left for dead)*] But how comes *Hero* to ſtart up a *Princeſs* here? We have no Intimation of her Father being a Prince; and this is the firſt and only Time that She is complimented with this Dignity. The Remotion of a ſingle Letter, and of the *Parentheſis*, will bring her to her own Rank, and the Place to its true Meaning.

Your Daughter here the Princes *left for dead*;

i, e. *Don Pedro*, Prince of *Arragon*; and his Baſtard Brother who is likewiſe call'd a Prince. So in the other Paſſages of this Play;

To burn the Error that theſe Princes *hold*
Againſt her Maiden Honour.

And again,

There is ſome ſtrange Miſpriſion in theſe Princes.

And again,

I thank you, Princes, *for my Daughter's Death.*

Hang

Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth, (18)
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio:*
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
Th' idea of her Life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed. Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever love had intereſt in his liver,
And wiſh, he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not, but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all Aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death

(18) *That, What we have, we* prize not *to the* Worth,
Whiles we enjoy *it; but being* lack'd *and* loſt,
Why, then we rack the Value; then we find
The Virtue *that* Poſſeſſion *would not ſhew us*
Whilſt it was ours: ——] Whether this be an Imitation, or no, I won't contend; but if not, it ſeems to me a very fine Paraphraſe on this Paſſage of *Horace*; Lib. III. Ode 24.

Virtutem incolumem *odimus,*
Sublatam ex oculis *quærimus invidi.*

Will

Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience and endure. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not; it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'ſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.

Bene.

Bene. I will ſwear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that ſays, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſauce that can be devis'd to it; I proteſt, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, ſweet *Beatrice?*

Beat. You have ſtay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewel.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,——

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman! O that I were a man! what bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour—— O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—— a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice.*

Beat. Sweet *Hero!* ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat——

Beat.

Beat. Princes and Counts! ſurely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect, a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! but manhood is melted into curteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero?*

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* ſhall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, ſo think of me; go comfort your couſin; I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead, and ſo farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, *the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. IS our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Dog. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.

Dog. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before maſter conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio.* Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

To. Cl.

To. Cl. Write down, maſter gentleman *Conrade*; maſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope. (19)

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they ſerve God: and write God firſt: for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch villains.— Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; how anſwer you for your ſelves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we ſay, we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, ſirrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are both falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, ſtand aſide; 'fore God, they are both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Maſter town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you muſt call the watch that are their accuſers.

(20) *To. Cl.* Yea, marry, that's the defteſt way, let

(19) Both. *Yea, Sir, we hope.*

To. Cl. *Write down, that they hope, they ſerve God: and write God firſt: for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch Villains* —] This ſhort Paſſage, which is truly humourous and in Character, I have added from the old *Quarto.* Beſides, it ſupplies a Defect: for, without it, the *Town-Clerk* asks a Queſtion of the Priſoners, and goes on without ſtaying for any Anſwer to it.

(20) To. Cl. *Yea, marry, that's the* eaſieſt *Way, let the Watch come forth.*] This, *eaſieſt*, is a Sophiſtication of our modern Editors, who were at a Loſs to make out the corrupted Reading of the old Copies. The *Quarto*, in 1600, and the firſt and ſecond Editions in *Folio* all concur in reading;

Yea, marry, that's the efteſt *way*, &c.

A Letter happen'd to ſlip out at Preſs in the firſt Edition; and 'twas too hard a Task for the ſubſequent Editors to put it in, or gueſs at the Word under this accidental Depravation. There is no Doubt, but the Author wrote, as I have reſtor'd the Text;

Yea, marry, that's the defteſt *way*, &c.

i. e. the *readieſt*, moſt *commodious* Way. The Word is pure *Saxon.* Deaſtice, *debitè*, *congruè*, duely, fitly. Gedæftlice, *opportunè*, *commodè*, fitly, conveniently, ſeaſonably, in good time, commodiouſly. *Vid.* Spelman's *Saxon* Gloſs.

the

the Watch come forth; maſters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuſe theſe men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Maſter town-clerk,——

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don *John*, for accuſing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dog. Yea, by th' maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning ſecretly ſtoll'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this ſuddenly dy'd. Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

(21) *Conr.* Let them be in the hands of *Coxcomb!*

(21) Sexton. *Let them be in the hands of* Coxcomb.] The Generality of the Editions place this Line to the *Sexton*. But, why he ſhould be pert upon his Brother-Officers, there ſeems no Reaſon from any ſuperior Qualifications in him; or any Suſpicion he ſhews of knowing their Ignorance. The old *Quarto* gave me the firſt Umbrage for placing it to *Conrade*; and common Senſe vouches that it ought to come from one of the Priſoners, in Contempt of the deſpicable Wretches who had them in Cuſtody.

Dog. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb:* come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.——

Dog. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O that he were here to write me down an aſs! but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs; I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an houſholder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in *Meſſina*, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him; bring him away; O that I had been writ down an aſs!—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *before* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

ANTONIO.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt your ſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuite with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;

Meaſure

Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain:
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape and form;
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard, (22)
And Sorrow wage; cry, hem! when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all mens office to ſpeak patience (23)
To

(22) *If ſuch a One will ſmile, and ſtroke his Beard,*
And hallow, wag, *cry hem, when he ſhould groan,*] Mr. *Rowe* is the firſt Authority that I can find for this Reading. But what is the Intention, or how are we to expound it? "If a Man will *halloo*, and "*whoop*, and *fidget*, and *wriggle about*, to ſhew a Pleaſure when He "ſhould groan," &c. This does not give much *Decorum* to the Sentiment. The old *Quarto*, and the 1ſt and 2d *Folio* Editions all read,
And ſorrow, wagge, *cry hem*, &c.
We don't, indeed, get much by this Reading; tho', I flatter my ſelf, by a ſlight Alteration it has led me to the true one,
And Sorrow wage; *cry, hem! when he ſhould groan*;
i. e. If ſuch a One will *combat with, ſtrive againſt* Sorrow, &c. Nor is this Word infrequent with our Author in theſe Significations.
So, in his *Lear*;
To wage; *againſt the Enmity o'th' Air,*
Neceſſity's ſtrong Pinch.
So, in *Othello*;
Neglecting an Attempt of Eaſe and Gain,
To wake and wage a Danger *profitleſs.*
And in the 1ſt *Henr.* IV.
I fear the Pow'r of Percy *is too weak*
To wage *an inſtant* Tryal *with the King.*

(23) *No, no; 'tis all Men's Office to* ſpeak Patience
To thoſe, *that* wring *under the Load of Sorrow;*
But no Man's *Virtue, nor Sufficiency,*
To be ſo moral, *when* he *ſhall* endure
The like himſelf.] Patience under Misfortunes eaſier advis'd, than maintain'd, is one of the Topics of *Shakeſpeare*, for which, Mr.

To thoſe, that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your ſelf:
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon; nay, I will do ſo.
My ſoul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd;
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince;
And all of them, that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don Pedro, *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* haſtily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords?

Pedro. We have ſome haſte, *Leonato.*

Gildon told us, he had met with no Parallels among the Antients: And This Obſervation is particularly directed to the Paſſage now before Us. A Man of ſo much Reading muſt certainly be betray'd by his Memory in this Point: For I have long ago obſerv'd no leſs than five Paſſages, all which ſeem to be a very reaſonable Foundation for our Author's Sentiments on this Subject.

Facilè omnes, quùm valemus, recta Conſilia ægrotis damus;
Tu ſi hic ſis, aliter ſentias. *Terent.*

Ἐλαφρὸν, ὅστις πημάτων ἔξω πόδα
Ἔχει, παραινεῖν, νουθετεῖν τε τοὺς κακῶς
Πράσσοντας. *Æſchyl.*

Ἄλλῳ πονοῦντι ῥάδιον παραινέσαι
Ἔστιν, ποιῆσαι δ' αὐτὸν οὐχὶ ῥᾴδιον. *Philem.*

Ἅπαντες ἐσμὲν εἰς τὸ νουθετεῖν σοφοὶ,
Αὐτοὶ δ' ἁμαρτάνοντες οὐ γινώσκομεν. *Eurip.*

Ῥᾷον παραινεῖν ἢ παθόντα καρτερεῖν. *Idem.*

Leon.

Leon. Some haſte, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord·
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me;
I ſpeak not like a dotard nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes bury'd with her anceſtors,
O, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, *Claudio*; thine, I ſay.
Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
(24) *Leon.* Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child;

(24) *Can'ſt Thou ſo* daffe *me?*—] This is a Country Word, Mr. *Pope* tells us, ſignifying, *daunt*. It may be ſo; but that is not the Expoſition here:

If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother,——
Ant. Content your ſelf; God knows, I lov'd my Niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkſops!
Leon. Brother *Anthony*,——
Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words, (25)
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
And this is all.
Leon. But, brother *Anthony*,——
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

here: To *daffe*, and *doffe* are ſynonomous Terms, that mean, to *put off*: which is the very Senſe requir'd here, and what *Leonato* would reply, upon *Claudio*'s ſaying, He would have nothing to do with him. So *Hotſpur*, in the 1 *Henr.* IV.

——— ——— *Where is his Son,*
The nimble-footed, mad-cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Comrades, that daft *the World aſide,*
And bid it, paſs?———

i. e. put it aſide; neglected all Conſiderations of the World. *Doffe* is too perpetual in our Author, to need any Quotations in Proof of it.

(25) *And ſpeak* of *half a dozen dangerous Words,*] Theſe Editors are Perſons of unmatchable Indolence, that can't afford to add a ſingle Letter to retrieve common Senſe. To *ſpeak off*, as I have reform'd the Text, is to throw out boldly, with an Oſtentation of Bravery, *&c.* So in *Twelfth-night*;

A terrible Oath, with a ſwaggering Accent ſharply twang'd off:

Do

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my Honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And ſhall, or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

[*Exe. ambo.*

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; what think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholly, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; ſhall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale: art thou ſick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me.— I pray you, chuſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jeſt not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feaſt?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; right, ſays ſhe, a fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, a great groſs one; nay, ſaid I, a good wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay, ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe; certain, ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman; nay, ſaid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on *Monday* night, which he forſwore on *Tueſday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro.

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſalvage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour; you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company; your brother the baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*; you have among you killed a ſweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him. [*Exit* Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice.*

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded.*

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

Pedro. But, ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my heart and be ſad; did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come you, Sir, if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance; nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? *Borachio*, one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro.

Pedro. Firſt, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? This learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady *Hero*; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero*'s garments; how you diſgrac'd her, when you ſhould marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame; the Lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery;
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and maſters, do not forget to ſpecifie, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

Enter

Enter Leonato, *and Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him; which of theſe is he?
Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath
Has kill'd mine innocent child?
Bora. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not ſo, villain; thou bely'ſt thy ſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: chuſe your revenge your ſelf,
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin; yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.
Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoyn me to.
Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the People in *Meſſina* here
How innocent ſhe dy'd; and if your love
Can labour ought in ſad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the Right you ſhould have given her Couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your Coming,
To night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me.
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembred in his puniſhment; and alſo (26) the watch heard them

(26) *The Watch heard them talk of one* Deformed; *they ſay, he wears a* Key *in his Ear, and a* Lock *hanging by it, and borrows money in God's Name*, &c.] There could not be a more agreeable Ridicule upon the *Faſhion*, than the Conſtable's Deſcant upon his own Blunder. One of the moſt fantaſtical Modes of that Time was the indulging a *favourite Lock* of Hair, and ſuffering it to grow much longer than all its Fellows; which they always brought *before*, (as we do the Knots of a Tye-Wig,) ty'd with Ribbands or Jewels. King *Charles* the 1ſt wore One of theſe favourite Locks, as his Hiſtorians take Notice, and as his Pictures by *Vandike* prove: And whoever has been converſant with the Faces of that Painter, muſt have obſerv'd a great many drawn in that Faſhion. In Lord CLARENDON's *Hiſtory compleated*, (a Book in *Octavo*) being a Collection of Heads engrav'd from the Paintings of *Vandike*, we may ſee this Mode in the Prints of the Duke of *Buckingham*, Earl of *Dorſet*, Lord *Goring*, &c. all great Courtiers.—— As to the *Key* in the *Ear*, and the *Lock* hanging by it, there may be a Joak in the Ambiguity of the Terms. But whether we think, that *Shakeſpeare* meant to ridicule the *Faſhion* in the abſtracted Senſe; or whether he ſneer'd at the Courtiers, the Parents of it, we ſhall find the Deſcription equally ſatirical. The *Key* in the *Ear* might be ſuppos'd literally: For they wore Rings, Lockets, and Ribbands in a Hole made in the Ear; and ſometimes, Rings one within another: But it might be likewiſe allegorically underſtood, to ſignify, the great Readineſs the Courtiers had in giving Ear to, or going into new Follies or Faſhions. As for *borrowing Money* and *never paying*, That is an old *Common Place* againſt the Court and Followers of Faſhions.

Mr. *Warburton*.

talk

talk of one *Deformed:* they ſay, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your Worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation!

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worſhip, which, I beſeech your Worſhip, to correct your ſelf, for the example of others. God keep your Worſhip; I wiſh your Worſhip well: God reſtore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to morrow morning, Lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To night I'll mourn with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret,*
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Benedick, *and* Margaret.

Bene. PRAY thee, ſweet miſtreſs *Margaret,* deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice.*

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, *Margaret,* that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Marg.

(27) *Marg.* To have no Man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep above ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the ſwords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love, that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve,*— I mean, in ſinging; but in loving, *Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilus* the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe *quondam* carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe; why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf in love; marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent's rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

(27) *To have no Man come* over *me? why, ſhall I always keep* below *Stairs?*] Thus all the printed Copies, but, ſure, erroneouſly: for all the Jeſt, that can lie in the Paſſage, is deſtroy'd by it. Any Man might come *over* her, literally ſpeaking, if ſhe always kept *below* Stairs. By the Correction I have ventur'd to make, *Margaret*, as I preſume, muſt mean, What! ſhall I always keep *above* Stairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a *Chambermaid?*

Beat.

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and *Claudio.*

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit; but, I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward; and, I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Queſtion?— why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rhewm; therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, if Don worm (his conſcience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my ſelf; ſo much for praiſ-

ing

ing my ſelf; who, I my ſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe-worthy; and now tell me, how doth your Couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Urſula.

Urſu. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved, my lady *Hero* hath been falſely accus'd; the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a* CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and Attendants with tapers.*

Claud. IS this the monument of *Leonato?*

Atten. It is, my lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues
Was the Hero, *that here lyes:*
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praiſing her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now muſick ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight;
For the which with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
'Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night;
Yearly will I do this Rite.
Pedro. Good morrow, maſters, put your torches out,
The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowſie eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.
Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to *Leonato*'s we will go.
Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's, (28)
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

(28) *And* Hymen *now with luckier Iſſue* ſpeeds,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this Woe.] *Claudio* could not know, without being a Prophet, that this new-propos'd Match ſhould have any luckier Event than That deſign'd with *Hero*. Certainly, therefore, this ſhould be a Wiſh in *Claudio*; and, to this End, the Poet might have wrote, *ſpeed's*; i. e. *ſpeed us*: and ſo it becomes a Prayer to *Hymen*.

Dr. *Thirlby*.

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. DID I not tell you, ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio*, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well; I am glad, that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your ſelves,
And when I ſend for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To viſit me; you know your office, brother,
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio.* [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your anſwer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' ſtate of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I ſhall deſire your help.

Leon.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio, *with Attendants.*

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an *Ethiope.*
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.
[*Exit* Antonio.
Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a *February*-face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull:
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And ſo all *Europe* ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have juſt his bleat.

Enter Antonio, *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Urſula, *mask'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?
Anto. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine; Sweet, let me ſee your face.
Leon. No, that you ſhall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and ſwear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.
[*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another *Hero?* (29)

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, ſurely, as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former *Hero! Hero*, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualifie.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chappel let us preſently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is *Beatrice?*

Beat. I anſwer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reaſon.

Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and *Claudio*, have been deceiv'd; they ſwore, you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.

Beat. Why, then my Couſin, *Margaret*, and *Urſula*, Have been deceiv'd; for they did ſwear, you did.

Bene. They ſwore, you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore, you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

(29) Claud. *Another* Hero!
Hero. ——— *Nothing certainer:*
One Hero *dy'd; but I do live,*
And ſurely as I live I am a Maid.] Beſides that the laſt Line but One wants a whole Foot in Meaſure, it is as defective in the Meaning: For how are the Words made out? One *Hero* dy'd, and yet that *Hero* lives, but how is She then another *Hero?* The Supplement, which I have reſtor'd from the old *Quarto*, ſolves all the Difficulty, and makes the laſt Line reaſonable.

Leon.

Leon. Come, Couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to *Beatrice.*

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my Couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick.*

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

(30) *Beat.* I would yet deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion, and partly to ſave your life; for as I was told, you were in a conſumption.

(31) *Bene.* Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.——— [*Kiſſing her.*

Pedro.

(30) *I would* not *deny you, but by this good day I yield upon great perſuaſion,* &c] Is not this ſtrange Mock-reaſoning in *Beatrice?* She would not deny him, but that She yields upon great Perſuaſion.——— By changing the *Negative,* I make no doubt but I have retriev'd the Poet's Humour.

(31) Leon. *Peace, I will ſtop your Mouth.*] What can *Leonato* mean by This? "Nay, pray, peace, Niece; don't keep up this Obſtinacy of "Profeſſions, for I have Proofs to ſtop your Mouth." The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* agreed with me, that this ought to be given to *Benedick,* who, upon ſaying it, kiſſes *Beatrice:* and this being done before the whole Company, how natural is the Reply which the Prince makes upon it?

How doſt thou, Benedick *the married Man!*

Beſides, this Mode of Speech, preparatory to a Salute, is familiar to our Poet in common with other Stage-Writers. So before, in this Play, *Beatrice* ſays to *Hero;*

Speak, Couſin; or (*if you cannot,*) ſtop his Mouth *with a Kiſs, and let not him ſpeak neither.*

So, again, in *Troilus* and *Creſſida,* where She fears that She is ſaying too fond Things:

Creſs. ——————— *Stop my Mouth.*

Troil. *And ſhall, albeit ſweet Muſick iſſues thence.* [Kiſſing her.

So, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Scornful Lady;*

Pedro. How doſt thou, *Benedick* the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a College of witt-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him; in brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldſt have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my Couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play muſick. Prince, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Widow. *Sir, you ſpeak like a worthy Brother. And ſo much I do credit your fair Language, that I ſhall love your Brother; and ſo love him,— but I ſhall bluſh to ſay more.*

Eld. Love. Stop her Mouth.—— [*To his Brother, who* kiſſes *her.*

And *Webſter* in his *Dutcheſs of* Malfy.

Dutch. ————————I'll ſtop your Mouth. [*Kiſſing him.*

Anto. *Nay, that's but One:* Venus *had two ſoft Doves*
To draw her Chariot:— I muſt have another. [Kiſſing her.

And ſo I conclude this Volume *con la bocca dolce*, as the *Italians* expreſs themſelves.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, Pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the First VOLUME.